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DATE INDEX		
20 FEB	1 MAR	1 MAR 38
3 MAR	1 MAR	1 MAR 39
10 MAR	6 APR	2 JUL 39
27 MAR	4 MAY	10 JUL 39
6 APR	30 JUN	11 APR 1940
25 APR	14 NOV	JUL 7 41
(SEMI)	12 JAN	DEC 3 41
15 MAY	63 30 SEP	APR 15 42
10 FEB	8 NOV	JAN 29 47
12 MAR	10 JAN	
17 MAR	12 MAR	
22 MAR	12 MAR	
6 APR	20 JUL	PER 17 40
11 SEP	18 OCT	NOV 14 50
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CITY OF NEW YORK

*New York is
Everybody's
Town*

WOMAN TOWN

By the Same Authors

LONDON IS A MAN'S TOWN

PARIS IS A WOMAN'S TOWN

NEW YORK IS EVERYBODY'S TOWN

NEW YORK
Is Everybody's Town

by
Helen Josephy and Mary Margaret McBride

DRAWINGS BY MARGARET FREEMAN

New York and London
G. P. Putnam's Sons
The Knickerbocker Press

1931

YVONNE OLSON VITO CASAR

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Helen Josephy and Mary Margaret McBride

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Made in the United States of America

Introduction



ONCE upon a time the two authors of this little book could lay honest claim to being the world's most harmonious collaborators.

That, however, was before we began to write about New York. We have now had words—and all because our opinions of America's metropolis differ so greatly.

One of us lives here because she must, the other because she wouldn't live any other place if you gave her a Cecil de Mille castle to go with it.

One of us thinks New York is cruel and heedless (she wanted to call this book New York is a Hard-Boiled Town). The other claims that New York is so soft-hearted that the beggars ride in limousines!

So each of us has done the city according to her lights and in proprietary fashion. For in a way, New York belongs to us both just as she does to millions who have come here from all over the world and staked out claims.

Our chief reason for choosing this subject, in spite of differing points of view, is that we were already here and didn't have to take trains, airplanes, or ocean liners! We get sea-sick, air-sick and train-sick and were a little weary of undergoing these for a public that probably never even knew about our sacrifices.

Even so, we had to travel miles and miles to get the facts and fancies which will now be set before you.

Much of this journeying was vertical—up and up in sky-climbing elevators. But there were also rush-hour rides on the Bronx Express when the buttons were torn off our fur coat and we emerged wearing somebody else's hat.

Again, there were taxi jams, when time and fortune ticked themselves off and we yearned for pencil and paper, because for once we felt that we had leisure, if not inspiration, to write the great American novel.

Anyway, here is our New York—especially made for the thousands who, even as we, love and hate her!

We know we shall not please everybody though we really are well-meaning and very much happier when people like us. Our expressions of opinion about institutions and persons are purely personal and should be taken as such.

We couldn't put in everything—so we have limited ourselves to the items that particularly interested us or seemed important for one reason or another. For aid and comfort in hours of need we are deeply indebted to the following: Mrs. Paul Reinhardt; Margaret Case of *Vogue*; Alfred Rheinstein of the Rheinstein Construction Company; Mrs. Samuel A. Lewisohn; Frank Altschul; Frank Crowninshield, editor of *Vanity Fair*; Gertrude Stein of Vocational Guidance Agency; Dr. Louis Housman; Ed. Sullivan; Hilda H. Deichler; and Stella and Carmen, our girl reporters.

HELEN JOSEPHY

MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE

Table of Contents



I. *Whoopie Section*

<i>NIGHT LIFE DE LUXE</i>	3
<i>LESS RITZY AND MORE FUN</i>	10
<i>ORCHIDS AND PRIZE FIGHTS</i>	17
<i>WEEK ENDS</i>	25
<i>BLUE BLOODS AND DOLLAR MARKS</i>	31

II. *Looking Round—and Up*

<i>OUR OWN RUBBER-NECK WAGON</i>	41
<i>RUBBER-NECKING CONTINUED</i>	47
<i>LITTLE OLD NEW YORK</i>	52
<i>SKYSCRAPERS</i>	59
<i>MUSEUMS AND MONUMENTS</i>	65

III. *Everything but the Automat*

<i>FOOD FOR GODS</i>	75
<i>BOTHER L'ADDITION!</i>	81
<i>FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE</i>	89
<i>HE-MAN FOOD</i>	97
<i>DINNER WITH THE GIRLS</i>	102

IV. *You are a Shopper Here*

<i>PARIS IN MANHATTAN</i>	111
<i>ON AND OFF THE AVENUE</i>	118
<i>ADD DRESSMAKERS</i>	125
<i>VERY SPECIAL</i>	130
<i>FROM 57TH STREET TO 14TH</i>	138
<i>WHAT! NO SKILLETTS?</i>	145
<i>BARGAINS AND BASEMENTS</i>	154
<i>STAYS AND STEP-INS</i>	161
<i>MADE ON THE HEAD—AND FOOT</i>	167
<i>TO TAKE HOME TO THE FAMILY</i>	174

V. *That Troublesome Address*

DRIVER, WHAT'S THE BEST HOTEL?	185
PRICE NO OBJECT	192
A PANTRY OF ONE'S OWN	198
FOR MAMMA AND THE GIRLS	203
HALL BEDROOMS AND ATTICS—NEW STYLE	208
LIST OF CLUBS, CLUB-HOTELS, CLUB-APART- MENTS	215
EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE	223
OF PENT HOUSES AND MOVING VANS	230
SUBURBIA	235

VI. *Education Sans Campus*

HIGHER EDUCATION	243
UNDERSTUDYING THE MUSES	251
HELP WANTED	258
EX-CURRICULA	263
HOW TO GET ON	270
EDUCATION FOR ADULTS	275

VII. *After-Thoughts*

THAT WEEK IN NEW YORK	287
AND HAVE A GOOD TIME	293
INDEX	301

PART ONE

Whoopie Section



Night Life De Luxe

AT 3 A. M. of the day we went to press, all the night clubs hereinafter mentioned were functioning with clacker, crooner, cornet or other characteristic noise. That assurance is the best we can offer whoopee seekers in these days of sudden raid and bankruptcy.

For the rest, telephone before you order your taxi or don't say we didn't warn you.

A lot of tears have been wasted recently upon the woes of the unfortunate night club proprietor who is said to hire an expensive show and orchestra only to have them play to empty chairs because the institution of the night club is dead.

Well, we don't think it is. In fact, quite the contrary. But a healthy weeding out does seem to have taken place. There were too many clubs, that was all. Some had to die, but many of those that survive draw tremendous crowds, especially on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Wednesday night at many clubs—at others Tuesday—is dedicated to the rich and well-dressed, while on Saturday hoi-polloi are allowed a look-in because the aristocrats are supposed to be off week-ending.

There are four kinds of night club entertainment in New York. The first is primarily for those who want to get dressed up in their best clothes and dance to mar-

velous music in an effete atmosphere, with a floor show featuring ballroom dancers and good intimate singing by a headliner from one of the smart revues. The cover charge is \$3 up on weekday nights and \$4 up on Saturdays. Clubs such as these seem to become favorites by turns and each while enjoying the limelight is haughtily selective as to patronage, standing out for high hats and a minimum of rough-housing. In this category are El Patio, Delmonico, Richman, the Casino in Central Park, and Montmartre, the oldest living night club of the first order.

The second type is the hotel grill with good food, rhythmic music, and a large dance floor. The Seaglades at the St. Regis; the Neptune Grill at Pierre's and the Roosevelt Grill come in this category. Villa Vallée, although it isn't a hotel, belongs in the list, too. And typical of the less expensive is the Paramount Grill which offers a floor-show.

The third type is a modern version of the old Broadway cabaret of fifteen years ago with a good rough noisy floor-show, a snappy orchestra and plenty of scantily-clad girls. The better Harlem clubs belong here and the Silver Slipper, where famous vaudeville entertainers such as Clayton, Jackson and Durante appear after their performances at the Palace or current revue. The pagan Broadway that you read about comes to these places, growing steadily more pagan as the show becomes rougher and gaudier.

The fourth variety of night club usually requires an admission card. It is frequently raided, sometimes padlocked for a considerable time and constantly moving nervously from one end of town to the other. Bohemia,

the sporting crowd and Park Avenue mingle, often providing their own show with the aid of a battered piano which moves along with the proprietor, cigarette girl and luxurious bar.

The Embassy Club, in a setting which borrows inspiration from the London Embassy Club, perhaps ought to be listed as still a fifth type of club for it is for members only, and the most exclusive thing New York has to offer in this line.

Embassy patrons—mostly society, with a sprinkling of the theatre—prefer to be their own floor show and as somebody has said, one seldom here spies an unfamiliar face or a familiar frock as the ladies derive their greatest happiness from presenting themselves, night after night, to their oldest friends in their newest gowns.

El Patio, 134 West 52nd Street, is, at this writing, on the pinnacle of popularity, having caught the fancy of Park Avenue. It is small and by midnight always jammed with ermine-coated, top-hatted, monocled and lorgnetted sophisticates.

Emil Coleman's orchestra, one of the best in a town filled with superlative dance orchestras, makes a specialty of tangoes, which is not strange considering that Ramon and Rosita, the best tangoers anywhere around, own the club as well as dance at it.

Rosita, who is the most Spanish-looking creature this side of Madrid, was born Mary Louise Hanrick of Waco, Texas. She came to New York to study dancing at the Denishawn School and met Ramon, a medical student at Columbia. He dropped medicine, the two were married, formed a dance team and founded a night club.

Besides Ramon and Rosita and Coleman's orchestra,

El Patio usually has a single entertainer like those seen at chic London night clubs—perhaps a soft-voiced singer who to her own accompaniment warbles sophisticated ditties about little girls in love with sugar daddies. So intimate is the club that this effect is of a charming though naughty lady amusing a few guests in her own studio penthouse.

Habitues of El Patio include the W. K. Vanderbilts, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cushing III, Count Zappola, Prince Makaroff and Foujita, the Japanese artist.

Ramon told us with considerable pride that it isn't necessary to tip the El Patio head waiter to "take care" of one. Those who come first get the ringside tables and the rest have to take back-seats or none.

The atmosphere of Club Delmonico in Hotel Delmonico is also completely Park Avenue—crystal chandeliers but no pretense at scenic effect. Bankers bring their wives here or even their daughters and sooner or later all those awe-inspiring \$400 Bendel and Carnegie originals appear.

Morton Downey, melting tenor, who got his start as an angel-faced singer of Irish ballads with Paul Whiteman's band, owns Club Delmonico, also leads the orchestra and sings a mixture of sentimental and slightly off-color songs to his own accompaniment.

Delmonico's is a family affair for Mrs. Downey, formerly Barbara Bennett of the beautiful Bennett sisters, dances with her professional partner, Charles Sabin, as part of the evening's entertainment.

The crowd is cosmopolitan, often including Willie K. Vanderbilt, Paul Block, the Irving Berlins, Barbara

Hutton, Virginia Thaw, Titto Schipa and Mrs. Brock Pemberton.

Club Richman, 157 West 56th Street, is one of the liveliest of the clubs in our first group and combines a good floor-show with the atmosphere of intimacy. Guests are the cream of Broadway and the more venturesome members of the Park Avenue set. Beautiful creatures who change the color of their hair every month or so just for variety's sake come here with distinguished-looking gentlemen wearing red carnations in their buttonholes.

The real drawing card is Harry Richman himself, whose sad ironic smile in combination with a debonnaire and dynamic way of putting over a song is more than most ladies can resist, even when the cover charge is \$4 on week nights and \$5 on Saturdays. On second thought, why should they resist because of a cover charge? They don't have to pay it.

To our mind, Richman is the best night club entertainer except La Guinan along the Main Stem for he not only gives a lot himself but limbers the audience up until they are joining in the chorus.

Club Richman, unfortunately, closes late in the spring and does not open again until October 1.

Villa Vallée, 12 East 60th Street, is the proper rendezvous for those young enough in years or spirit to take their dancing seriously and their Rudy romantically. The prettiest, best-dressed little flappers in town are to be seen here cuddled up in the arms of Montclair's younger sons and Columbia's football heroes. Curly-haired Rudy croons into the mike from the center of a

softly-lit stage while his Connecticut Yankees form a tasteful background.

The room itself, designed by the owner of the restaurant, Charles Morton Bellak who started life as an architect, is a perfect background for romantic melodies of love—dim lights reflected in mirrored walls and pillars, charming murals of garden scenes at Versailles with a painted sky to clinch the out-of-doors-by-moonlight effect. No wonder impressionable young things close their eyes and swoon ecstatically as they whirl about to the sound of Rudy's appassionate crooning!

The cover charge is \$2 on weekdays and \$3 on Saturdays. You may dress or not as you please. Villa Vallée is open until July and a fine cooling system makes it comfortable in the most torrid weather.

Neptune Grill at Hotel Pierre has a marine background achieved by portraits of fish and other deep sea creatures set with startling realism under glass. Pierre intended to have sure-enough fish but somebody warned him that the dancers would always be upsetting them and flooding the dance floor with fins and glass. There is an open grill here as in French inns, also the ventilation is excellent—and for a New York night club unusual, since in most, breathing is the last thing provided for. The cover charge is \$2.

A few more of the typical night club crowd come here than one might expect, but the Neptune is still very smart.

A setting by Joseph Urban and Vincent Lopez' orchestra distinguish the St. Regis Seaglades. Wednesday night is big night here but the crowd is well-bred and conservative every night. Also, the St. Regis Roof

Garden done in Japanese style, where the Lopez unit moves in summer, is considered the smartest place to dine or sup on hot nights.

Couvert at the Seaglades after 10:30 is \$2, \$3 on Saturdays and holidays. Food is expensive but good.

The Roosevelt Grill has Guy Lombardo's gorgeous dance orchestra and a pleasant crowd of out-of-towners including many nice boys and girls. Cover charge is \$2 and it is more comfortable to dress.

The Paramount Grill is typically Broadway, rough and tumble, no cover charge, a very fair \$2 dinner, though you may pay \$3.75 for steak and mushrooms table d'hôte, a high-kicking girl show and the only orchestra in town with a woman conductor—Florence Richardson, in a satin pajama suit with beret to match. Three floor-shows are given: 7:15, 12 A.M. and 2 A.M.

We can never speak too highly of the Casino in Central Park, New York's challenge to the Bois de Boulogne. If the out-of-town visitor can only visit one de luxe dancing place this should be his choice for the Joseph Urban setting, modernistic yet oriental, is beautiful to look at, unique as to location and draws the most sophisticated crowd in town.

The most dashing debutantes come for the Saturday tea-dancing and people like Jules Glaenzer give supper parties that bring out Noel Coward, the Astaires, Gertrude Lawrence, Mayor Walker and all the ritziest society people—Mrs. Gurnee Munn, Marjorie Oelrichs, Prince Obolensky, Mrs. Vincent Astor.

Tuesdays are gala nights motified by whatever is going on in a big way at the time—the Army and Navy game, the Horse Show or a hero flyer's return. The price on

such nights is \$10 which includes cover charge and dinner at 8:30 P. M. The cover charge is \$5 per head after theatre on weekday nights and \$6 on Saturdays.

A novel after-theatre supper dish to try out here is Calcutta Andrew which is ham with chicken hash and stewed tomatoes or, if you prefer, cherries. The cooking at the Casino is excellent, a private cheer of our own for C. Bonardi, chef.

Note—the sad-eyed boy with Reisman's band, who plays the piano so marvelously and whom heiresses adore, is Eddie Duchin.

This is the place to wear one's best evening clothes as the most beauteous, best-dressed and most heavily-jeweled girls in town come here.

The terrace is perfect for those wilting summer evenings when the buildings on Manhattan seem to crowd one.

Claremont Inn on Riverside Drive, opposite the cool shadowy walls of the Palisades, also catches whatever breezes are stirring—and as at the Casino the food here is temptingly good even in dog days.

Another hot weather possibility is the Marine Roof of the Hotel Bossert—if you don't mind the voyage to Brooklyn.

Less Ritzy and More Fun

A visit to Club Argonaut, where Texas Guinan presides like a goddess—when not on a world tour—is one of the positively-not-to-be-missed New York sights,

like going up in the Chrysler Tower or calling on the Statue of Liberty.

After all, there are night clubs on the American plan almost everywhere in the world but there is only one Texas. The time to see this club—151 West 54th Street—at its best is on a Saturday night when it is jammed to the doors until seven o'clock next morning. The show continues intermittently—the last performance beginning between two-thirty and three so that it is a favorite last resort for those who like to keep going on and on and on.

The din is terrible, what with the loudest band in New York, the liberal use patrons make of noise-makers and Texas shouting from the top of a gold chair that the audience must give "each little girl a big hand."

The dance space is infinitesimal, anyway, and ever so often, for no reason, part of the orchestra wheels into this tiny space with a small piano, guitar players and an Italian with an accordion pyramid themselves thereon and play for dear life, while everybody continues the motions of trying to dance.

It's best not to wear good evening clothes here because quite often the dancers push over a ginger ale bottle or a bucket of ice that splatters.

The real show is Texas herself, who surpasses all expectations what with the long blond bob held back with diamond clips, the princess dress in black with huge appliquéd flowers, breezy manner, wide smile and above all, an inexhaustible and salty wit.

Everybody feels her charm—good-looking college boys follow her from the door to the dance floor and from table to table to be patted on the head or mater-

nally smacked or kissed; elderly rounders vie for her smile.

If there is such a thing as good clean stomach-dancing, Texas' girls do it. They are perfectly scandalous, of course, but young, lively, lacking in self-consciousness and noticeably healthier and more cheerful in appearance than the same number of librarians, teachers or writers of guide books. One comes out in two or three ostrich plumes, another in four or five strings of beads and maybe three or four others in tin brassières and step-ins, but what of it?

You have to be prepared for almost anything at the Argonaut, anyway. Texas bawls out the names of those she recognizes and makes them bow or sing or dance and the girls drag fat men from ringside tables to play leap-frog.

This is an expensive place. On Saturday night the cover charge plus two cups of coffee has been known to come to \$9.10.

Hollywood, Broadway and 48th Street, is the place to go if one hopes to be shocked by wicked Broadway and for the price of \$5, to have something to talk about during the long winter evenings back home. There is no cover charge but \$2 is the minimum check on weekdays, \$3 on Saturdays and holidays.

No place in New York gives so much night life for your money—a show at dinner, another at 9 P. M., and two others after the theatre. The cabaret glorifying the American cutie and Nils T. Granlund, known to radio audiences as N. T. G., is long and lavish, abounding in Spanish dances of the castanetish kind and rough apache stuff.

The crowd is a cross-section of midtown New York from Broadway to Third Avenue—song writers, judges, actors, bankers, gangsters, and venturesome debutantes with their boy friends.

N. T. G. spots celebrities and apple-sauces them heavily, while between shows, the cuties with polo coats wrapped around their abbreviated costumes sit at the tables in the traditional Broadway manner. In fact, even during the show, men at ringside tables are frequently pounced upon by the performers and heartily kissed.

The Silver Slipper at 201 West 48th Street done in black and silver is a good lively Broadway hangout, full of celebrities from society, the professional world, stageland and gunland. Every now and then the place gets closed, then opens again with increasing verve.

What with star steppers and comedians, floor-shows here are well worth the cover charge whatever it happens to be at the moment. This is Broadway raised to the nth degree and while there may be a broken heart for every light in the place as the old ballad relates, everybody looks extremely cheerful. The Salon Royal, 310 West 58th St., with the gang from Florence's in Paris, belongs to the same type. Club Lido also has a good show and no cover charge.

Greenwich Village night life is varied. Barney's at 85 West Third Street is a smart club of the upper Broadway type which mysteriously finds itself downtown under the elevated in a dark and dangerous-looking neighborhood. All the smart intelligentsia and sophisticated round-the-towners come here—columnists, actresses and Wall Street pool manipulators.

Barney Gallant, the homeliest and most popular night club owner in town, who started out as a newspaper man in St. Louis, and worked with Floyd Gibbons in Chicago, visits from table to table while Walter O'Keefe, Irish master of ceremonies, sings and wise cracks in an individual manner. Barney's is open on Sunday evening for à la carte dinner with dancing and no cover charge.

El Chico, 80 Grove Street, is another first class place in the Village. Its local color is created by squawking parrots, tambourines, a bull's head and the sash and sword of a slain matador. Sunday nights are nice and there are alcoves for twosy couples.

Celebrities who come here include Segovia, the guitarist, Bori, Iturbi, the Spanish Ambassador and many Spanish artists.

The Greenwich Village Inn is a beautiful restaurant with very sophisticated mural decorations, a good orchestra and smooth floor with lots of room. This is also an excellent place for dinner on Sunday night but not inexpensive.

Mori's, 144 Bleecker Street, and the Four Trees at 1 Sheridan Square are pleasant places for dinner and dancing. The latter is closed on Sunday. Blue and his orchestra are at Four Trees which is informal and inexpensive—a fifty cent cover charge except to dinner guests; dinners \$1.60, \$1.25 and \$1.

Don Dickerman is what most people mean by the Village. The Pirate's Den at 8 Christopher Street where you get night life on the Captain Kidd plan was this impresario's earliest Village venture and has been going strong for twelve years. It was the first Village place with scenery and remains the most picturesque—the

orchestra are dressed as pirates and go up and down on an elevator, the doorman is a buccaneer with cutlass at his belt and treasure chests, old prints and antiques are scattered about for atmosphere.

Dancing is until one o'clock. Charlie Chaplin, the Gishes, and Talmadges have all given parties here. Dinner is \$1.50 with cover charge of \$.75 weekdays, \$1 on Saturdays.

Dickerman started out to be a portrait painter and studied under George Bridgman at the Art Students League along with his friends McClelland Barclay and Rockwell Kent. He found he hadn't the patience to paint portraits, however, turned ship-builder and became a master ship fitter.

Then he moved to the Village and got the notion of a novelty restaurant. Pirates and buried treasure were and still are his hobby, so he took over an old warehouse and remodelled it into the Pirate's Den. He once bought a five masted schooner to go searching for buried treasure in Nova Scotia but never could get together enough money or backers for the trip.

A lot about his proposed cruise appeared in the papers and who should turn up at the Pirate's Den one night but a little blond girl who insisted that she ought to be taken on the expedition because, said she, "I'm a descendant of Black Beard, the famous pirate!"

Yes—it's one of those stories—they fell in love and were married and now Black Beard has another descendant.

In the Blue Horse at 21 East 8th Street, also Dickerman's, guests sit in stalls and the orchestra wear blinders. Habitues are collegiates from Columbia and a sprinkling

of the middle-aged seeking romance. Open until two o'clock. Dinner from \$1.50 to \$2.50.

The County Fair, 54 E. 9th Street, which is the best fun of all, especially on Saturday night, is pleasantly insane in atmosphere with signs around the walls from genuine county fairs and Gus, a trick rooster to take the place of the usual café cat. There's an excellent orchestra and during the dinner hour all kinds of strange games, usually reserved for shipboard, are played in the dance space.

When there's a big crowd Dickerman stages kiddie car races, kiddie car polo and riding contests on a high bicycle of Nineteenth Century vintage, with a prize of \$5 to any gentleman who can ride it round the ring and \$50 for any lady. He has never yet had to pay the fifty. He himself can do figure eights on the crazy thing. Dinner here ranges from \$1.75 to \$2.50, the latter a swell dinner.

The Cotton Club, Lenox Avenue and 142nd Street, self-styled "aristocrat of Harlem"—or perhaps it was Lady Mountbatten said this—is Broadway in a Harlem setting with dancing by a high-yaller chorus a little hotter and more unexpurgated than on Broadway.

The club is large and well ventilated and the dance floor is big enough to move about on, even some crowded nights. Duke Ellington's nationally famous orchestra sits on the porch of an old Southern mansion and the natty Duke conducts moaning blues and howling jazz with frenzied grace while the slim, brown girls prance.

The internationally-known Josephine Baker began her career in the chorus at the Cotton Club and the late Florence Mills appeared there, too.

The show, which changes every four months, is staged by Dan Healy, who staged the Ziegfeld Frolics and Follies for three years. You see no negroes here except among the performers. Sunday is celebrity night and the celebrities often give extemporaneous performances. One celebrity night brought Marilyn Miller, Jack Dempsey, Estelle Taylor, Mary Eaton, Fannie Brice, Jack Buchanan and Millard Webb. Maurice Chevalier comes often, so does Carl Van Vechten.

The cover charge is \$2.50, Saturday \$3.

At other Harlem clubs such as the Lenox—if you really want to see life go to the Monday breakfast dance here—negroes turn out in great numbers and some parties are mixed white and brown.

Connie's Inn, Seventh Avenue and 132nd Street, is another of the celebrated Harlem places where ginger ale is priced like champagne and the high brown yellow gals shake wicked torsos.

Orchids and Prize Fights



After eons of late nights and acres of over-rich food, the visitor, especially if masculine, will hanker for the open-air atmosphere of the wrestling matches, bicycle races, ice hockey and track and field games at Madison Square Garden.

The new Madison Square Garden, 825 Eighth Avenue, is owned by a corporation, called the Six Hundred Millionaires—as indeed, why not since it includes Walter

Chrysler, John Busch, vice-president of the Equitable Trust, and many others who can write checks in seven figures.

Millionaires, we are informed by our favorite sporting editor, like to be associated with he-men and adore being able to command a hundred tickets in the first three rows for big fights.

In winter, Monday nights at the Garden are devoted to professional wrestling matches staged by Jack Curley. These events attract crowds as interesting as the wrestling—Greeks, Lithuanians, Roumanians, debts, millionaires and Metropolitan stars.

Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday nights offer professional ice hockey, very popular with New Yorkers. The favorites among the stars who appear at the Garden include: Howie Morenz of Les Canadiens, Montreal, a streak of speed; Ernie Shore, the aggressive and rough defense ace with the champion Boston Bruins; Ayers of the New York Americans; Ching Johnson; the Cook Brothers, and Frank Boucher of the New York Rangers.

George Owen, former Harvard star, who made it a habit to beat Yale at everything from backgammon to football while he was in school is one of the few American college products to make good in professional hockey. He plays with the Boston Bruins and has developed rapidly as a defense man.

The anti-defense rule, the difference between back-checking and poke-checking and the excessive whistle blowing of the two referees still befuddle debts and cloak-and-suiters alike but they love ice-hockey anyway.

Between the thirds (this game consists of three periods of twenty minutes), exhibition skating of a high order or an amateur race is put on.

Wednesday is off-night in sports during the winter and so Garden authorities work in track and field games, amateur boxing, tennis or the Westminster Dog Show.

Friday is fight night—devoted to cauliflowers, our sporting informant picturesquely put it.

Al Jolson, Mayor Walker, Hope Hampton, Mrs. Walter Camp, who was Ruth Elder, and Babe Ruth are regular ringside patrons for these bouts.

Saturday is the offest of off-nights in sports and the Garden is usually dark while everybody is week-ending or at the theatre.

The Garden lobby is official betting ring of Gotham. Here the gamblers gather, before fights and in the intermissions between hockey, to wager at the prevailing odds.

Hockey is the greatest betting vehicle. The odds change with each of the first two periods. For instance, if Boston Bruins are 8 to 5 favorites over the New York Americans at the start of the game, and take a 1-0 lead in the first period, the lobby betting ring will offer 2 to 1 during the first intermission. The boys file out to the lobby after each period to get the latest quotations. Bootleggers, actors, kibitzers and cloak-and-suiters are the heaviest bettors and know hockey better than other New Yorkers. Woman do not bet—not officially—but escorts gallantly split winnings up to \$25.

At the opening international hockey game, by the

way, the Marine or West Point band plays, and Canada sends a lieutenant governor to make the occasion more formal.

The bicycle races, held for one week in March and one in December, are tamer than in the days of real sport at the old Garden. There are fewer \$100 sprints now and the song plugger rooters are less vociferous. However, because the races go on until four in the morning, the theatrical crowd come regularly after their turns are ended. Some of them—Jim Barton, Harry Richman, Libby Holman, Bert Wheeler, and Leon Errol—seldom miss a night.

New York baseball starts in April with Mayor Walker throwing out the first ball, and games take place either at the Polo Grounds or the Yankee Stadium. The most popular contests besides those in the World Series are between the New York Yankees and Philadelphia Athletics.

College football games also are held either at the Polo Grounds or Yankee Stadium. About six out-door fights a season are staged in these arenas, too.

The Garden "goes to the dogs," as the dear old deceased *World* used to put it, around February 10 or 11 each year when for three days the Westminster Kennel Club has its show.

Dogs of all sizes and breeds, ranging from the tiny toy to St. Bernards and wolfhounds, are entered. They are benched in the exhibition hall; the judging is done in the main arena, divided into twelve small rings the first two days and thrown into one big ring on the final day when the best dog of the year is decided upon.

Thousands gather to see contenders for the title of king or queen of dogdom go through their paces. Sometimes a favorite gets an outburst of cheering, or an unpopular award is greeted with booing.

The National Automobile Show which takes place one week early in January at the Grand Central Palace attracts the biggest crowd of out-of-towners of the year. Hundreds of motors, taxicabs, trucks and miles of motor gadgets are on display and the motor-minded poke their noses into the innards of engines, prattle about down-draft manifolds, collect catalogues and give names and addresses to salesmen whose cars they will never buy.

The Annual Motor Boat Show follows the Automobile Show at Grand Central Palace. Here are shown an armada of outboards, runabouts, seasleds, seaskiffs, bicycle boats, skeeboats, also trick sportboats and engines, some of the last at \$23,000.

In February the International Antiques Exposition offers a panorama of household furnishings from Windsor chairs to English lacquered cabinets shown in their old settings—a fascinating show for women.

Rare orchids growing, every variety of rose, tulip and dahlia—some just born—and thousands of enthusiastic amateur gardeners and florists unite to make the International Flower Show, held at Grand Central Palace two weeks before Easter, one of our most gorgeous annual events. Premiums amounting to \$40,000 are offered and all sorts of remarkable displays are staged. There is one competition for still-life flower pictures in shadow boxes using living flowers exclusively, and

there are prizes for floral arrangements for the table, wall fountains or sun porches, and for combination vegetable and flower gardens.

Most spectacular of all are the competitions for home gardens subdivided into such classes as: garden retreats, border planting against a fence, strawberry jars for porch or terrace, miniature gardens, and even hanging gardens for the breakfast room.

In April the Architectural and the House and Garden Show is held under the joint auspices of the American Institute of Architects and the Architectural League at Grand Central Palace and then is when one sees that, in spite of the lamentations of our moralists, the home, at least in brick and mortar, means a lot to the American people.

In May comes the Chemical Show for engineers and executives. Then there's a lull until October when the Electrical and Business Shows go on. In November the National Hotel Exposition attracts local and out-of-town exhibitors of furniture and other equipment used in the hotel business. In December is the National Power and Mechanical Engineering show with more than 400 exhibitors of fascinating new-fangled machines.

Music New York has always with her. Carnegie, Mecca Temple, and Town Hall offer a varied and almost continuous program during the fall, winter and spring and Stadium concerts look after summer music.

The Metropolitan Opera season begins late in October or early in November, always on a Monday and lasts twenty-four weeks. Regular subscription performances take place on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons.

Monday night is the fashionable night when all the most stunning box holders turn out in their best clothes. They may bestow upon poor relations their other tickets, but Monday is the approved night to see and be seen.

Orchestra seats are \$8.80 and then there are the dress circle, the balcony and the family circle, a seat in the very last row of which is \$1.50. Special performances for charity or such are usually announced two weeks in advance and ordinary performances for the week are listed in the newspapers the Friday before. Many opera fans without much money buy standing room, called general admission, for \$2 and bribe an usher to give them a seat. If this doesn't work, they stand or squat on the steps leading to the exits. General admission to the family circle is \$1.

The most fashionable of the Carnegie concerts are those in the Thursday night symphony series, known as "odd Thursdays." These concerts are all subscribed and the best way to get tickets in the orchestra is when somebody returns one to the Philharmonic office.

The Friday afternoon series are also sold out for years in advance, and the only seats available are a few in the balcony.

Other musical events are gala concerts on Sunday nights at the Metropolitan, the Saturday night and the Sunday afternoon Philharmonic concerts at Carnegie, and concerts by virtuosos—Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Josef Hofmann, Kreisler, John McCormack and Iturbi.

It is interesting to know that great concert artists go to each other's concerts regularly, not only for pleasure but apparently to torment themselves. There is a story that Mischa Elman attended the Heifetz début

and sat in a box with Leopold Godowsky. After the first few numbers, Elman complained that it was hot and said he wished to go out for air. "Hot?" repeated Godowsky, "Not for *pianists*, Mr. Elman!"

Probably the most famous of the morning musicales during the winter months are those of Bagby at the St. Regis. Albert Morris Bagby is a little man with a waxed mustache who inspires such faith in his lady patrons that they never bother to ask what his program will be. Bori usually opens the Bagby season and other artists may be as varied as Elsie Janis, Ethel Barrymore and the Stradivarius Quartette playing on Strads from the Warburg collection. A series of artistic mornings at the Plaza costing \$5 a ticket and the Biltmore morning musicales also have enthusiastic followers.

The Stadium concerts are an unique feature of summer life in New York and one of the few reasons for advertising this torrid city as a vacation spot. Beginning early in July they go on for eight weeks. The orchestra is the Philharmonic, conducted by the handsome Van Hoogstraten—midsummer night's idol of many girlish romantics.

Tickets are fifty cents to \$1 and if it rains everybody picks up cushions and moves over to the City College auditorium.

The Stadium was given to City College by Adolph Lewisohn, who in his youth was fond of out-of-door band concerts in his native Hamburg and when he became rich resolved to give his adopted New York a fresh air home for music.

Week-Ends

New Yorkers unlike Londoners, are not serious week-enders. A typical Gothamite is so attached to his city and has so little opportunity to see it during the week that his idea of the perfect holiday is to tramp Broadway or Fifth Avenue, visit museums, ride on the tops of buses or go to concerts, theatres or speakeasies.

Our prize week-end resort in winter is Coney Island. We have it mostly to ourselves for so far nobody seems to realize that here is the finest boardwalk in the world, a good hotel and the Atlantic Ocean forty-five minutes from Broadway by subway.

Even better than a week-end here is a day or two in the middle of the week when the boardwalk will be completely empty. The Half Moon Hotel on the ocean-front is reasonable—\$4 for room with bath, cheaper rates by the week—and the sea food at Feltman's boardwalk restaurant is grand. Also, this restaurant sometimes has Norwegian snow hen, and bear and venison steak of which the epicures among its clients are notified ahead of time.

The favorite all-day motor trip out of New York, the New York Automobile Association tells us, is the trip up the west side of the Hudson River to Bear Mountain, then over Bear Mountain Bridge to Peekskill and back to New York on the Saw Mill River Road or the Bronx River Parkway, or the Albany Post Road. This is one of the best bits of scenery extant.

It is also possible to take this trip on the Hudson River steamers or N. Y. Central trains.

Points of interest along the Valley to Peekskill include: the lofty monument to Hendrik Hudson near Spuyten Duyvil, where Hudson had his first skirmish with the Indians after entering New York Bay; at Yonkers, the Philipse Manor House erected in 1682, one of the best examples of Dutch Colonial architecture in America; Dobbs Ferry where, at the old Van Brugh Livingston house, Washington and Sir Guy Carleton met in 1783 to negotiate for the evacuation of British troops; "Sunnyside" at Irvington, a stone building erected in 1656 and enlarged by its most famous resident, Washington Irving in 1835; also at Irvington, Tappan Zee where according to popular legend, ghosts and hobgoblins cruise; and Tappan where Major André was executed.

Also there are: Tarrytown, the "Sleepy Hollow" of Irving's legend, and scene of stirring incidents of Fenimore Cooper's "Spy"; Ossining, settled in 1700 and originally called Sing Sing from the Sin Sinck Indians; Stony Point Lighthouse at the north end of Haverstraw Bay, the site of the fort captured on the night of July 15, 1779, by "Mad Anthony" Wayne; Peekskill, named for the Dutch mariner, Jans Peek, and burned by the British in 1777; and Kidd Point at the foot of Dunderberg Mountain, one of many places where the notorious pirate is supposed to have concealed his treasure.

A good hotel on this route is Hill Top Lodge on Lake Oscawana at Peekskill, reached by the New York Central or by motor in two hours.

Sports are boating, canoeing, bathing, fishing, hiking and dancing, saddle horses and ping pong.

For information about Long Island week-ends, tele-

phone the Long Island Chamber of Commerce information bureau at 225 West 34th Street.

One Long Island possibility is Long Beach on the ocean, lively, crowded to the three-mile limit during dog days, and forty-five minutes from New York with excellent train service from Pennsylvania Station.

The Hotel Nassau has long been the favorite expensive hotel here. Others are the Embassy, the Beechurst and Hotel Ocean Crest, open all year.

At the opposite end of the Island are the Hamptons and Montauk. Millions of dollars are being spent to make Montauk the Miami Beach of the North. An all-Pullman car service during the summer months and special trains on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays run to this section.

Montauk Manor, a handsome hotel in the English architectural style with 178 rooms and luxurious baths, has been built on a knoll overlooking Block Island Sound, Fort Pond Bay, Lake Montauk and the Atlantic Ocean. There are an eighteen-hole golf course, a polo field, bathing pavilion, board walk, swimming pool and casino, also facilities for tennis, yachting, motor boating, sailing and riding.

In the center of Long Island lies Ronkonkoma, largest fresh water lake which has interest for geologists because it is fed by springs at the bottom and has periods of ebb and flow which have led to weird mystery tales. It interests fishermen, too, because in its dusky depths are bass, catfish and perch.

This is an animated commercial summer resort, quiet during the week but given over to mobs during week-ends. There is swimming as well as fishing and young people like it here.

Ondawa Hotel, rates \$35 and up, Ronkonkoma Cottage, the Sunrise Trail and Merrimac Hotel are open all year and there is a boarding house called Busch's on a small hill off the lake, inexpensive and accessible to the bathing.

One of the pleasant resorts for the Long Island sport of duck shooting is the old fishing town of Bellport, to which retired sea captains lend a salty flavor. Bellport is nice in autumn as well as in summer. The hotels include the Green Patch, the Wyandotte, rates \$40 to \$80 a week, and Hampton Hall, \$21 up.

The information bureau of the General Passenger Agent's office in the Pennsylvania Railroad Station will furnish on request a pamphlet called Long Island which lists hotels, cottages and boarding houses with capacity and prices.

Long Island towns with historic interest or literary associations which might be interesting to the tourist include, on the North shore: Manhasset where tradition says Miles Standish landed; Roslyn where the poet Bryant lived when he was visited by Emerson and Whittier; Oyster Bay, famous as the home and final resting place of Theodore Roosevelt; Huntington where Walt Whitman lived; Port Jefferson, famous for its shipyards, even in Revolutionary days, also Captain Kidd rendezvoused here with two English officers from the ship *Nabant* and killed them both.

On the South shore are: Islip, settled originally by Oxfordshire people from the English village of Islip; Quogue, where DeWitt Clinton and Daniel Webster used to bathe and fish; Shinnecock Hills, location of the official links of the National Golf Club of America; at

Canoe Place the colossal wooden figurehead of the old United States Warship *Ohio* set up by the roadside; and Southampton, Newport's rival, dating back to 1640 and once an old whaling town.

To the east are Bridgehampton, a quaint old village with wide tree-shaded streets and white cottages with box bordered walks; Sag Harbor, another whaling town; East Hampton with many ancient houses in one of which John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," is said to have been born.

The best-known week-end place in Connecticut is Pickwick Arms at Greenwich where a room costs from \$3 up. The amusements are sailing, riding, fishing, and antiquing, this being the great center for curiosity shoppes.

Another popular resort is Simsbury Manor at Simsbury, 100 miles from New York on the Boston Post Road and just north of New Haven. New York, New Haven and Hartford trains stop here. The Manor operates both summer and winter. In the summer there are fishing, golf, tennis and swimming in the Manor's swimming pool. Rates are \$7 a day up on the American plan.

Topstone Farm, R. F. D., Ridgefield, Connecticut, offers tramping or riding in quiet back-country roads free from automobiles and is a good place to go with a group of friends for informal good times. This place is an hour and half from Grand Central on the New York, New Haven and Hartford. Local trains stop on signal at Topstone. Express trains stop at Branchville, two miles away, and visitors are met on request. The farm is open in winter, too, and offers coasting, skiing and skating.

A favorite stop-over for wealthy motorists in West-

chester County is Briarcliff Lodge, rates from \$12 to \$20 a day for single and \$24 to \$40 a day for double rooms, American plan.

Lake Mahopac is a charming Westchester resort in the heart of the applejack country. There are several hotels but the Lake Mahopac is the best, a rambling old-fashioned house with broad verandas. In summer boating, bathing, golf, tennis and horseback riding are the sports; in winter skating and snowshoeing. Rates, American plan, \$7 to \$9 a day without bath; \$9 up with bath; double room \$12 to \$15 without bath and \$15 to \$17 with bath. Cheaper rates by the week may be made from May to November.

The Pennsylvania Railroad gets out a pamphlet almost as big and complete as an encyclopedia called New Jersey Seashore Resorts, which describes the activities, hotels and location of the numberless seaside resorts dotting the Jersey coast.

The Lake View Country Club at Lake Hopatcong, about sixty miles from New York on the Lackawanna Railroad, has been highly recommended for those who like swimming. Rates are \$5 a day up.

The classic Jersey resort near New York is Asbury Park, with boardwalk, indoor and out-of-door swimming pools, a solarium near the fishing pier, a \$1,500,000 casino and a bandstand where Arthur Pryor gives afternoon and evening concerts during the season.

Other Jersey resorts close to New York include Long Branch, a favorite cottage resort which boasts a half million dollar golf course and country club, also theatres, tennis courts, polo field, swimming pools, fishing piers and salt and fresh water fishing; and Bradley Beach,

named for James A. Bradley, pioneer resort builder of the Upper Jersey coast.

Blue Bloods and Dollar Marks
.....

Any man with a dress suit can get into New York society these decadent days, bitterly laments a gentleman of the old school. And a woman to be the rage, merely needs money, a big house and a box at the opera—in short, millions and a willingness to spend them in lavish entertainment.

When the great Mrs. Astor ruled with Ward McAllister as generalissimo, society took its responsibilities seriously and rather snobbishly, but it seems that today, even snobbery is passé.

The result is that clever persons from nowhere can come along and dominate the fed-up and over-fed Four Hundred just so long as they provide amusement.

A young married woman much in the public eye is typical of the New York society leader of today. She is ambitious, chic and out for a good time, but has no breeding and is ready to entertain anybody who can possibly be construed as social. Wealthy young brokers and smart theatrical people dominate her parties. She has her portrait painted by the proper artists, lives in Paris part of the year and everybody obligingly forgets her humble origin.

The "Willie Vanillas," little brothers of the rich who make a habit of sitting on silken cushions at the feet of

charming young matrons, are essentials of the new society. These are the boys who make it worth while to have cruising parties on one's yacht in the West Indies or Long Island house parties extending from one Thursday to the following Wednesday.

Of course there are some of the old guard left—elderly women in tiaras whose ancient butlers still serve interminable dinners off of gold plate, but their number is small and rapidly decreasing.

Among traditional social functions, almost the only ones that survive are the opening of the Horse Show, the opening of the Opera and the annual Tuxedo Ball.

There is less interest in food than formerly, partly because of the new passion for slimness, more in drink and most in money. Then come the other hobbies of society in the order named: bridge, golf, clothes, dancing, love and family life.

Love, once the main interest of Society, is, we are assured, going out. In the old days the New Yorker of social position had a charming technique when he admired a girl. He sent her violets and books, took her walking late in the afternoon on Madison Avenue, saw to it that his box was next hers at the opera, contrived to be invited to the same house parties and let it be known at the Knickerbocker Club (though, of course, never mentioned outright) that this was his lady fair.

After the rather depressing picture of the present-day sordid and tradition-less Four Hundred painted by our gentleman of the old school, we were cheered to discover several rich young matrons who contended that the life of the average debutante and modern married woman is practically nothing but service—what

with work for charity and civic betterment, a serious interest in education, and avocations which sometimes involve part or wholtime jobs.

If this contention be true, one reason undoubtedly is the Junior League which stresses all these endeavors. Junior League membership, moreover, is as important here as being presented at Court is in London.

A candidate is proposed by one member, seconded by another and then must present three additional letters of introduction.

The New York Junior League has a clubhouse at 221 East 71st Street with the prettiest swimming pool in town on the roof, squash courts, card rooms, a ballroom and the usual charming restaurants. The building also houses the Junior League baby shelter.

The League has a Volunteer Opportunities Bureau which supplies volunteer settlement workers to many charities; a Public Education Committee which investigates private schools and does follow-up work in the public schools for backward children; and a Players' Committee, interested in producing children's plays. All members must involve themselves in some of these worthy efforts. In fact, the inclination and ability to do so is one of the requirements for League membership, more important than being in the Social Register which isn't an essential.

At the clubhouse there is an employment bureau for members who need jobs. All the morning job hunters are interviewed while the afternoon is devoted to finding employers for girls who must earn their living.

Society girls are sometimes interested in some particular line of business and wish to learn it from the ground

up. Others are a little bored and want jobs to give them zest for life.

When girls don't need money and aren't especially keen to learn a business they are advised to try volunteer work in hospitals, social settlements, kindergartens, and so on, but not in a dilletantish way. They are required to be on time and work just as hard as if they were being paid.

There are plenty of society girls who really do need jobs—girls whose going to work means a genuine easing of family burdens and some of these become financial successes. Many employers find that society girl employees are distinct assets, especially in the selling of merchandise in exclusive shops. Some also work up from the bottom in department stores and later open shops of their own.

The list of society business successes is impressive. Mrs. Charles S. Payson of Long Island, the former Joan Whitney, runs a book and antique shop in East 63rd Street. Marjorie Oelrichs has a gift shop on Madison Avenue. Miss Suzanne Iselin works in a travel bureau. Mrs. Cortlandt Dixon Moss and Miss Nathalie Slocum have a shop in Madison Avenue. The Princess Alexander Obolensky and her young daughter take orders for Paris lingerie.

But, of course, business is only taken up after that important year when one "comes out."

We heard such contradictory stories about debutantes that finally we grabbed off a couple, sat them in a secluded corner and begged them to tell us all. Did buds enjoy themselves or did they simply make martyrs of themselves for the sake of the family?

The debts couldn't imagine wherever we could have heard any such nonsense. They were positively italic about it. Certainly coming out was *too wonderful*, they *adored* it and had never had such *good times* in their *lives*.

Of course, they went on, at one's own party (pahty was the way they said it) a girl is too nervous to enjoy herself much but at everybody else's she can just have fun and no responsibility.

She does get pretty tired, naturally, and luncheons are difficult to live through because one is so sleepy and the food is always pâtés and ices, while the guests are the same as at yesterday's luncheon and the day before that.

We asked why have the luncheons then, and the debutantes, looking shocked, murmured vaguely: "Oh, people *must* give luncheons for you!"

The cost of these luncheons averages about \$6.50 a plate at Pierre's or the Ritz incidentally, and mostly the forty or fifty guests, being figure-conscious and just finished with breakfast, simply pick at the food.

Balls, not luncheons, are the functions which make or mar the debutante, however. She may be a whiz among her own sex but her success for the season depends upon how often she is cut in on by the stag line at dances.

Any girl, we gather, goes through considerable trepidation the first few dances, wondering whether she will be a two-minute, a three-minute or—terrible to contemplate—a five-minute girl, descriptions involving the length of time which elapses between a switch of partners. Success means being a two-minute girl snatched from partner to partner with scarcely time to say hello between changes.

The way to have a good time and establish a following is to be nice to everybody—college boys, bores and older bachelors—one modern debbie with old-fashioned ideas explained, adding that it is more successful to have twenty men cut in on you once than to have six men give you a rush.

"You must also remain cheerful through everything though that gets to be hard after a time," she added. "You musn't ever admit that anything is a bore and must rave about how *too* marvelous the music is and so on."

We asked what makes one party a success and another a flop and were told first, the girl and her mother, next, where the party takes place, and third, the liquor supply.

It sounds incredible but we are assured that many girls still take chaperones to parties. Miss Emmeline Dignum, 1275 Lexington Avenue, will rent these for any occasion if none is handy around the house. The chaperone must accompany her charge if she goes on to a night club or speakeasy after the ball and must sit till dawn in the antechamber, poor thing, while the girl and her party cavort.

But while some girls go out to night clubs during their debutante winter, it isn't considered quite the thing, and besides, there really isn't time. Night clubs come in the second winter out—when you can do as you please, be nice to whom you please and more or less lead your own chaperoneless life.

A debutante makes her first public appearance during tennis week at Newport in August; then again in September at the Long Island International Polo Games; and at the Tuxedo Ball in October. By this time she has most

of her invitations through Christmas, for holiday coming-out affairs must be planned well ahead. Pierre's and the Ritz are, indeed, engaged for the holiday season as far as two years in advance.

Once launched, the society girl may choose her circle from several constantly-overlapping groups. There is first the large Southampton clique with wealth as the great common denominator. Then comes the musical coterie which includes Mrs. Vincent Astor and finally the group which mixes society and money with the stage and writing. Frank Crowninshield, editor of *Vanity Fair*, for thirty years New York's most charming bachelor, is outstanding among the few who are enthusiastically welcome in all these groups.

Alma Glück and her husband Efrem Zimbalist are among the leaders of musical society and give wonderful house-parties at their Connecticut home. Mrs. Paul Kochanski is another well-known hostess in this group—every great musician who visits New York is first entertained at her house. Jascha Heifetz, Kreisler, Bauer, Iturbi and Bori all belong to this set.

Jules Glaenger, of Cartier's, is the champion host for mixtures of Society and Bohemia. He has an uncanny genius for picking up future hits—gives the new blues singer a party the night before his sensational success and stages a celebration on the dress rehearsal night of the play that will be the talk of the town twenty-four hours later.

At such parties Glaenger or some friend, often a comedian of the stage, is master of ceremony and each distinguished guest does his stuff. George and Ira Gershwin play the piano; Charlie Chaplin gives a sketch,

Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward do stunts; Fred and Adele Astaire dance.

Other society people who mingle with professionals include Condé Nast who started the fashion and still gives some of the best parties in New York; Mrs. William May Wright whose annual circus party at the Sherry Netherlands brings out all celebrities; William Rhinelanders Stewart, Prince Obolensky and Mr. and Mrs. James P. Warburg, famous professionally as song writers for musical reviews.

PART TWO

Looking Round—and Up

Our Own Rubber-Neck Wagon

WE went the ship news men one better and asked a few foreign celebrities about New York, not at Quarantine but after they had been here long enough to digest the sights.

Noel Coward, English playwright, who acts as well as he writes and is much in demand on this side, likes Broadway but can't bear Long Island.

"A peaceful Sunday on Long Island takes years off my life," he confessed.

He loves Coney Island, especially on Saturday night, the Grand Central terminal and the Traviata gypsy ballet at the Metropolitan. He doesn't like Greenwich Village because the natives are too earnest. Twenty minutes in a night club is enough for him but Child's and American soda fountains he "worships." He is fond of penthouses in Sutton Place that have a good view of the East River; burlesque shows because they make him laugh "good and proper"; and the Staten Island ferry from which suddenly one sees Manhattan rising out of the mists.

Iturbi, famous Spanish pianist, is fond of the talkies—they taught him to speak English; musical comedies (he saw one eight times); Reuben's at four o'clock in the morning; restaurants Marguery, Voisin,

the Commodore and Child's, if you can think of a stranger combination. He finds Harlem "too crude and savage," but likes Roxy's, American ginger ale and Ginger Rogers!

The Grand Duchess Marie, author of "Education of a Princess," likes all New York shops, especially the notion counters.

Her former husband, Prince William of Sweden, enjoyed most the airy loftiness of the Woolworth Building; the illuminated towers of the skyscrapers; Broadway electrical advertisements which he says make those of the Place de l'Opera and Piccadilly look like Japanese lanterns and the hotel lobbies because they take the place of one's home as a meeting place.

Maurice Chevalier, caught while doing a talkie at Paramount studios, revealed that he adores the ice hockey and wrestling matches at Madison Square Garden and has a passion for riding on the tops of Fifth Avenue busses.

Paderewski the Great and Albert Coates, British orchestra conductor, like to walk around the Reservoir for their constitutionals.

Mary Wigman, the German dancing sensation who packed Carnegie to capacity, used to get up at seven mornings to ride on the Staten Island Ferry for the sake of our skyline—the greatest devotion we encountered.

Dr. Nehened Agha, the European art director of the Condé Nast publications, is entertained by penthouses because, says he, "In Europe we live in garrets because we are poor but in New York you can only live in the garret of a skyscraper if you are rich."

Foujita, the Japanese painter who has exhibited his fine portraits and unusual drawings of cats at the Reinhardt Galleries, likes the shops in Chinatown where tatooing is done, the automat, drug stores, Harlem in daytime and Wall Street between 11 and 12 A. M.

Count Phya Prakit Kolasastra, director of the Siamese Post and Telegraph, had his sightseeing list all made out when he landed. It began with a speakeasy and ended with the subway.

The first thing visited by Matisse, the artist, when he comes to New York is the cage of the black panther at Bronx Park Zoo. "The most beautiful thing here," the famous Frenchman calls this animal.

For ourselves—not, of course, that it's so important—we like best in New York the skyscrapers, the Stock Exchange and the Aquarium.

Two skyscrapers that mustn't be missed are the Woolworth Building to which we are still faithful though many who know more than we do about architecture have called it pseudo-Gothic, and the Chrysler Building.

The Woolworth Building is open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. and an entrance ticket, obtainable at the Barclay Street entrance, costs fifty cents.

We were relieved to read somewhere the other day that if one of the elevators, which run at a speed of 700 feet per minute, should chance to drop from the top floor, it would be brought gently and harmlessly to rest at the bottom.

The view from the Woolworth observation gallery has been our favorite cure for introspection ever since we came to New York. We like to see man sixty floors

down reduced to minuteness in the narrow canyons he has called streets and to hear all the man-made downtown roars as mere smudges of sound.

A still longer vertical ride for fifty cents is offered by the Chrysler Building, open until ten at night so that visitors may see the city lighted.

The observatory on the seventy-first floor is 1,046 feet and $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches from the sidewalk. It's like the Café de la Paix in Paris up there—if you wait long enough, somebody from your home-town is sure to appear. The Chrysler bird's eye view is said to extend for 50 miles in all directions on a clear day.

The observatory itself is entertaining. On the deep blue of the vaulted ceiling are painted in gold and silver the rays of sun, moon and stars, the planets and the zodiacal signs. Even the light globes are circled as with Saturn's rings.

A tool chest full of tools made by himself that Walter Chrysler used when he was seventeen and employed in a machine shop is under glass in one corner.

The sixty-sixth, sixty-seventh and sixty-eighth floors are the home of the Cloud Club, a luncheon club whose exclusive membership numbers fewer than 400 men, every one standing high socially, artistically or financially.

In our early newspaper days we learned about eels from Miss Ida Mellen of the New York Aquarium, a lady who knows more of fish and near-fish than anybody in New York. Eels, incidentally, are strange migratory creatures with curious mating habits. We also saw the Aquarium under Miss Mellen's guidance and for days were a mine of voluntary information on the

length of life, value as food, and habitats of giant turtles, alligators, pig-fish, sea lions and sharks.

The prettiest Aquarium sights are the tropical fish, so delicately-colored and molded that they look like pieces of carved coral and jade.

The ugliest sights are the June fish with their gaping mouths, fat bodies and small, piggyish eyes.

Castle Garden, the building in which the Aquarium is housed, was erected in 1807 for a fort. It has also been a landing place for immigrants and an entertainment hall. Lafayette was received here and Jenny Lind made her American début in Castle Garden under the auspices of P. T. Barnum.

When we visited the Stock Exchange we were presented with a pamphlet describing in an interesting and educational manner everything about the place except how to make money there.

What is most important to our clients among the facts listed in the pamphlet is that no visitors are allowed in the galleries unless accompanied by a floor member and floor members are hard to capture during the hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. when the Exchange is open.

All the blood of generations of good housekeepers boils up in a woman when she first catches sight of that exchange floor with its yards of ticker-tape that brokers are nervously tearing up and flinging about but probably it can't be helped. Our guide said that waste baskets avail nothing. Both rooms of the Exchange are lined with telephones connected with offices of members and scattered about like the pieces in a giant game of backgammon are the trading posts. Inside these are clerks—outside are the specialists for each stock. When a stock

is admitted to the board for trading it is assigned to a post. A broker with an order to execute in the stock goes to its post to negotiate the trade.

We were fascinated to note that while men pay half a million for Stock Exchange "seats" there aren't any real ones in the entire place. Everybody stands or prances!

As well as we could make out, here's what happens when somebody puts in an order at his broker's for stock. The order is telephoned to the firm's clerk in the booth on the floor. The clerk signals the broker on the floor and a white number pops out on a central blackboard. The broker sees his number, comes running, receives the order, takes it to the proper post and puts it through.

Ticker reporters on the floor report the sale to the ticker operators and it goes into the typewriter-like electrical sending machines.

The house of Morgan at 23 Wall Street is the most interesting place in the financial district because decisions of such vast importance are made there. The real business of the Stock Exchange goes on behind such doors as these.

The most gorgeous of all the downtown banks is the Bank of Manhattan which is worth a visit not only because it's the tallest downtown building but because of the murals on the first floor behind the tellers' cages depicting early Eighteenth Century days when the Manhattan Company supplied the island's water via wooden pipes.

Important international Wall Street conferences are now carried on by telephone. A country in South Ameri-

ca called up the other day for \$10,000,000 credit and got it. Loans and other deals are put through daily between New York and London, Paris, Havana and Czecho-Slovakia. It takes about two minutes to get London—not much longer than to telephone the office across the street.

Rubber-Necking Continued
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San Franciscans scoff at New York's Chinatown but a friend of ours from the Middle West who ventured there alone confided in all seriousness that she had "taken her life in her hands." She was especially thrilled with the shop that advertises to make black eyes look natural and the tatooing parlors. She came back loaded down with ivory back scratchers, rice wafers and lichee nuts.

Chinatown covers only about four blocks and includes Mott, Pell, Doyers and Bayard Streets. A joss house at 16 Mott Street creates a little atmosphere and at night the place with the addition of a few lanterns and in combination with the blood and thunder stories told by megaphone artists of the sight-seeing buses, can seem mysterious and a bit frightening. It is perfectly safe to shop there day or night, however.

We (speaking this time in the singular) shall never forget the fright we had at finding ourself alone on the Bowery during our first trip to New York. We had been applying for a newspaper job at the *World* and, upon being gently refused, walked along trying to find a taxicab, until suddenly we were, so the street sign said,

actually on the Bowery, and without male escort. Our heart stopped beating for a moment. We looked about, saw a rough-looking man approaching and ran as hard as we could. We used to say nonchalantly during the rest of the stay to anybody who would listen: "Do you know, I got lost on the Bowery the other day!"

For a long time, nobody had the heart to disillusion us, but finally a callous soul remarked: "Well, what of it? Bowery desperate days ended years ago!"

The Ghetto is worth seeing for the types in the streets—the most beautiful children and almost the only fat women and bearded men left in a dieting and clean-shaven world. The carts are, as our best writers have described them, loaded with everything from furs to dill pickles and shoe-laces. The brasstown section—Allen Street, between Delancey and Canal—is a fine place to buy copper and brass knick knacks to take home to the family and at the same time to experience the delightful feeling of having driven a good bargain.

Ellis Island where foreign steerage passengers are held before they are allowed into the country is no longer the picturesque place it was when we, as reporters on the old *New York Evening Mail*, used to be sent over to interview a lady arrived to marry a Kansas City man who was already married, or some other lady kept out of the country for reasons of moral turpitude.

In those days thousands of immigrants passed through in a day, but now candidates are examined in American consulates in Europe and visas granted only to those considered desirable, so that a handful, comparatively speaking are on the Island at any one time.

These days, too, the women who come wear American hats, dresses and shoes instead of the shawls and scarfs, full skirts, tight bodices and heavy brogans of the past. Many times we have seen proud young sons and daughters surreptitiously carting American clothes to the father and mother at Ellis Island that they might enter the country dressed in style.

A government ferry leaves for the island from the southernmost point of the Battery every hour on the hour from 10 to 2. Visitors' permits may be obtained at the ferry.

Bedloe's Island, where the Statue of Liberty stands, is reached by a boat which leaves the Battery every hour in winter and every half hour in summer.

The harbor trip may be taken from May to November and costs \$1.50. The boat makes a three-hour thirty-one mile journey around Manhattan starting from the Battery at 10:30 and 2:30.

A ride on the Staten Island Ferry gives a good view of Governor's Island, headquarters of the United States Army, Staten Island's wooden slopes and Liberty, in case one doesn't desire a closer acquaintance with that plump lady.

The zoo in Bronx Park deserves a day all its own accompanied by one's favorite child or children and a picnic lunch. Here is one sight-seeing place where you will always find New Yorkers. They love the monkeys and bears, even the snakes, and the birth of a giraffe or hippopotamus in the zoo is always a front page story.

The botanical gardens where constant experiments in transplanting and hybridization go on are positively

not to be missed by the garden-conscious. There are guards here who can make the mutations of a lily more thrilling than any detective story.

The time to see Central Park is in a winter's twilight, preferably after a slight fall of snow. One must then walk south through the winding streets past the occasional bridges and streams and gaze at New York lighting up—a picture to be remembered forever. It is not like seeing the city from a skyscraper for there one looks down. Here one looks up unobstructedly at a series of incredible, magic towers lighted as if by priceless gems from within.

Walking across Brooklyn Bridge at twilight or dawn is another boon to the beauty-loving, but less private and much more noisy than the Central Park excursion. Nobody else walks in the Park at winter twilight and the noise of traffic is muted to a rumble that is more felt than heard.

Few come to New York to go to Church, yet some of the more than 1500 church services in the city are well worth hearing and some of the buildings simply must be hunted up by conscientious sight-seers.

The most diversified program is that of Rev. John Haynes Holmes at the Community Church. This church is "an institution of religion dedicated to the service of humanity," and seeks to express this purpose through Sunday sermons, forum discussions, lecturers, educational courses, dramatic productions, a school for community religion for children, and social gatherings.

Also there is a free Individual Psychology Clinic, established for Dr. Adler, one of the most remarkable church activities ever attempted in New York.

The afternoon services at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie are famous because representatives of all the arts appear to "restore the dramatic function freely exercised before the separation of church and state secularized the holy gift of inspiration into the mere entertainment which art tends to become."

Among the famous persons who have taken part in these programs are: John C. Powys, Edith Wynne Matthison, Vachel Lindsey, Joyce Kilmer, Eva LeGallienne, John Erskine, Elinor Wylie, Lee Simonson, Padraic Colum and Carl Sandburg.

St. Mark's also has a free clinic for the treatment of patients suffering from physical, mental, environmental and spiritual ills.

Probably the most romantic church considering its neighborhood is the Cathedral of the Underworld—the Rescue Society in the Old Chinese Theatre at 5-7 Doyers Street in the heart of China Town. Tom Noonan, radio evangelist, who saved himself from a life of sin, packs in not only the poor and downtrodden but the curious from out of town who have heard him over the radio.

The Collegiate Church of New York is the oldest Protestant Church in America having a continuous organization. Its alias is the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church and it is descended from the Church of Holland, organized in 1619. There are now several Collegiate churches and chapels, among them the Middle Church, the Marble Church and the Church of St. Nicholas.

Dr. Henry Emerson Fosdick is pastor of the Riverside Cathedral at Riverside Drive and 122nd Street known as the Rockefeller Church and modelled after the ancient

cathedral of Chartres with modern adaptations. The great nave here is fine in proportion—and treated with restraint and dignity; and the stained glass, early Gothic in spirit, is gorgeous.

Byzantine architecture is well exemplified on the opposite side of the city, in the group of buildings of St. Bartholomew's. St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue and the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights are examples of Pointed Gothic.

Little Old New York



Is there anything left of little old New York?

Timidly, after his third week of being escorted about to skyscrapers, girl shows, Long Island country houses and riveting machines, the foreign visitor puts this question.

No wonder that one accustomed to the rich memories of the Old World thinks he has come upon an eighth wonder—a city without a past!

It is necessary to explain, then, that we have our relics, which, like the old grandmother kindly but firmly relegated to the chimney corner, are kept out of the way until a visitor asks to see them.

From the old houses on State Street at the Battery, looking down the Narrows through Trinity, John Street Meeting House, winding Pearl Street, all the way up to Van Cortlandt Mansion, in the Bronx, the visitor can

catch enough glimpses of old New York to people it with the powdered and periwigged General Washington, the elegant Lafayette bowing with his hand on his heart, doughty Aaron Burr, the song-bird Jenny Lind, and Peter Stuyvesant with his wooden leg.

Some of old New York is squalid and uncared-for, but most of the places in which civic history centers have been burnished up without destroying their original simplicity.

All the way down on State Street where it circles around Battery Park, enough remain of the colorful old Dutch houses (number 7, now a home for immigrant girls, is a good example) to give a picture of that first settlement 300 years ago when Peter Minuit abandoned Governor's Island, across the Bay, for Manhattan and settled his little colony in the territory below Wall Street.

Peter is alleged to have paid the Indians in beads and trinkets—some say in "fire water"—of value less than \$25 for the whole Island. Then, to protect his purchase, he built Fort New Amsterdam on the site of the present Custom House. Narrow Pearl Street that begins and ends with Broadway was originally the fashionable "Strand" and fronted on East River. The three streets now between it and the water have been filled in since the city began to build.

That entire section from Broadway to the East River with Wall Street as its northern boundary is historical. Wall Street gets its name from the high fence built in 1623 to keep out foes, and extending from the North River swamps to what is now Pearl Street. After that fence was put up by Peter Stuyvesant, New Amsterdam

could be entered only by a gate at Broadway and one at the Strand. Though the wall has been down for more than 200 years, in all the section from Broadway east with its winding, narrow streets is still much of the Dutch atmosphere.

In the section west of Broadway, however, the English settled after getting rid of Peter Stuyvesant's Dutch rule, and the streets are straighter and wider, extending far up to Canal Street. There you find Trinity, also St. Paul's Chapel, where Washington worshipped, where Alexander Hamilton and other early notables are buried; there also, back of Trinity where the curb market now stands, was the first site of Columbia University, then called King's College.

A Trinity Church has been on the present Wall Street site since 1697. The most effective time to see this landmark is after sundown when the working world has gone home and the church is left to brood undisturbed over its graves that at high noon furnish seats and luncheon tables for workmen and typists. Captain James Lawrence who said "Don't give up the ship," is buried here among Bleekers, Livingstons, Lisenards and Ogdens.

St. Paul's Chapel, at Broadway and Fulton, modelled after London's famous St. Martin's in the Field, is the oldest church building in New York.

The West Side has the history but the East Side is more colorful. On the East Side imagination is stimulated by the restored Fraunces' Tavern where Washington bade farewell to his officers before returning to Washington to surrender his commission, by remnants of Peter Cooper's old glue factory, and by an occasional "wind-

jammer" drifting in from some distant port. At the foot of Wall, one looks upon the river bank where George Washington landed to be inaugurated President on the spot where the Sub-Treasury now stands.

Maiden Lane is one of the three oldest streets north of Wall. Its curve marks the course of a brook where Dutch maidens once washed their clothes.

At 126 Nassau Street lived Mary Rogers, who sold cigars to Poe, Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving until she was strangely murdered. Poe is supposed to have based his story of the *Mystery of Mary Roget* upon her death.

Somewhere along William Street, between John and Ann, the first blood of the Revolution was shed when the Liberty Pole was torn down.

Vesey Street was once the store thoroughfare of New York. The present Sun Building at Chambers Street housed A. T. Stewart's first department store. The stone building at Vesey and Broadway is one-half the famous Astor House.

New York's City Hall is one of the most charming of our relics—a mansion in the true Louis XVI style. On the second floor, the Governor's room preserves its old furniture, mahogany of the Colonial period and silverware of the Eighteenth Century. Here, too, are George Washington's table and writing desk. This has been the scene of many historic events from the reception of Lafayette to that of Lindbergh.

On the East Side, at Astor Place, is Cooper Union, a memorial to Peter Cooper, standing on the site of Cooper's grocery store.

At 11th Street and Second Avenue stands St. Mark's-

in-the-Bouwerie where old Peter Stuyvesant was buried in 1670. Two edifices have stood on that site since the gallant Peter's wife erected a chapel there. In the churchyard are the graves of A. T. Stewart (whose body was stolen in 1878) and Governor Slaughter. A tablet marks the spot where Peter's Pear Tree, planted in 1644, grew for 200 years.

Over to the west, Washington Square was acquired by the city for use as a Potter's Field in 1779 during a yellow fever epidemic and more than 100,000 bodies were buried there. Also as late as 1819 a negro woman was hanged near the site of the Arch. The square became a park in 1827 and was used as a soldiers' camp during the Civil War. It has a sort of established repose that gives the feeling, somehow, of age and history.

Crooked streets of which no taxi-man can ever make sense, lovely, dilapidated old doorways, lace-like iron grillwork and whole blocks of small red-brick houses make Greenwich Village a real reminder of the past.

This section, originally an Indian Village called Sapokanican, is adjacent to Washington Square, extending west to the North River and north to 14th Street. It is the oldest habitation of white men on Manhattan Island. Early in the Nineteenth Century epidemics of smallpox and yellow fever caused many to move from the "city," north to the "country"—Greenwich Village.

Tradition says it was during this boom that the streets got so hopelessly mixed up that some of them literally go round in circles. At 113 Carmine Street lived Edgar Allan Poe and at Bleecker and Barrow lived and died Thomas Paine, author of the *Age of Reason*.

Along Seventh Avenue and 13th Street is a row of old houses with balconies set in yards with trees—unusual enough in New York to seem older than they really are.

The Chelsea section from 14th to 23rd Street west from Fifth Avenue to the river was also once a village. It has lost that row of famous stone-pillared mansions on West 23rd Street but all the way down to 12th Street, much of the Chelsea atmosphere in residences remains. Old St. Luke's Chapel, 487 Hudson Street, is an interesting part of it.

Across town to the east is Gramercy Park, the last private park in New York, with old houses and an air of respectability that reminds one of similar English sections. The Players' Club, across from the park, was presented to members by Edwin Booth and many relics of the great actor remain in the house.

Greenwich Village, Chelsea, and Gramercy have all managed to preserve more of a feeling of age than has old New York's other uptown outpost, Murray Hill. This elevation of land, between 34th and 42nd Streets, and running from Third Avenue to Broadway, was the farm of Robert Murray. A battle of the Revolution was fought in the meadows and cornfields, and the story goes that Madame Murray entertained the British with food and drink while the American Army escaped.

The old Murray Hill Hotel, at 40th and Park, comes nearest to being a landmark in this section. Here one finds a spacious air of dignity—high ceilings, long wide corridors, fountains, canary birds, old waiters, old patrons. From the modern Manhattan point of view,

this is all a great waste, but for the lover of history, it is an oasis.

Roosevelt House, 28 East 20th Street, occupies the site of Theodore Roosevelt's birthplace and that of his uncle Robert's home next door. It is the only New York museum in which one may see a typical well-to-do New York home of the sixties and seventies. The rooms have been restored with gay wallpapers, large-figured carpets and bright-colored draperies. Nearly all the furniture—haircloth upholstery, gilt mirrors and ponderous mahogany—are originals used by the family when Roosevelt was a boy.

Jumel House, situated on an elevation at 160th Street and Edgecomb Avenue, is a beautiful specimen of Georgian architecture. Washington had his headquarters here and in 1777 it fell into the hands of the British. It is now used for meetings of the Daughters of the American Revolution and is open to visitors from 9 to 5. There are all sorts of stories of famous visitors to this house, started, most of them, by Madame Jumel who is now conceded to have suffered slightly from delusions of grandeur. After the death of her husband, Monsieur Jumel, she married Aaron Burr but later divorced him.

The remains of Fort Washington, lost to the British, are on the heights of 183rd Street and the Hudson River, interesting to see.

Van Cortlandt House, in Van Cortlandt Park, is another one of those places where Washington stayed overnight. This is perhaps the loveliest historical spot in the city. It was built in 1748 and is now a museum under the care of the Colonial Dames.

Poe Cottage, Grand Concourse and Kingsbridge Road,

where Edgar Allan Poe lived and where his wife, Virginia, died, is open to the public daily. Poe's Bible, his cane-seated rocking chair and his bed are reminders of a man who was poor and suffered.

Gracie Mansion, in Carl Schurz Park, on East River, was built in 1760 and is perfectly preserved. It is that dignified timber house badly in need of a coat of paint which stands alone and aloof on the rocky point of land jutting into the water where the gulls swoop and the sparrows twitter in a most unmetropolitan manner.

Gracie Mansion serves as an annex to the Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street.

In this beautiful museum will eventually be found complete records of New York as an Indian Village, a Dutch settlement and a British city. The history of lighting, heating, commerce, transportation and communication will be told in pictures and models. The city's architecture from Indian tents to modern skyscrapers will be depicted, too.

In short, we shall have, to show our guests, the ghost of Little Old New York!

Skyscrapers



Foreign visitors, if we are to credit the corroborative accounts of our ship news reporters, agree that the greatest sights in New York are our soaring, needle-like skyscrapers, terrible and beautiful beyond compare.

A lively curiosity about their conception and con-

struction has led us to an investigation of the skyscraper business.

These gigantic towers are apparently proof of one of the new-fangled theories that we can't quite understand. At any rate, they exist in time—complete even to renting offices—months before they appear in space!

That is, after the ghostly first building is all completed, on a time schedule, the pig iron to be used in the more tangible version still lies in the mill yards and the limestone in the quarries. Even the bricks are only red clay at this juncture.

Yet every joining of stone and steel, every laborer and his exact payment, every delay has been accurately blue-printed.

Moreover, the real structure moves upward exactly as its paper shadow has prognosticated. It must, for an unexpected delay of even a few hours may mean the loss of hundreds of dollars.

Skyscrapers follow transit facilities and since builders are sheeplike, even as the rest of the world, certain sections inevitably become overbuilt.

The first skyscrapers were at the southern tip of the island because of the need for office space there. The next development occurred around Times Square and followed the just-finished subway to 23rd Street and Fifth Avenue.

Then the East Side subway was built and a hectic development began around Grand Central. Fifty-Seventh Street is now being built up because of the Queens subway which brings people to and from Long Island and meets the East Side subway. When the Eighth Avenue underground is completed, there will probably

be a development over there. (Our gracious gift to investors, this hint!)

Mysterious switches in location popularity take place constantly. Thus, for a long time everybody walked on the west side of Fifth Avenue and business houses scrambled to build there. Then, apparently because the east side of town became fashionable, the east side of Fifth Avenue began to thrive and now pedestrians prefer to do their window shopping there. Merchants actually count the walkers, so anybody from this time forth who seems to have to wedge his way along the westside of Fifth will know he is suffering from delusion. Practically *nobody* walks there; the statisticians say so!

Skyscraper heights are fixed partly by economic laws and partly by psychology. Because of the high cost of land it is economical to go up to a certain height in a populous district, but after the eighteenth or twentieth story, unless the rents are to be enormous, the advantage of the common cellar and roof is lost for then floors must be actually wedged in from the bottom and expensively supported by bracing the building for wind pressure and putting in bigger pipes to pump up the water.

When the New York Telephone building was being erected in West Street, the Company spent many dollars to investigate the advantage of going higher than a certain point—then discarded the findings and went much higher than the report advised. Reasons were the advertising advantage of a high building and the convenience of having the whole plant under one roof, even though the decision was uneconomic from the standpoint of income from tenants.

The psychological reason for all these tremendously high buildings is advertising value. The most famous case of height rivalry was between the Chrysler and the Bank of Manhattan buildings, which went up at about the same time. The plans of each were kept secret as the grave, but at last the proposed height of the Bank of Manhattan leaked out and Chrysler decided to put the peak on his building which made it rise higher, though actually the bank building is occupied higher up.

The first step in skyscraper building after the blue prints is excavation and the instant that is finished, trucks begin to roll in, loaded with materials needed for the next step. There is no room to store anything so all must arrive on the dot and be put in the proper place before the next installment chugs up.

We were fascinated to learn that a skyscraper may contain the following exotic woods, whose very names would make a Kipling poem if they could be rhymed up a bit: satinwood from San Domingo; Makassar ebony from the Dutch East Indies; bubingo wood from the West Coast of Africa; peroba wood from South America; English gray harewood; padouk from the British East Indies; avodire from the French Congo; East Indian rosewood; Austrian salewood; Brazilian burl; and South African madrone!

Some further idea of the magnitude of the business of skyscraper building may be obtained from reading a tabulation printed in *Fortune* of workmen employed in the construction of the Chrysler Building: 400 masons and common laborers; 256 plumbers; 130 electrical workers; 100 carpenters; 150 steel workers; 100 heating

and ventilating workers; 6 riggers; 8 glaziers; 4 marble-cutters; 14 waterproof workers; 10 asbestos workers and insulators; 40 hoisting workers; 60 tile layers; 25 window workers; 25 iron workers; 15 sprinkling system installers; 35 workers on sidewalk bridges; 2 installers of safety sidewalk elevator device; 6 steel inspectors and expeditors; 20 workers on door bucks; 4 mail chute installers; 4 roofers; 3 stone cutters.

Nor was that all. Fifty other varieties of occupations were represented, including timekeepers, derrick gangs, job runners and riveters. Riveters have the most dramatic job of all.

They are those nonchalant creatures who stand in gangs upon dizzy platforms high up in the air and hold out a tin can to catch the rivet tossed from above or below by a heater. Just before he throws, the heater has plunged the rivet into a red hot furnace. A good riveter seldom fails to catch. He works eight hours a day and makes \$15.40—not a penny too much, say we.

The derrick gangs put the steel work into place and they, too, have a job we should never fancy, for they are on one floor and the derrick on the next, so that they see nothing of the work they do. Their part is to raise the steel from trucks to working level, assort it and swing it into place for the riveters to bolt.

It is interesting to know that in New York if a building rises above a certain height, it must recede from the street line until it occupies only one-quarter of the area of the lot. It must also comply with certain building code requirements as to strength and construction and at the same time has to be designed so that it will not

run the risk of being overshadowed by future neighbors, however tall.

Is there any danger of Manhattan sinking under the weight of its skyscrapers, we asked Mr. Alfred Rhein-stein, our favorite New York builder. He says not, since what is put onto the earth usually weighs less than what has been taken out.

We also inquired if there is any chance of the cloud towers tumbling down in a wind storm. It has long been our pet fear that one will fall on us some day. But we are assured that they are built so that they oscillate in their upper stories as much as half an inch and sometimes two inches when there is a terrifying thirty-mile gale.

Here are some of the highest buildings in New York, heights and all as listed in the *World Almanac*:

Empire State, 34th Street and Fifth Avenue, 86 stories, 1248 feet high

Chrysler, Lexington Avenue and 42nd Street, 68 stories, 1046 feet

Bank of Manhattan Company, 65 stories, 838 feet
Woolworth, 233 Broadway, 60 stories, 792 feet
500 Fifth Avenue, 58 stories, 697 feet.

Chanin Tower, Lexington Avenue and 42nd Street, 56 stories, 680 feet

Lincoln, 60 East 42nd Street, 53 stories, 638 feet.

Museums and Monuments


It is the pet dream of a foreign friend of ours that one day the Metropolitan Museum, being American and therefore surely efficient, will install rolling chairs that visitors may tour from section to section without the after-feeling of having climbed Mont Blanc in their bare feet. Or failing that, why not a gymnasium in the building to build up inveterate museum hounds?

Though, as it is, the Metropolitan seems to us carefully and considerately arranged for the tourist. There are two ways to see it. One is to visit a few items in each collection at every visit, taking first those that are starred and double starred in the printed guide.

The other, and to us more interesting way, is to take the collections one at a time. Free courses on Saturday and Sunday afternoons furnish the proper historical background and in addition there are story hours for children, gallery talks for teachers and pupils, lectures for the deaf and special study hours for manufacturers, salespeople, designers and home-makers.

The museum is open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. weekdays and on Saturdays until 6 P. M. Sunday hours are 1 to 6 P. M. Admission is free every day except Monday and Friday when a fee of twenty-five cents is charged.

The visitor to any museum has his own favorites and we offer our lists merely as indicative of what two people have found stimulating to their imagination or their sense of beauty.

We like the Roman Garden, wing K on the first floor,

because greenery and the splashing of a fountain make an excellent setting for classical busts and columns.

The Rospigliosi Cup attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, one of the greatest treasures of the Altman collection, interests us not only because of its intrinsic beauty but from its associations with our pet blackguard, Cellini.

We select further: the Venetian bedroom from the Palazzo Sagredo in Venice with an Eighteenth Century baroque interior of carved and gilded wood and famous ceiling painting of the Triumph of Dawn over Night; the Egyptian jewelry from the tomb of the Princess Sat-hathor-iunut, XII dynasty; the Mastaba-tomb erected about 4500 years ago in the Egyptian cemetery at Sakkara and here recreated exactly; a collection of ancient glass, one of the richest and most important in the world; the armor suit of Philip II of Spain in the Dean Memorial Gallery; in the Crosby-Brown collection, the earliest of two Cristofari pianos; the shop front from Quai Bourbon; suite of three Louis XVI rooms from Hotel Gaulin at Dijon, and a collection of snuff boxes, vanity boxes, scent bottles and dance programmes, signed by famous jewelers of the Eighteenth Century, all from the Pierpont Morgan collection wing of the decorative arts of Europe; in the American wing, the ballroom from Gadsby's Tavern, Alexandria, where Washington attended his final birthday ball; the domed room from a Jain temple in India and Indian and Thibetan jewelry from collections of Near Eastern art, also the Persian manuscripts and miniatures in the Cochran collection and the marvelously hideous Chinese dragons and gods in the collection of Far Eastern art.

Among paintings, the Courbets and El Grecos and the

five superb Goyas of the Havemeyer collection are much talked about at the moment.

Others that should not be missed include Van Dyck's *James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox*, Raphaël's *Madonna Enthroned with Saints*, called the *Colonna Raphaël* in the Marquand Gallery, and the *Madonna and Child with St. John* by Antonello da Messina in the same collection; *Christ Appearing to his Mother*, by Roger van der Weyden, the most important painting of the Dreicer collection; twenty-two ceiling panels of mythological subjects done by Pinturichio for the Petruzzi Palace in Siene, Rembrandt's *The Noble Slav*, *The Calmady Children* by Sir Thomas Lawrence, *Toilet of Venus*, painted by Boucher for Madame de Pompadour, Renoir's *Madame Charpentier and Her Children*, and four sea pieces by Winslow Homer.

The Altman collection has thirteen Rembrandts, including *Lady with a Pink*, *Old Woman Cutting her Nails* and *Man with a Magnifying Glass*.

Other pictures that the guide single-stars which are always thrilling to us are: the Franz Hals *Portrait of a Man* in the Marquand Gallery, the four Memlings, the Dürer, Giorgione, Fra Angelico and two Velasquezes in the Altman collection and the Havemeyer moderns.

To assist visitors in studying collections, the Museum maintains a staff of instructors who for a fee of twenty-five cents an hour per person for a group or \$1 for an individual will explain all.

The lovely Cloisters at Fort Washington Avenue and 191st Street is an annex to the Metropolitan and worth a visit because of the beautiful, peaceful surroundings

and the collection of mediæval sculpture and architecture.

It's difficult to get through a New York dinner party unless one is up on what is going on at the Museum of Modern Art. This New York equivalent to the Luxembourg now occupies a floor in the Heckscher Building, 57th Street and Fifth Avenue, but will soon have a building of its own.

The first loan exhibition held here lasted a month and included pictures by Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh. Fifty-eight hundred persons visited the gallery on the final day and from then on such crowds stormed the place that an admission fee of fifty cents had to be charged to allow for breathing space.

The museum is open weekdays from ten until six o'clock, on Sundays from two to six and every night except Saturday and Sunday from eight to ten for the special benefit of those who work.

Shows are changed every six weeks, though sometimes a popular one is held over.

Even in its comparatively brief existence, this museum has brought out eleven artists never shown before. Any artist may submit photographs and if the committee on selection thinks his pictures have possibilities the director views them.

Practically all the trustees of the museum own fine collections of modern art and are ready to loan their own pictures to complete an exhibition. They include: A. Conger Goodyear, president, and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., treasurer.

We still remember our awed, scared feeling on first visiting the Musum of Natural History, 77th Street and

Central Park West. Certainly everybody should try this cure for that what's-it-all-about feeling.

Here is depicted the history of the earth, the waters on the earth and the evolution of man. As far as possible all relics—whether of prehistoric reptiles or present-day life at sea bottom—are shown in their natural habitats. Thus, stuffed dinosaurs are put next to trees whose top foliage they are nibbling and mammoths are placed in a realistic jungle. Then there are the great gray dinosaur eggs found by the Andrews expedition to Mongolia in the sands just where the dinosaur mother laid and left them.

A popular section here is devoted to the American Indian. Life-like exhibits of Indians grinding corn, making arrows and weaving baskets are displayed as well as interesting records of the civilization of the Maya tribes in Mexico and Central America where Indian civilization reached a high peak of development.

There is also an entire museum devoted to the American Indian at Broadway and 156th Street.

Here are shown whaling boats marvelously painted; huge dishes carved from single pieces of wood and used for festivals, beautiful headdresses of plumes and feathers for state occasions, ornaments of beads and semi-precious stones, pottery, idols of lava, seats and tables of volcanic stone, medicine men's robes of caribou and buffalo skins, implements of war, household hammers, axes and flints, charms, drums, and blankets.

There are also a model of a typical Indian village and relics of the Eskimos—totem poles, masks and death images used in ceremonies.

The Hispanic Museum, Broadway and 156th Street,

founded by the Hispanic Society of America has a library of more than 100,000 volumes, the most notable of the kind in America.

In the ancient section of the museum are a notable collection of fine pictures by El Greco, Goya, Murilla and Velasquez; an early edition of *Don Quixote*; Roman mosaics, pottery, and beautiful carved choir stalls of the Sixteenth Century; old maps and coins.

The modern section shows a series of paintings by Sarolla y Bastida depicting town and country life in all the provinces.

There is also a fascinating collection of costumes, ornaments and weapons including rare lace mantillas and combs, and lances used in bull fights.

This museum is open from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily, Sunday 1 to 5. The reading room is open from 1 to 4:45 daily except on Sundays, Mondays and holidays.

The president and founder of Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Drive, is Nicholas K. Roerich, artist, archeologist and mystic philosopher. There are 1006 of his own paintings in the museum which is beautiful in a dynamic modern fashion. We can't judge the pictures critically but they have force and fine color and even aside from their artistic value are interesting as records of the artist's expeditions to unexplored Asia.

One of the museum's most worthwhile activities is the International Art Center which brings together interesting exhibitions, both ancient and modern, from obscure countries as well as the customary European ones.

Many of New York's statues, luckily, can be seen on

one Fifth Avenue bus ride. At Columbus Circle, busiest traffic center of the world, is a statue of Columbus. To the northeast is a fountain statue, which cost \$175,000, erected in memory of the Maine heroes.

At Broadway and 63rd Street, in Lincoln Square, is a statue of Dante.

At 89th Street and Riverside Drive is the white marble Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. In front is a copy of Houdon's statue of Washington presented by the school children of the city, and at 93rd Street and Riverside is Anna Hyatt's equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, unveiled in 1915.

The tablet to John M. Carrere, architect at 99th Street, the Fireman's Memorial at 100th, the bronze bust of Orestes A. Browne—who on earth was he?—and General Franz Sigel's statue at 106th Street are all items that have never interested us much but no guide book can afford to leave them out. Not, heaven forbid, that we come under that head.

The memorial Water Gate at 110th Street, commemorates the landing of Henry Hudson. And at 123rd Street is Grant's Tomb which contains the sarcophagi of Ulysses S. Grant and his wife, also Union battle flags and tributes to General Grant.

Such is our sentimental nature as a people that the little "grave of an amiable child" near Grant's Tomb excites more interest than the great general's tomb.

The father of the amiable child once owned the land where the body is buried and when he sold it, begged that the grave should remain undisturbed, which it has for more than 125 years.

Another statue that everybody ought to see because it caused such a rumpus when it was unveiled is Macmonnies' Civic Virtue at City Hall. As we recall it, feminists were upset because Civic Virtue had his foot planted on the neck of a woman.

PART THREE

Everything but the Automat



Food for Gods

"IF only they were harder to please," sighed the dapper *maitre d'hotel* with a Latin gesture of despair.

He was speaking of American diners.

Americans, he says, are the most lavish spenders in the world—but only of money, not time. They will pay any price for a meal but will not wait one little half hour for it to be correctly prepared. They won't even order their little dinners in advance so that a carefully thought-out menu can be arranged. Instead they come to the restaurant and one commands lamb, another beef—right off the card—well, what kind of dining is that? Two cream sauces maybe in the same meal; the same fruit in cocktail and salad if they aren't carefully watched!

After these observations, our *maitre d'hotel* was practically writhing in anguish. What good is it to be an artist in such a country, he moaned, and perhaps he's right. Perfection is the little man's goal as it is the goal of dozens of Italian and French masters of the gastronomic art now in America but how, he asked us piteously, is he to achieve perfection when diners daily accept dishes that are less than perfect?

Yet this so unappreciative New York continues to get the world's finest cooks just as it gets the greatest

opera singers and musicians. The cream of Europe's maitre d'hotels and chefs are to be found at our famous hotels, in restaurants of their own, and in the new de luxe club-speakeasies.

Most of these culinary artists are from Italy as is Mr. Ernest of the Colony or from the France that borders the Riviera as is Scotto, chef at Pierre's, but a few, such as Jules Mueller of Voisin, come from Vienna, while others—the genial Mr. Jandonels of Voisin—hail from Munich. All, however, served an apprenticeship in France, took graduate work at the famous spas and resorts of Europe, and did their master theses at the Carlton or Langham in London under Escoffier.

Without exception these men are artists and creators, not mere interpreters of cook books. They make a great deal of money—sometimes \$25,000 to \$50,000, perhaps \$100,000 a year—and since nothing is ever out of season here, they have the finest raw materials to work with, but what avail such skill and plenty without gourmets to appreciate them?

We sympathize with the chefs but our own pet grievance is more important. It is that while one may now dine excellently in almost any language in New York, American dishes are becoming as scarce as the vanishing American Indian.

Where, except in about three places, is to be found fried chicken that is fit to eat? Who, in this benighted city, ever heard of a corn pudding or cooked one? Who knows anything about the beautiful meaning of a mound of mashed potatoes beaten feather-light with cream and country butter, then topped with cream gravy that is cream gravy?

For that matter, where are you going to find pie, salt-rising bread or hot biscuits worthy of the name? Or beans that are really baked, not merely boiled or stewed? And what chef ever boiled tender young greens—mustard and dandelion—as they ought to be boiled, with side meat until each had absorbed the juices of the other? Beside such a dish, the spinach New Yorkers eat falls into its true place as something for horses to graze on!

In short, it's decidedly our feeling that aside from the foreign restaurants, the high-priced ones and a few tea rooms, the food in New York is pretty sad. The vegetables are fresh but tasteless. Unless you keep your eyes fastened on your vegetable plate you think you're eating carrots when it's string beans. The meat is fine but cooked until it is flavorless.

We would gladly do with less atmosphere of Seville fountains, Florentine galleries and Bavarian window boxes for a little more seasoning and flavoring in our victuals.

All of which has little to do with the Colony Restaurant, 667 Madison Avenue, where one feels like exhibit A in the waxworks if one is not a celebrity. And the reason the place is jammed with famous people for every meal, is that the cooking is almost, if not quite, the finest in New York and for the moment, the most fashionable.

At luncheon, on one day we recognized Noel Coward, Michael Arlen, Monte Bell, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Mrs. Dorothy Caruso, Mrs. Irving Berlin, the Princess Xenia, Otto Kahn's daughter, Mrs. Herbert Swope, Mrs. H. L. Mencken, Clifton Webb, Mrs. W.

Averell Harriman, George Jean Nathan and Donald Ogden Stewart.

For us the feature of the Colony is Mr. Ernest, one of the proprietors and acting maitre d'hotel who stands at the door to greet guests. Here is an urbane, distinguished gentleman of Italian birth who ran away to sea before he finally settled down to the idea of becoming a restaurateur like his forebears.

During his apprenticeship as a waiter in the great hotels of Europe, he served the former German Kaiser and the late King Edward. As a butler's helper in London, he conceived an ambition to become head waiter at the Savoy Hotel and twelve years later achieved it. One of his Savoy associates was Gene—now his partner at the Colony.

The prices at the Colony are a kind of about-town legend. People are secretly pleased to have it known that they are able to dine there and still remain solvent. But Mr. Ernest explained everything to us and by the time he had finished we actually felt worried about the expense he incurs to give people food that is more than food.

The point is that Ernest, like Toscanini, is a perfectionist—he has often worked for twenty-four hours without sleep over a menu. The result is, of course, that he creates dishes to dream about.

While we were talking to him, three menus arrived by special messenger from the S. S. Olympic. They were the latest from the Savoy, Carlton and Mayfair House in London. Such menus of London and Paris are sent regularly to give him fresh ideas. Also he imports

delicacies in their season abroad and serves them in America. Thus, the grouse season begins in Scotland on August 12 and by August 20 grouse is served at the Colony.

Here is the perfect luncheon which Mr. Ernest chose for us: Clam juice cocktail, eggs Encore, a mixture of eggs and chicken hash with Mornay sauce cooked in a cube of toasted bread; purée of broccoli Belvue sauce and for dessert a compote of spiced fruits with French pastry. For two days, we scorned lesser foods.

The game here is particularly famous. A specialty is pheasant en casserole Souvoroff, cooked with fresh truffles and fois gras. This concoction has a crown of dough which the epicure removes in order to sniff the bouquet with a satisfied ah!

La Rue, 480 Park Avenue, is one of those sophisticated places where the out-of-towner is sure of seeing scores of celebrities and well-dressed women. This reputation for smartness attracts also buyers with stylists and models, which is probably a pain in the neck to Mr. Peter Oglietti, the manager.

The dining room is typical Park Avenue, pointedly chic in appointments with rose-colored curtains and lots of sparkling crystal chandeliers, divan wall seats, navy blue glasses, and blue-bordered china. The coffee, a chafing dish rite, is served in dark green cups.

Peter Oglietti got his training in Europe, making the usual Cook's tour—Monte Carlo, Aix-les-Bains, Nice, then the Carlton in London, the Carlton in Johannesburg.

Specialties here are breast of chicken La Rue with

wild rice and mushrooms, chicken Gismonde with spinach and mushrooms; and guinea hen served with rice and a sauce made with sour cream and lemon.

The dessert specialties are strawberry tarts for luncheon, beginning in February, baba au rhum, all kinds of soufflés, especially Milady which is vanilla with fresh strawberry sauce and Rothschild with many fruits.

Mr. Peter is Italian but his kitchen staff is entirely French, beginning with Chevalier, chef, a pocket-sized Napoleon of the cuisine, who got his training in the Café de Paris, Pré Catelan and Armenonville.

Billie Burke, Ralph Forbes, Anna Case and Ann de Forrest come here. The prices are high. A good dinner—but *what* a good dinner!—will cost upwards of \$7.

Voisin food and Voisin pleasant intimate atmosphere produce many Voisin regulars—families from nearby Park Avenue apartment houses and bachelors who like to give well-appointed little dinners.

The cold hors d'oeuvre is famous in New York with specialties imported from wherever they are most luscious. Thus, the anchovies and tuna fish come from Italy, the sardines from France, the spiced herring from Sweden, bismarck herring, ox-mouth salad, sausages and Westphalian hams from Germany, caviar from Russia and Prague schinken (ham) from Czecho-Slovakia.

One favorite hors d'oeuvre is Egg Muscovite. To make this, take a hard-boiled egg, remove the yolk, mix it with chives, anchovy butter and fish paste, put a nest of Beluga caviar in the center and stuff it back into the white of the egg. Herring salad consists of herring, apples, red beets, pickled cucumbers, and a little potato with a dressing made of the soft roe of the herring.

A specialty in the fish course is filet of sole à la Cuba—the sole rests in a bed of crushed fresh mushrooms with truffles and over this is poured a white wine sauce.

Among the popular entrées is saddle of milk veal orloff. The veal is started roasting with fresh vegetables and mushrooms but before it is done, is removed from the oven, boned and cut into small slices. Between each two slices is then placed a purée of mushrooms and truffles. A sour cream sauce is poured over and the concoction is browned.

Saddle of hare or venison served with a sweet-sour sauce and mushrooms and domestic pheasant cooked with grapes in casserole and served with wild rice are two other dishes that men have come across the Continent to taste again.

There is one Voisin employee for every two guests. These guests include leaders in the field of society, finance, music, literature and the theatre and some of them are Robert Benchley, Mark Connolly, George Arliss, Mary Boland, Katherine Cornell, Billie Burke, Basil Rathbone, Ramon Navarro, Josef Hofmann, Arthur Bodansky, and Frank Crowninshield.

Bother l'Addition!



We ought perhaps to make clear immediately that it will be fruitless to take lean pocketbooks to the à la carte places we are about to mention.

At L'Aiglon, 13 East 55th Street, for instance, patron-

ized by society and stage and literary celebrities, the simplest luncheon would never be less than \$4, usually more.

The pleasant little dining room here has a high ceiling, red velvet curtains and panels telling pictorially the life of L'Aiglon. The service is perfect and the food is superlative.

A specialty is Lobster L'Aiglon, stuffed with truffles, mushrooms and muscatel grapes among other delightful things. L'Aiglon herring salad in sour cream sauce flavored with onions is so famous that it is sent in jars all over the world. And we would walk a long distance for the golden-brown *pommes soufflés*.

Among the celebrities who come for these and other equally good reasons are: George Bancroft, the Talmadges, William Fox and Roxy.

The Cyrano, 27 East 55th Street, and the Mirliton at 14 East 58th Street, both dislike publicity and were so amiable as they explained this that we feel a little guilty about going into details, regardless. Still, they are important restaurants and the food is so good that the world ought to know about it.

Cyrano's is on the second floor of a house that used to belong to Mrs. Arthur Twombly, born a Vanderbilt, no less. A charming outside staircase, festooned with ivy, leads to the two small rooms which were her double drawing rooms, now dining rooms. The gold ceiling in the front room is the nicest thing we have seen this side of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence. For a change this restaurant does not specialize in celebrities, though such unfortunates won't be thrown out prob-

ably if they wander in. Customers are the real thing in a Social-Register way, particularly at luncheon.

The cuisine is French, although the owner is Italian. Two specialties are; pheasant Souvoroff which is stuffed with fois gras and wild rice and for dessert, crêpe Cyrano, much lighter and more delicious than the usual crepe suzettes, which in our experience usually look more exciting than they are.

The Mirliton is a small place with amusing Spanish figures painted on the stucco walls. The hors d'œuvres are practically the best in town and all the food is delightful, as well as expensive.

The only real connection between the new Delmonico and its historic namesake is the fact that the chef of the old, Nicolas Sabatini, carries on at the new.

Sabatini presided over the Delmonico kitchen from 1912 until its last sorrowful midnight supper May 21, 1923. When the new Delmonico's opened, he served a modern adaptation of the celebrated banquet given at Delmonico's in 1861 to Professor Samuel F. B. Morse after he had sent the first cablegram across the Atlantic.

Sabatini is the sixth of a line of distinguished chefs, and began his training at the age of eight in the kitchen of the Italian royal palace where his father served the king for twenty-five years.

We know no surer way to prove the art of Sabatini than to append some of his recipes, the most mouth-watering literature we have encountered in many a long day.

For Potage Miss Betsy, according to Sabatini, fry in one ounce butter and one ounce of finely cut breast

of salt pork, half an onion, a fragment of parsley and bay leaves. Add to this one quart fresh or canned tomatoes cut into pieces the size of a clove of garlic, a pinch of sugar, salt and a pinch of pepper. Set to cook gently for about two hours.

Wash three ounces of fine barley in plenty of water, put it into a stewpan with some water and set to cook very gently for two hours. While the cooking progresses, take care to remove all the skin which forms on the surface. When the barley is well cooked, drain and transfer it to the stewpan which contains the purée of tomato and boil for half an hour.

Peel and core two nice pears, cut into dice and cook in butter, add this to the purée of tomato and barley.

When about to serve, complete the purée by adding thereto, away from the fire, two ounces of sweet butter, one pint chicken broth and a half pint of sweet cream. This soup should not be made too thick.

Artichokes Clamart are done as follows: take six very fresh and tender artichokes and after having trimmed their tops, take off the outermost leaves, completely clearing them of their chokes. Rub them one by one with a piece of lemon to prevent their blackening. Plunge them into acidulated fresh water; boil and drain them. This done, set them in a saucepan with four ounces of sweet butter. Cook gently until they are very tender.

When about to serve, dish them and fill them with some freshly cooked new peas seasoned with sweet butter, a little sugar and a few mint leaves.

For fresh strawberries Romanoff, macerate two quarts of fine strawberries with juice of one orange and grated

skin of orange and lemon, some powdered sugar and Curacao.

Set them in a timbale surrounded with ice and cover them with vanilla-flavored whipped cream, laid upon by means of a piping-bag fitted with a large grooved pipe, and sprinkle with powdered sweet chocolate. Serve this preparation very cold.

The Marguery, 270 Park Avenue, has as its specialty hot hors d'œuvre, a concoction as mysterious in composition as it is delicious in flavor—not even the head waiter knows the recipe.

At Robert's, 33 West 55th Street, the special delicacy is terrapin Maryland prepared in cream sauce. The caviar at the Caviar, 128 West 52nd Street, is famous.

The Madison Hotel on Madison Avenue and 58th Street is smart for luncheon because of Theodore Tetz, maitre d'hotel, who has one of those compelling personalities that you read about in the advertisements. He is the famous Theodore of the Ritz and not to know him is to be ignorant indeed. He has a castle on the Rhine and collects pewter when not greeting guests.

People who have dined in his restaurant include all New York society and visiting celebrities such as Lady Cynthia Mosely and Lucien Lelong.

Scanning a Madison menu for a bargain luncheon we discovered Consommé Paysanne for forty-five cents, smelts English style for \$1.10, chicory salad, forty-five cents, French pastry, twenty-five cents and demi-tasse, twenty. But think how the waiter would look if you ordered it!

The Ritz Tower grill room is in charge of another Theodore—last name Tzarvas, a Hungarian said to

have won and lost several fortunes on tips given by New York's greatest financiers, in return for good tables when they come with wives and loved ones. Theodore has a country estate and is rumored to own an El Greco. The food is palate-satisfying, the service soothing to the soul.

The Ritz Hotel has several charming dining rooms and cuisine of the best by Charles Silvani, one of our most famous chefs. Here you have the choice of the Terrace dining room, the Persian Garden on the Roof and in summer the Japanese Garden where you may eat your Ritz food at Ritz prices.

The St. Regis is widely known for the perfection of its food—a remarkable and triumphant fact when one considers that Edmond, the chef, is an American!

The breast of chicken St. Regis which is the white meat of milk-fed chicken on ham with mushroom sauce and served with curled potatoes can be recommended here as can frozen tortoni cake with egg nog sauce—eighty cents at this writing.

It's impossible to go wrong on the St. Regis—the food, atmosphere and human surroundings are all delightful. Old and young come here and it's a great favorite with visiting foreigners, especially the English.

Hotel Pierre is the classic place for little dinner parties ordered well in advance. The Georgian Room, quiet and dignified to the point of being stately, has galleries on the sides which make it possible to entertain parties a little away from the rest of the diners, and excellent dance music is available until eleven o'clock.

The Georgian Room is at its height at luncheon, too, all the year round what with debbies tearing about to

parties and many smart women entertaining. Pierre himself is usually on hand to greet his luncheon guests.

The grill room with its fish murals and open grill is not so good socially as the Georgian but the \$2 table d'hôte is attractive and the music nice for supper dancing.

Scotto, star pupil of Escoffier, is the highest paid chef in America and one of the most amiable. When he opened the new Pierre restaurants, the great Escoffier, now in his eighties yet as vigorous and alert as ever, came to New York and was fêted at parties and banquets.

Scotto loves to talk about his professor and the eight medals he has been given and about how the Kaiser once rose at the end of a party to shake hands with him.

Scotto's kitchen is beautifully organized with sections for entrées, meats, vegetables, soups and pastries. During luncheon and dinner hours the chef stands in the middle of a maelstrom of cooks, scullery boys and waiters, taking every order as it comes down, shouting it to the cooks, seeing it filled, patting temperamental waiters on the back and in general seeing that all goes swiftly and smoothly.

Of course he gets tired, and late in the evening, unless there's a tremendous party, his wife comes for him in their car and drives him home to Brooklyn.

Pastries are Scotto's specialty and a lovely dessert for one in a romantic mood is Floating Heart Merveilleux, which is a heart of frozen whipped cream, any flavor, encased in chocolate walls and covered with vanilla sauce and fresh fruits out of season.

The Plaza has a very fine special luncheon for \$3

which saves trouble and preliminary worry over how much the check will be. The portions are generous and substantial and the luncheon if ordered à la carte would probably cost \$5 or \$6.

Many formal parties are given on the Plaza terraced restaurant although special private luncheons are also held in the Palm Court. The tea garden with its palms and mirrors is still one of the most popular places in New York for tea. Then there is the café overlooking the park, popular with men in the evening because one needn't dress.

The Plaza is a place of traditions. One of these is Paul, the handsomest head waiter in New York. Another is the chef, Joseph Boggia, who has been at the Plaza since it opened. Most of the waiters, too, have been about long enough to know all the old customers.

Foreign specialties are often introduced at luncheon—Cabbage Alsace, or Russian soup one day, an Italian entrée the next and so on. Luncheon à la carte here can be very expensive. One that a woman gave for forty friends in the winter of 1930 cost \$33 a plate including tips and flowers. Word of this got about and a charitable organization telephoned the hostess to ask if she would feed a bread line for a day. She agreed to feed it for two days.

Here is a Plaza five-course luncheon that cost \$12 a plate:

	Pineapple Paradise	
Finocchi	Pecans	Olives
	<hr/>	
	Mousseline of Sole Newburg	
	Cucumbers à l'étuvée	

Supreme of Pheasant Souvoroff
(meaning breast of pheasant)

Artichoke St. Germain

Asparagus Fantasie

Surprise Washington

Friandises

Mocha

Foreign Atmosphere

.....

Our friend Estella Karn first took us eating round the world in New York and luckily we still remember enough about our early difficulties to be able to issue a few warnings.

One is—if you don't like lamb, eat a hearty snack before you start for Syria, Armenia or Turkey. Follow the same rule if curries give you indigestion and you are being taken to India. Also, don't worry too much if some places look rather dingy. We've visited many of the kitchens and cleanliness in handling food is the rule, slovenliness the exception.

The French are easiest to begin with, since French cooking, so prevalent in all the best restaurants and hotels, is no surprise to the average stomach.

The restaurants of the Brevoort at Fifth Avenue and 8th Street and the Lafayette round the corner, offer

as good French cooking at fairly moderate prices as New York affords. The Lafayette has a \$2 table d'hôte dinner that is excellent and the Brevoort prepares snails, frogs' legs, fish and onion soups, salad dressings, crêpes suzette and white sauces in the approved Gallic manner.

Neither of these restaurants strains for atmosphere which is a relief to nerves exhausted by fake scenery.

Longchamps restaurants, as their pamphlets tell you, offer vegetables that spring from soil to salad plate, pastries that remind you of Paris, excellent service and a ten per cent service charge instead of the usual tip. Scenery is also eliminated here. The Longchamps restaurants are at 19 West 57th Street, 55 Fifth Avenue, 423 Madison Avenue, 40 East 49th Street, 1015 Madison Avenue and 28 West 58th Street.

Chaffard's at 232 Seventh Avenue is one of those places you never hear about because the pigs who know of it hug their precious knowledge to themselves. Onion soup here is the kind the tourist stays up all night to eat with teamsters at dawn in little stalls off the Paris markets.

Papa Chaffard looks the way he should, too—rosy and round and hospitable and the tables may not have red-checked table cloths but at least left us with that impression.

Since the war New York has grown accustomed to the Volga boat song, peasant costumes and sour cream soup. A nice place to exhibit all these to visiting firemen is the Kretchma, 244 East 14th Street. Kretchma means little roadside inn and was the first East Side restaurant to provide entertainment with its Russian menu. A balalaika orchestra, a girl wrapped in a peasant

shawl playing plaintive pieces on the fiddle and a basso profundo sobbing gypsy songs are features that enchant out-of-towners.

Moreover, the tablecloths are Russian prints, the waiters wear tunics and the cigarette girls peasant blouses. Chaliapin has eaten here, as have Balieff and members of the Moscow Art Theatre.

Borsht, the sour cream and cabbage soup which flows in Russia, prijok (a meat cake), shashlik (lamb cooked on a spit, Caucasian style), Pojarsky cutlet and Sirniki, pancakes, are some of the dishes to try.

Sit at the side tables if possible for the benches are hard and the light is bad. Dinners run from \$1 without caviar to \$2.50 with.

The Russian Art Restaurant, 12th Street and Second Avenue, is a larger, louder, more melancholy, more crowded edition of the Kretchma, especially on Sunday nights when there is usually an East Side Yiddish bridal party occupying a long table at one end of the room. This place has a genius for finding exquisite Russian girls who look as if they had walked out of Tolstoi and who sing pretty well so long as they stick to Russian folk songs. Food is à la carte here and reasonable.

The thing to remember about most Swedish restaurants is that the hors d'oeuvres are not just a stunt but the best and main part of your meal. If you'll watch any Swedish diner, you'll see that he loads, reloads and loads again.

The Phoenix, 163 West 58th Street, is the Ritz among New York's Swedish restaurants and is patronized by all the celebrities from the old country. Greta Garbo came here with her manager the day after she arrived

in New York last time, Count Bernadotte drops in when visiting his in-laws, the Manvilles, and Ivan Kreuger, the match king, and Prince William have been guests.

The way to collect your smorgasbrod (meaning literally bread and butter but including sixty or seventy varieties of hors d'oeuvres) is to walk about the tables where it is spread and help yourself. In Swedish country inns, by the way, one gets smorgasbrod for breakfast.

The Phoenix has on its table Danish liver paste, Swedish pickled herring, Swedish caviar, stuffed, fried, boiled and broiled eels, Swedish meat balls and all kinds of cheeses from Swedish head to American cream.

A woman known as Madame to the public is proprietor of this restaurant. Dinner is \$1.75 for the smorgasbrod, soup, fish, meat, salad and dessert.

Henry's, at 69 West 36th Street, with a \$2 table d'hote has also an excellent assortment of smorgasbrod as well as good apple cake.

The Swedish Inn, 145 West 45th Street, table d'hote dinner costs a dollar. This place is small and intimate and makes an art of cooking chicken, apple cake and even more distinctively Swedish dishes.

The Wivel, 254 West 54th Street, table d'hote \$1.75, serves a wonderful meal for the price, starting, of course, with smorgasbrod and ending, equally of course, with apple cake.

Many gourmets consider Moneta's, 32 Mulberry Street, the best Italian restaurant in New York. For our part, we have never eaten anything better than the Scallopine of Veal alla Gish and pear with Zabaglione sauce which we had for one unforgettable luncheon there.

This little restaurant with its old-fashioned white front and unpretentious interior, prides itself upon lack of "atmosphere," its plain clean dining room, nice linen, pleasant china and good service.

T. R. Smith, erstwhile editor of the *Century Magazine*, now of Horace Liveright's publishing company, discovered Moneta's and nicknamed the restaurateur Papa Moneta, which is what every one now calls him.

Papa Moneta was once a waiter at Sherry's, then at Delmonico's. He writes his memoirs in his specialties for they recall the salads and entrees he served twenty years ago.

Among the special dishes are: Scallopine of Veal Marsala, the Scallopine alla Gish which has a fine lemon sauce and is named for Lillian Gish who often comes here; the duckling Napolitana, done with arm-length macaroni; Lumache alla Romana (imported snails); Pheasant ai Cavoli, with red cabbage, and most special of all, Polenta and Ucelletti, which is blackbirds with corn meal pudding.

Habitués of Moneta's are: Jeritza, Toscanini when he is in town, Irene Bordoni, Jean Acker Valentino, Karl Kitchen and many other newspaper men who come for luncheon and play checkers or cards while Papa Moneta creates new dishes for them.

The Red Devil Inn, 173 Mott Street, is named for a restaurant in Naples and wonderful Neapolitan food is served à la carte. The famous dish here is Lobster Diable. The diable part is a succulent garlic sauce.

The lobster is brought in on a platter, all cut up in big chunks, and the lobster fan wades in and keeps at it until he has used up four napkins. The lobster dish

with a salad and a fine Italian cheese and coffee is the perfectly balanced meal. This is a small restaurant in the conventional cellar but the food is one of those great experiences.

Mori's, 144 Bleecker Street, offers an Italian specialty each day. This is a large handsome place with a high ceiling and a mezzanine restaurant for the overflow. Mrs. Mori, wife of the original proprietor, is in charge and there is jazz music for dancing.

Prices aren't low, but the food is good—ravioli, zabaglione, and veal done various ways.

The Ceylon India Inn, 148 West 49th Street, has curry as good as curry ever is, murals of Hindu figures, ladies riding on elephants and Nautch dancers and an owner with a little pigtail done up in a bun behind. All kinds of turbanned Yogi and devotees of other Oriental cults meet here for dinner on Sunday nights.

The Bosphorus, an Armenian restaurant at 6 East 30th Street, has a table d'hôte dinner on Saturdays and Sundays for \$1.25, reasonable à la carte the rest of the week, and shish kebab, tas kebab, pilaff and the rest of those difficult-to-pronounce Oriental dishes which taste better than they sound—that is, if you like lamb.

The Constantinople, 12 East 30th Street, also Armenian, is often chosen by alumni societies and ladies' luncheon clubs as a meeting place because of its atmosphere—sometimes you'll see a water pipe being smoked besides all the shish kebabs and what nots. We used to be fond of Turkish coffee, very sweet, but ladies have given up such things in the past few years. Similarly, we adored the paklava pastry done with honey, pistachio nuts and flaky layers of dough—but no more!

For Mexican table d'hote, try the Chili Villa, 109 West 49th Street, where all the celebrities in town go to get fiery chili con carne, frijoles and tortillas prepared, heaven save the mark, by a lady from New England and her daughter!

Table d'hote dinner is \$1.75. Luncheon is not served here, but you may come after the theatre or even after a night club for the Villa is open until morning.

Another Mex place is Tornos, 228 West 52nd Street, where cheap and nourishing bean soup and rice dishes are served.

Some of the best German food in town is to be found at the Blue Ribbon, 145 West 44th Street. And by German food we mean noodles and pancakes with substance to them, red cabbage cooked sweet and sour, sauerkraut, pig's knuckles and goulash with huge hunks of meat in it. We go to the Blue Ribbon when we're really hungry and so aren't terribly interested in the hundreds of photographs of celebrities who've been here, or even in the celebrities themselves who will likely be all over the place—Kreisler, Schumann-Heink and all the Metropolitan stars of Teutonic origin.

Luchow's, 110 East 14th Street, is more of the same, only further downtown. Plenty of the patrons here have been coming for lunch every day for years on end. If ever anything happened to Luchow's, there would be weeping and wailing among epicures who declare that never outside of Berlin was there such wiener schnitzel, such hasenpfeffer, such schinken, such apfelstrudel. Food here is not cheap but what portions one gets!

At the Miyako, 340 West 58th Street, the diner is given chop sticks unless he requests a fork and his strictly

Japanese food—suki-yaki—is cooked in iron skillets on a hot plate at his elbow. Fish, vinegared, boiled, broiled and fried, are a great specialty and chawan-mushi (forty cents) seems to be the Japanese approach to chop suey. There is also tsukimi-soba (thirty-five cents) which, though you might not believe it, turns out to be buckwheat noodles (*noodles*, mind you!) with poached egg. Furo-fuki (twenty-five cents) is *boiled radishes with sauce*. Moreover, spinach is shitashi-mono in Japanese and one of the staples on the menu. We were glad to see that said menu is all nicely explained in English.

Of the Athena, 832 Sixth Avenue, we exclaimed wittily upon entering, "where Greek meets Greek." Our waiter nodded gravely. "That's what every American says," he sighed.

Here one gets for very little money a good deal of lamb, Greek cheese (made of goats' milk, we think) and a clabber that is said to be fine for the digestion.

The Hawaiian Tea House, 7 East 51st Street, offers curry of all varieties and atmosphere quite reasonably. The waitresses wear Chinese trousers and there is matting on the floor—but no steel guitars or grass skirts that we saw.

The Chinese Delmonico at 24 Pell Street, the Oriental at 4-6 Pell Street and the Port Arthur in Mott Street are all typically Chinese in cuisine, except, of course, that they serve chop suey which we have been assured over and over again is an American invention.

The Delmonico is modelled after a real Chinese house so closely that carved gilt ornaments and embroideries were imported from Peking to adorn it. One sits on backless stools at carved teakwood tables with marble tops

and eats out of little bowls. Some of the dishes are chicken bird's nest soup, almond chicken, crab meat omelette and chow mein. Lunch is thirty-five to fifty cents and dinner is seventy-five cents to \$2.

The manager is Wing Wong, and the Wing Wongs are as rare in China as the John Smiths in America.

The Oriental has dancing from 6 P.M. to 1 A.M. to a four-piece jazz orchestra—no cover charge.

The Port Arthur is done in red lacquer and gold flagree, and has a huge orchestra victrola which plays haunting jazz tunes throughout the meal—probably just the way a similar victrola now does in Peking.

The Sheik at 65 Washington Street has Syrian clientele and cooking—lamb on a skewer, stuffed cabbage and grape leaves and another kind of paklava. A well-ordered dinner here costs a dollar or less. In ordering vegetables, one portion for two will be ample.

He-Man Food



There is no more perfect place in the world for a young man to take a visiting aunt than the Crillon, 277 Park Avenue, for she will be highly impressed by the atmosphere and food and he will also enjoy his victuals and not have to starve for a week on account of the check.

Herr Baumgarten, proprietor, who looks more like a dynamic German professor than a restaurateur, originated this type of smart New York restaurant with the

Voisin, opened in 1913, and after that the Elysee at 56th Street and Fifth Avenue.

Before Herr Baumgarten, people dined in hotel restaurants or chop houses. The Voisin was such a success that clients sat on the steps on Saturday night waiting to get in.

Order in advance from Herr Proprietor and you can get the best cuisine of Italian, French, German or Viennese at the Crillon. This gentleman has served royalty. He can remember a dinner at the Ritz in Paris when fourteen grand dukes were seated at one table, and King Edward, King Oscar of Sweden and King Leopold of the Belgians have been among his patrons.

An excellent table d'hote dinner here costs \$1.75.

Dinty Moore's, 216 West 46th Street, Beef Steak Charlie's, 216 West 50th Street, Broad's Chop House, 53 West Third Street and the Parisien, 304 West 56th Street are our notion of what men really like in the way of restaurants.

Dinty's is an absolutely masculine, undecorated place with a blue and white tiled floor, sparkling mirrors and polished brass stair rail leading up to the second floor dining room.

Patrons here include Ziegfeld, Will Rogers, Mayor Walker, Eddie Cantor and dozens of bankers and brokers who like masculine food and plenty of it and are willing to pay well for Idaho potatoes baked to mealy perfection, prize lamb and mutton chops, great luscious steaks and apple, lemon meringue and pumpkin pie that a man can stick a fork into.

Beef Steak Charlie's is less expensive but the food is just as good for man or woman. Our own idea of a real

dinner is a steak, baked potato and combination salad as Charlie does them, with maybe a bit of cheese to end off with.

Beef Steak Charlie—his last name is Chessar—feeds all his former clients in the newspaper and theatrical world when they are down on their luck.

Rube Goldberg, O. O. McIntyre and many sports writers eat here, also lots of theatrical people. About six o'clock in the evening all the little dancers from the Chester Hale ballet at Roxy's across the street come over with their make-up on to have a bite before the evening show. Once the restaurant had an actress as cook—Louise Adams Dore, who used to be in the chorus of Floradora.

Charlie says that the reason so many steaks cooked in the home are no good is because the beef is too fresh. A good steak, he claims, has to be "hung" for four or five weeks. Another pointer, the broiler should burn full tilt until it is blazing hot, then the steak should be put on and sealed instantly by the intense heat so that the juices will be kept in.

Broad's Chop House is another place much favored by newspaper men, especially those of the old school who used to make chop houses their headquarters. There is sawdust on the floor and some of the white-aproned waiters have been around for years. Steaks and chops here are an art.

The Parisien, 304 West 56th Street, is liked by newspaper people, writers and cartoonists. The chairs are just chairs and the tables plain and wooden, but the veal and steaks melt in your mouth and even the eggs are famous. Moreover, the tariff is reasonable.

The Lobster, 156 West 45th Street, is another man's place—indeed a family affair and always jammed with well-fed furriers, actors and business men with their wives and children. Lobster and cheese cake are specialties.

The Oyster Bay, 674 Eighth Avenue, also specializes in lobster and an indoor sport is to choose one's lobster on the hoof before he is plunged into the pot. Lobster fanciers make a rite of dinner here and pick the bones, so don't plan to go on to the theatre.

Billy Lahiff's Tavern at 156 West 48th Street is one of the main gathering places for sporting personalities and stage and picture celebrities. Here they assemble every Friday night before going to the fights: Chevalier, Dempsey, Chairman James Farley of the New York State Athletic Commission; Tony Canzoneri, Johnny Dundee, Tommy Loughran, Max Baer, Tom McArdle, Madison Square Garden matchmaker; Len Harvey, the British middleweight; Buddy Rogers, Jimmy Elliott, Horton Smith, the golf professional; Leo Diegel, Grover Cleveland Alexander and Mickey Cochrane. The food is he-man stuff and reasonable.

Leone's Italian Restaurant on West 48th Street is another sporting hang-out. It is conducted by three brothers whose mother prepares the spaghetti from her own recipe. Georgette Cohan, Lyman Brown, Marty Forkins, George Perry, Paul and Bill Frawley and Marilyn Miller are regulars here.

Bill Duffy's Tavern on West 46th Street, owned by Duffy who manages Carnera and other fighters, draws Carnera, Chevalier, Paulino Uzcudun, Johnny Hogan and others after fights.

The Hotel Algonquin restaurant offers one of the best midtown meeting places for men and women lunching together. The food is delicate enough to please women, yet sturdy and large-portioned enough for men.

This is the place, too, to see one's favorite actress wearing a perfectly awful hat, publishers discussing the theatre with novelists, and columnists, for all we know, at what the public believes to be their favorite occupation—log rolling.

Heywood Broun, F. P. A., Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker, Neysa McMein, Konrad Bercovici, and Rex Beach are regulars here. Beach and Robert Sherwood got engaged to their wives at tables in the main dining room.

The head waiter is George, who collects autographed first editions and knows everything.

In the Oak Room behind a table loaded with luscious cakes, pies and puddings of her own making is Sarah, the Algonquin's famous colored pastry cook. Her favorite among her culinary works of art is her Lady Baltimore cake—she was born in Baltimore.

The Colonial Room at the Roosevelt Hotel is likely to please all the family, but especially Papa. The head waiter is the gallant Paul Chatelain who was an officer with the French Army during the War. All sorts of celebrities drop in for luncheon here: Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, Bruce Barton, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt; Roy Howard, head of the Scripps Howard Syndicate; Adolph Menjou, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker.

Reuben's, 622 Madison Avenue, where celebrities go at 4 A.M. to eat dollar sandwiches named for the ulti-

mate consumers, also serves delicious noon-day dishes. Men like the Savarin restaurants for their business-like atmosphere and good food. And for that late luncheon don't forget Sardi's, 234 West 44th, headquarters for Who's Who on Broadway.

Dinner with the Girls

Women will especially like La Nouvelle Orleans, 9 East 47th Street, which combines the best features of French and Spanish cuisine as interpreted by Southern cooks and turns out an ideal dinner.

Mrs. Helen Guelberth Andrews of New Orleans duplicates on a slightly larger scale the kind of food she serves in her own home. Some of her recipes are heir-looms, handed down from daughter to daughter. The specialties include crab gumbo, jambalya, court bouillon, turkey stuffed with oysters and pecans, yam soufflé and fried chicken.

This restaurant attracts all the Carolinians and Virginians who come to New York and the air is habitually filled with "you alls" and "sho' nuffs." In fact, a visiting foreigner one night asked what language it was he heard spoken at all the tables!

Fanny Heaslip Lea comes here and many other writers and actresses though most of the customers are residents of the neighborhood who telephone in to find out what the special dish will be.

The service by Southern negresses should be a lesson

to lesser maitre d'hotels. Mrs. Andrews oversees all the cooking herself and uses plenty of butter and cream. Moreover, she sticks to a few superbly cooked specialties which is what a good restaurant should do.

The table d'hote dinner costs \$1.50 and includes an appetizer, gumbo, half a fried chicken, yam souffle, two vegetables, a salad, dessert and coffee.

We might explain to save our clients embarrassment that one eats gumbo with a soup spoon, fork and knife. It's also permissible—in fact good form—to use fingers at the end to pick out the choice pieces of crab meat.

Ye Olde English Tea Room at 151 West 48th Street also makes a specialty of creole food—curried crab with rice and curried shrimps—and English dishes. The desserts are the real feature here, though—fluffy puddings, flaky pies and feathery cakes.

Old theatrical programs, which Miss Berwin the owner, has collected for eighteen years, date back to 1875 and the days of the Academy of Music. Guarding the little entrance yard are some pieces of antique statuary which give a pleasant old-world atmosphere to both the exterior and interior. Men as well as women like this place on account of the substantial food which accompanies the more ethereal.

There are so few really first-class restaurants on lower Fifth Avenue and vicinity that the Cafe Caprice at 1 University Place under the management of Rumpelmayer, is a find for persons in that district. The cooking is done by a French chef with continental experience and a special luncheon costs only eighty-five cents, while the dinner for \$1.50 can't be beaten in New York.

The decorations are foreign in the modern manner and very expensive looking, done by Reinold, the man who did the Crillon and Robert's, in bright clear green, orange and white with tulips as a wall motif, divan seats and a raised dancing floor. There are private dining rooms where one may entertain bridge parties at no extra charge. And the pastries are by Rumpelmayer.

Park and Tilford at 57th Street and Fifth Avenue is excellent for ladies' luncheons because of the delicious entrées and the smart crowd. A meal here à la carte costs about \$1.25 up. The tomato juice cocktails and all the vegetables are good, even the spinach. Radio artists from N.B.C. come here. There is also a Park and Tilford's at 411 Fifth Avenue, convenient to the shopping district.

Sherry's have "refined" places for luncheon. Our favorites are the small ones: 748 Fifth Avenue and 373 Fifth Avenue. Of course the other two—the great restaurant at 300 Park Avenue and the charming Directoire building which lends a lively note to the landscape at 695 Madison Avenue—are much handsomer, but for snacks between shopping excursions the smaller ones are better. Renée Black, Sherry's restaurateur, was once chef on the Duc d'Orleans' yacht.

Rumpelmayer's at the St. Moritz, 59th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues serves an excellent luncheon and Maillard's, 387 Madison Avenue, is large, comfortable and offers pretty good service plus average food.

That hardy perennial, Mary Elizabeth, at 392 Fifth Avenue has good home-made food and marvelous cakes for a right smart price.

Less expensive are the Vanity Fair Tea Rooms at 3

East 38th and 4 West 40th Streets, liked by young girls. In the same general vicinity is the Henry Street Settlement Restaurant at 99 Park Avenue where the entrées are praised by men as well as women. Happiness candy stores serve a nourishing 50 cent luncheon.

Excellent table d'hôte luncheons may be had for a dollar at the Calumet, 118 East 40th; the Griffin, 39th Street and Park Avenue and the Ship Grill at 66 Park Avenue.

The McAlpin has a dollar shopper's luncheon in the main dining room where you sit at ease surrounded by space, palms and music.

Among the department stores Wanamaker's undoubtedly has the most attractive restaurant and tea room. There are also a sandwich nook and a cafeteria here. Stern's has a first-class restaurant, too.

Our favorite Schrafft's is the new one at 625 Madison Avenue decorated in Eighteenth Century style like an English country house and hostessed by pretty girls in stiff blue taffeta picture frocks. Schrafft's has the best ice cream in the world, especially peach in the late summer.

Our pet Child's is the one at 423 Lexington Avenue near 43rd Street done in style moderne—all pale woods, mirrors, orange geometric designs and a mural of the skyscrapers of Manhattan over the cashier's desk. A good dollar dinner is served here.

Another very fine dollar dinner is available at Alice McCollister's at 43 West 8th Street, a big, comfortable home-like place.

Alice Foote MacDougall has good \$1.50 dinners if you can endure the Italo-Spanish scenery.

Adolf Buchler's restaurants have delicious table d'hôtes; the pastries are remarkable.

Restaurants with all the fish, vegetables and meats piled in the window like a Gargantuan still-life impress the stranger. Two that are more excellent than such window displays suggest are Poppas, 135 Third Avenue, a clean little Italian place where we used to go when living at the Smith Club and Drake's Restaurant, 119 West 42nd Street where you will see in the windows the first fresh mushrooms of the season, the earliest strawberries and asparagus. This is a huge place, crowded day and night with the four millions O. Henry wrote about.

New York has never contracted the tea habit, probably because nearly everybody works until 5:30, which is late for tea. Cocktails from 5:30 to 6 in one's own apartment or a favorite speakeasy are more usual with the sophisticated.

School girls and suburban matrons in town for matinee and shopping call it tea—but ice cream and pastry are more in their line. Consequently, the best tea places with few exceptions are pastry shops.

However, there is tea dancing at the Central Park Casino, price \$1.75, and a gay crowd gathers on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. The Biltmore is best on Saturdays for tea dancing. During the winter, Sunday afternoon tea dances at the Ritz are patronized by débutantes. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays at Ritz Tower tea dances.

The Roosevelt, which does well by its patrons at any hour of the day or night, offers tea dances with Guy Lombardo's orchestra, and tea also in the lounge.

For tea with the girls, Rumpelmayer's at the St. Moritz is the most charming and popular place at the moment. One must wait hours for a table though, for the marron pastries are so good and the atmosphere so chic that a party once in lingers on and on.

The Plaza Palm Room is always popular and smart for tea, and Schrafft's offers delicious table d'hote tea menus from fifty cents up. Park and Tilford and Sherry's are good, also the Mirror, which is less expensive.

If tea time makes one lean to the mystic there are the Gypsy Tea Kettle, 200 West 50th Street, and the Gypsy Tea Shop, 435 Fifth Avenue, where a fortune read in the tea leaves goes with tea—fifty cents at the Tea Kettle, seventy-five cents at the Tea Shop.

Alice Foote MacDougall serves teas, generous ones, as are all the meals at her places.

It's possible to entertain one's bridge club at Schrafft's on 57th Street and Eighth Avenue and the Gypsy Tea Kettle is also prepared to accommodate bridge parties. The above mentioned Schrafft's from time to time has experts give bridge lessons to patrons.

PART FOUR

You are a Shopper Here



Paris in Manhattan

AN effective, though refined, version of the bum's rush is to be expected if one drops in at an exclusive New York dressmaker's unknown and unIntroduced, especially in the height of the season.

Not lack of hospitality but the instinct of self-preservation is the basis of this reception. The bug-a-boo of ultra-ultra shops is the copyist who comes in the guise of client and goes away with a dozen smart ideas which eventually will appear as \$6.84 dresses in Fourteenth Street.

There is no need to feel insulted when suspected of being a copyist. A successful one is often beautiful, may be in the social register and as likely as not comes clothed in mink and with money enough to buy a dress or so while secretly sketching a dozen others.

Fifty-Seventh Street imports Paris models for ideas chiefly. The clever adaptations of these to American needs by skilled designers and fitters are extremely useful to Fourteenth Street.

And that, my children, is the true explanation of why the best houses religiously save their finest models for customers of long standing and show them in the sacrosanct privacy of fitting rooms!

Advertisements of the smartest houses seldom use pictures, either—not since a few years ago when the

chaste cut of a black velvet coat adorned with a spray of gardenias, advertised by Bergdorf Goodman, caused 34th Street and points south immediately to bloom with acres of gardenias on black velvet.

Fashion shows, also, if given at all, are carefully guarded. One such Bergdorf Goodman pageant, we are told, was halted ten minutes after it opened because ninety per cent of those present were discovered to be henchmen of the ready-to-wears!

In order to be sure of Paris models that won't be widely copied, 57th Street goes to Paris either very early or very late in the season.

A few houses—Bendel is one of these—buy so early that they are able to show models at the same time as the Paris openings. Smaller houses, however, usually wait until well after the openings in order to discover what models are going to become favorites of the manufacturers and thus anathema to their own hoity-toity trade. As an extra precaution some of these houses have models designed exclusively at Chanel, Vionnet or small houses known to few and jealously guarded.

Back in New York with his fine models which may have cost him as much as \$750 apiece, what with duty and all, the couturier's troubles have only just begun. In fact, one dressmaker who sat us down on a Louis XVI chair against a backdrop of Seventeenth Century tapestries while he related his experiences had us actually in tears—until we suddenly recalled that his annual profits are reputed to run into seven figures.

All the same, his grief is not entirely in his mind. For, because our climate is so cold in winter and so hot in summer, all kinds of major and minor operations must

be done before Parisian clothes constructed for less decided weather are practical for use here.

French winter coats, for instance, never have interlining and are usually of flat rather long-haired furs. And what is dashing in Paris may seem daring in New York.

Even after his perfect collection is assembled and adapted, even when he has successfully exterminated all copyists, there remains still the difficult and harassing American clientele.

Manhattan, it seems, is filled with goodlooking society women who honestly believe they should have clothes for nothing because they are "so chic and elegant that it will advertise the house." Then there is the woman who will not buy a dress if copies are being made and the richest one of all who goes into hysterics about prices that would have seemed bargains in the Place Vendôme.

However, the New York dressmaker can afford to humor even the most difficult New York customer if she is fashionable, for she is what gives him prestige with the backbone of his prosperity—to wit, his opulent out-of-town trade. Hundreds of rich women from the West and Middle West who come to New York twice a year for clothes think nothing of ordering \$8,000 to \$10,000 worth of gowns in a single afternoon and most of them have been recommended to the places they patronize by wives of their husbands' New York business associates.

Workmanship and fit are undoubtedly better at good New York houses than in Paris, but due to higher wage scales and stricter laws governing working conditions, prices are considerably higher.

The older houses are notable for the dignified serenity of their atmosphere. A colored maid opens the door at Stein and Blaine's and the client steps into an interior like a salon in the Boulevard St. Germaine. At Thurn's a Scotch butler lends atmosphere. Tea or coffee is served at Bendel's. In other houses, cigarettes of a special brand are placed at Madame's elbow and messenger boys are on hand to run errands or to take care of fatiguing telephone calls.

The saleswomen in these houses are solicitous and trustworthy. They usually hold their places over a period of years and learn their clients' needs.

There are certain shops so well-established that their faithful following—mostly of the Social Register—depend upon the heads for sartorial well-being just as they depend upon the family physician for health.

Men like Herman Patrick Tappé, for instance, are close personal friends of many of their clients, invited to dinner, to weddings and to christenings.

Somebody once called Bergdorf Goodman's at 58th Street and Fifth Avenue the Bide-A-Wee Home for millionaires' daughters and divorcees. That's because so many of them have worked there as saleswomen or mannequins. So have a goodly supply of countesses and princesses, also a grand duchess, Marie of Russia, grand-daughter of Czar Alexander the Second, at present stylist and designer in charge of a lingerie department which is notable even in New York. Bergdorf Goodman mannequins are met all over town at parties and a young man who knows tells us that they are the soul of discretion and dignity—well thought of even by fussy mamas.

The Goodman family own and manage the firm—Father Goodman who began his career as a tailor, his handsome son, Andrew, in charge of merchandising, and a charming daughter, Anne, who superintends the ready-to-wear department.

Many of the most extravagant millionaires' wives, daughters and mistresses come here for clothes and also chic women with limited incomes who can afford only one or two made-to-order dresses a year. The clothes are simple, extremely youthful and even in the most standardized season, own distinctive touches at belt, collar or in a bit of handwork.

We visited the shop on an exciting morning recently. A saleswoman had just sold a \$45,000 sable coat. A little old woman had come in alone—tried on the coat, nodded complacently at her reflection in the mirror, called for a pen, made out a check and carried the regal garment home in her car.

One woman every year just before she sails buys of Bergdorf Goodman's a complete wardrobe for the various European seasons. Many customers of the house haven't been in New York for years. They choose whole wardrobes from sketches, and are fitted from their toiles. Hats, shoes and accessories are purchased in the same way. As for that, one client who lives not nine blocks from the shop never comes in, either for selections or fittings, trusting entirely to her vendeuse's knowledge of her taste and style.

The made-to-order department here is one of the finest in the city. The usual collection includes 150 Parisian models and 300 more adapted by the house designing staff. A dress made to order, with three fittings,

costs from \$225 to \$250. Without fitting, a dress costs \$150, and one fitting is \$25 additional.

It should be mentioned in passing that Bergdorf Goodman's is a shop so beautiful that a first entrance is breath taking—floor after floor is done in eighteenth century French style perfect enough to please Marie Antoinette herself if she should stage a Peter Ibbetson. The antiques collected by Mr. Amster, connoisseur, include many rare pieces of exciting furniture which are for sale.

Henri Bendel, a fascinating and worldly man, arrived in New York thirty-six years ago from a little town in Louisiana, a poor but ambitious boy who did his first job of hat-making so well that one day, just as in the story books, an original frame he had designed attracted the attention of a customer who offered to set him up in business.

The walls of that first small shop on Ninth Street were made of bamboo sent from the old home in Louisiana (part of the Bendel success is due to sentiment) and in it Bendel first made frames, then hats. Before he knew it, his models were drawing the city's best carriage trade to his door, including such stars of the opera as Bori, Farrar and Rosa Ponselle. He was the first famous dressmaker on 57th Street.

Bendel hats now sell mostly around \$40 and dress prices ascend from \$200. All the very newest and most conservatively-elegant French imports are to be found here, including furs and evening dresses of the clothes-as-an-art cult.

Bendel hat sales, though not advertised, are famous. Such crowds congregate for them that the doors open

at seven in the morning so women won't have to stand in line and clutter up dignified 57th Street sidewalks. In preparation for these massacres, sawdust is strewn on the floors of the shop, small objets d'art are removed and \$40 hats go for a quarter or even an eighth of their regular price—often, by the way to Bendel customers who join in the scramble and sometimes emerge with eight and ten bargains.

Hattie Carnegie, whose name is one to conjure with, sartorially speaking, on both sides of the Atlantic is small, blond and extremely feminine. We size her up as a woman who loves pretty clothes and simply can't bear to see a friend or, indeed, any woman, especially if she has the price, buy the wrong thing.

Also, however, there must be a very excellent business brain beneath her soft blond hair, for a move from a shop in the West 70s to one on East 49th Street done in antiques, panelling from a French chateau and million-dollar customers is not accomplished every day nor yet every year, even in quick changing New York. Carnegie began making hats on Second Avenue and still does on 49th Street. Only the 49th Street ones sell at \$25 wholesale and are in demand all over the United States.

One of the business coups of the firm is this wholesale department which, through a single exclusive firm in each place, brings Paris as interpreted by New York to all the rich cities of the grain, oil, and cattle belts.

Miss Carnegie's method is to buy a tremendous number of Parisian imports, tear them apart and adapt them to the New York type. Though she says New York can't get along without Paris, some of her most success-

ful models are of her own creation, designed upon dolls or upon herself. Each season she originates some novel and beautiful garment which becomes a sensation.

Moreover, as a proof that coals sometimes may be successfully carried to Newcastle, a creation of hers worn by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst once became the talk of Paris!

The Carnegie customers include stage stars and wives of many of the richest New Yorkers. Lois Moran, Norma Talmadge, Clara Bow, Corrine Griffith, Mrs. Florence Vidor Heifetz, Gertrude Lawrence, Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Marion Davies and Kathleen Norris, all come here.

La Carnegie sometimes can be persuaded to shop around in Paris for entire trousseaux for favorite clients. One such outfit collected by her cost \$50,000 and included crepe de chine sheets, fur-lined lounge throws and black Chantilly lace pajamas for backgammon parties.

Miss Carnegie complains bitterly that she never has a rag to wear—women buy her clothes right off her back. We don't blame them. In our opinion, here is a woman who knows more about fashions than any other importer or designer in New York.

On and Off the Avenue

The stately house of Thurn at 15 East 57th Street is easily the most dignified institution left in New York. To the right as you enter is the famous stone staircase

so often seen in news photographs of the season's fashionable brides both because its curve is perfect for trains and because so many brides get their white satin at Thurn's.

In the impressive drawing room upstairs, elegant, gleaming mannequins, some of them Junior Leaguers, saunter past and into the fitting rooms.

All the blue-bloods in town come here at some time or other, as do many rich and aristocratic out-of-towners, to put themselves into the competent hands of Madame Hague, daughter of the first Thurn. The present head of the house is a tall distinguished woman who does her own buying in Paris and inherits the taste and business sense of her clever mother.

The original Madame Thurn went into business as an importer of white goods for children's dresses, fine nainsook, dotted swiss and French piques, which were snapped up by aristocratic mamas who later persuaded Mrs. Thurn to try making up clothes for their treasures. From this the house of Thurn went on to importing and copying children's models and finally to women's clothes and the present business.

One of the infant clients of early days was John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—Thurn made his first pair of trousers. This, we hasten to confess, was discovered by us, not confided, for this grand old house guards its clients' secrets in the British manner. Even the brides' pictures in the trousseau room are keyed, not marked outright with names, but here, too, our detective instincts helped and we recognized the photographs of Ailsa Mellon of the Pittsburg Mellons and Isabelle Rockefeller of *the* Rockefellers.

Unhurried dignity so predominates at Thurn's that the story of a rush job of a few years ago is still told as a curious phenomenon. It seems a girl whose family had long been on the books was selected to be queen of the New Orleans Mardi Gras, and telephoned one afternoon for a royal robe. An all-night session of cutting out and pinning up followed and next morning, a weary fitter and two seamstresses left for New Orleans with a gorgeously-embroidered dress upon which they again worked all night so that it was practically complete by the time they reached their destination.

Two hundred dollars is the rock-bottom price for Thurn gowns, with the exception of an occasional sport dress.

Stein and Blaine started out as expert tailors thirty-seven years ago in a shop opposite the Waldorf at 33rd Street. In those days the shop had a literal carriage trade, which it kept figuratively when it took up furs in a serious way after the motor era arrived.

Mr. Blaine is long since dead but Mr. Stein is the present treasurer and A. E. Harrison, now president, was also an original member of the firm. He still takes care of his own special customers, many of whom date back to the nineties, when everybody who was anybody wore a coat and skirt from Stein and Blaine's.

This firm is notable almost entirely from the creative point of view, in fact, does little importing. Miss E. M. A. Steinmetz is the designer—you will see her name under the elegant drawings on Stein and Blaine advertisements. She began her career as illustrator and fashion artist and has wonderful color sense as well as unerring taste.

The house has from 200 to 500 new models in unusual fabrics to show its customers each season and puts together wonderful trousseaux and youthful clothes for smart young matrons as well as for the slightly older, very dignified and ladylike lady.

Swank women from every state in the Union except the Dakotas, come here twice a year for clothes. One client in Honolulu gets hers by mail and never knows what it will be until she unwraps the semi annual package. Her toile was left with Stein and Blaine years ago and she keeps her figure down to fit it.

Dress prices here start at \$200.

The story of Sally Milgrim who was a model and saleswoman in her husband's small tailoring shop on Second Avenue before she became a nationally-known designer and dressmaker, is one of the grand romances of the New York dressmaking business.

Nearly twenty years ago the Milgrims—Charles and brother Herman—opened a little shop on Houston Street, which later was moved to Second Avenue and Eighth Street. Even in the Houston Street days, word mysteriously got about that Milgrim had a knack for creating narrower shoulders, more snugly fitted waistlines and more tightly molded sleeves than any other tailor. Result—the smartest actresses, most dashing débutantes and wealthiest matrons flocked to him—100 to 300 of them a day.

The quarters were soon so crowded that the rich and famous had to sit about for hours on cutting tables, awaiting a turn which sometimes never came until far into the night.

In those days the Milgrims showed one new model a

season and were themselves the entire staff. Now Sally, who married a Milgrim, has 1000 employees at the peak of the season and her business runs annually into seven figures.

The present establishment is a large one on 57th Street done in modern style—hewwood, wrought iron, and mirrors. But the Milgrims remain a simple, hardworking, friendly family. Mr. Herman likes to reminisce about the old days on Second Avenue when his customers included Mrs. Mortimer Schiff and Mrs. Jay Gould and of the night when several of his uptown customers, down in the slums for a dinner given in honor of former President Roosevelt came around for fittings and the shop worked all night.

Mary Pickford used to drive down to Second Avenue in her gray limousine and Milgrim's made gray ensembles to match the car while policemen by the dozens gathered to hold back the crowds who wanted to look at the great star.

From the White House have come Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Harding to the uptown Milgrim's, also Frances Starr, Lenore Ulrich, Nazimova, and Francine Larimore.

Milgrim's, in addition to made-to-orders, has ready-to-wear imports and copies and also sells wholesale. The clothes have a great deal of dash and sex appeal, all in a nice way. If any testimonial about the sex appeal is needed, we may mention that Mr. Herman made tailor-mades for Peggy Hopkins Joyce while she was working her way up to a position as the world's foremost vamp.

Hickson, at Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street, is our

own favorite dressmaker, a good deal because of a fine, gracious person who is head fitter there.

Hickson originated in Canada in the early eighties. The tailored walking suit was emphasized then because it was an important item in the wardrobe of the Canadian gentlewoman, and in the early nineties when Hickson started a New York house, it was as "Tailors to Gentlewomen."

Astors, Vanderbilts, Belmonts, the lovely Maxine Elliott, Lillian Russell and Anna Held wore chic Hickson tailleurs in those days but there are plenty of women to-day who buy not only suits, but as many as thirty dresses in an afternoon at Hickson's. Prices for gowns begin at \$195. There is a very good hat department and the negligees, made to measure, are nice as are the shoes, both ready and custom-made. Accessories of all sorts may be bought here, including the perfume of Prince Matchabelli.

Incidentally, not that Hickson does it more than anybody else, but won't somebody *please* restrain perfume saleswomen who squirt it all over you?

The lovely things at Chez Ninon, 551 Madison Avenue are the personal selection of the owner, Mrs. Edward Cowles, who was Nona McAdoo, daughter of the former Secretary of State.

Mrs. Cowles has violet eyes, white hair and black eye brows, a combination so fascinating you can't stop looking at her.

There are only about forty models at any one time in this collection but new ones come in constantly and older ones are retired. The house copies a model

only a few times. Sports clothes—particularly little soft tweed or Chanel jersey four-piece suits (price about \$225) and evening clothes (\$165–\$250)—are a specialty in which fit and workmanship are of the best.

Chanel, Patou, Lanvin, Vionnet and Caret are favored for models. Clients include Hope Williams and Gertrude Lawrence of the stage and many debutantes and young married women—practically all slim.

Because of its smart clientele, the house of Gervais is almost as impressive as one's first Westchester house-party. Miss Gervais and her sister began the business five years ago despite the violent protests of parents who were sure the two would go bankrupt and have to be bailed out by the family, which is socially prominent.

However, they didn't and now have an enormous business in a small upstairs shop at 16 East 48th Street. There are no charge accounts here which makes it possible for Gervais to copy exclusive French models for as little as \$125.

It was a Paquin dress that started the house on the road to success. A tremendously rich English friend for whom Paquin makes exclusive models gave one of her best evening dresses to Miss Gervais to use as a model and the dress made such a hit that soon the whole Long Island set was coming in for more of the same.

No dumpy, frowsy types are fitted here, only the chic, slim woman who stays young, no matter what her age.

Add Dressmakers
-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Frances Clyne has an unpretentious little place at 16 West 46th Street that is one of the town's important dressmaking houses. She imports some of the best French models each season, adapting to suit the individual needs of her clients, and is famous for dressing many successful plays. She did the clothes for Katherine Cornell in the *Green Hat* and has dressed Ethel Barrymore, Bori, Lillian Gish, Fay Bainter and Ina Claire as well as Vanderbilts and the like.

Some of the smartest actresses simply leave their play's costuming in her able hands and she goes to Europe with a script and looks around until she finds the inevitable dress for the big scene in Act III. Incidentally, here is one of the most genuine people we have met in our New York wanderings. For all her success, she has no swank at all and still drops on one knee to help pin up a skirt. The toe of one slipper is indeed worn down to the nub by this practice.

The house of Madame Frances, 10 West 56th Street, is now directed by Helen Paul, a beautiful young woman, probably the youngest haute couture in New York. Everything is designed on the premises chiefly by Miss Paul who creates the "important" type of dress, evening clothes for first nights at the Opera, weddings, débuts and grand parties. Many of her evening dresses are \$350, though the average price is \$250 and you can get some fine dresses for as little as \$195.

Miss Paul has made clothes for Billie Burke, Barbara

Bennett, and Louise Groody, as well as chic Long Islanders.

Nancy, 37 East 58th Street, is a young lively house which has no ready-mades, only made-to-order clothes.

The owners are Nancy who designs and adapts, and her husband, a charming and intelligent young man named Lipman whose hobby for 18th and 19th century prints has provided inspiration for the decorative cream and black exterior of this shop and for its Directoire interior as well.

Dress prices here run from \$135 up. Everything is dainty and colorful, including Nancy. The clothes are simple, wearable and distinctive, especially the evening things. On the ground floor is a very good accessory shop with a spectacular flight of green stairs leading to the elevator.

Hardly any customers are over forty and the petite type is best suited. The clientele is of the sophisticated, distinctly New York type, many of whom live on Long Island and the North Shore and maintain small apartments in town. Important out-of-towners of the younger set also come here regularly.

Nancy and her husband go to Paris twice a year but usually after the rest of the trade have come back. They always have an excellent selection of summer prints and often get the exclusive rights to a few attractive models.

Herman Patrick Tappé, founder of the Tappé which looks so chic as a label in your hat, was born in Sidney, Ohio. The Tappé setting is a curious combination of 18th Century French art and the owner's little whimsies. There are, for instance, an elevator that is decorated like a ship, an elevator boy in a sailor's uniform, huge

lamps in which goldfish swim, statues of black Nubian slaves and stone cupids of the Versailles order.

Tappé is the only house on 57th Street with an outside tea garden. In fact, there are two tea gardens—one on the first and one on the second floor, each with trellised walls, turf, statues, little fountains and stone benches where one may relax after undergoing a fitting or paying one's bill.

Tappé imports beautiful things from the best French houses, whether conservative or extreme, and features delicate and unusual color combinations in good hats and gowns of the romantic type. The wedding gowns, appropriately enough, are fitted in a Victorian room with flowers under glass, a painted corner cabinet and portraits of Napoleon III and Empress Eugenie.

A long list of actresses from Lilly Langtry and Sarah Bernhardt down to Marion Davies and Ina Claire have been dressed both for stage and street by Tappé.

One of the owner's peculiarities is that if he doesn't like the way a favorite client's clothes turn out, he won't let her have them!

A small but exclusive dressmaking establishment not generally known to the lay public is MacVeady's at 10 East 56th Street run by two quiet Scotch sisters.

This shop is patronized by wives of the richest bankers and brokers who like clothes that look well but don't shout "Here I come." These include Mrs. Charles Sabin, Mrs. Thomas Lamont and Mrs. Dwight Morrow. Much of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's trousseau came from this shop and reporters nearly drove the MacVeady sisters mad trying to get details.

Miss Catherine MacVeady, who has one of the softest

voices in New York, says with some firmness that they "refuse to dress people in bad taste" so one who likes conspicuous trimming and big velvet bows had better stay away.

The MacVeadys' favorite Paris houses—which they visit four times a year—are Chanel, Augustabernard, Louisboulanger, Vionnet and Suzanne Talbot, "dress-makers who dress ladies." The Long Island crowd of young matrons come here in great numbers for little suits in trick artist wools, dresses that look like nothing at all in the hand but take on marvelous lines when donned, and dinner and evening gowns that are chic yet not theatrical. Prices for the wool things are \$175 up, other daytime dresses \$195 and evening dresses \$225 up. Everything is made to order.

Madame Elizabeth, 60 East 55th Street, has a small but distinguished house with good values. Madame's last name is Moncamble and she is a French woman who came to this country years ago as a designer for Thurn. Like Bendel she brings back from Paris "only gods, no disciples."

Everything is made to order from French models chosen from about eight houses. The models are not changed, Madame Elizabeth's genius being to fit and adjust difficult modes to any figure. All materials are imported along with the models so that the copy is authentic and actually better made and fitted than the Paris original.

This is a typically French place, small and up a flight of steps, also very personal—no advertising except by word of mouth. A special Paris touch is the fact that when Madame Elizabeth goes to Europe to buy new

models the place shuts up as Paris shops do in August. Ruth Draper buys here.

Mary Walls, 2 East 46th Street, is a town personality and has some of the loveliest imports in Gotham. She is Irish, was once a buyer at Wanamaker's and caters to the most exclusive clientele. At Christmas she specializes in debutante dresses. She buys unusual models from such houses as Augustabernard and Bruyere as well as the usual Chanel and so on.

Verben, Inc., 7 East 59th Street, is one of the most unpretentious dressmaking establishments in New York, considering the prestige of its clientele.

The house is owned and managed by a charming and picturesque Russian woman named Fira Benenson whose story is romantic, even for a Russian exile.

She came to this country after the revolution with her family who prospered here, but in order to help two less fortunate Russian girls she opened a little place where the two did alterations. The girls were clever and those who came for alterations usually returned for a dress or two. In her off hours—she was a social worker—Miss Benenson designed models and the models won an immense vogue.

After two years one of the girls married and the other went back to Europe. Miss Benenson then decided to run the shop herself. Professional fitters and dressmakers thought her idea a whim and wouldn't work for her which turned out to be a blessing in disguise for the redoubtable Miss Benenson found some clever Russian women to help with the needle work and two college girls for mannequin and vendeuse. She used to buy a few yards of goods at a department store, design a dress on

the collegiate mannequin and then find a customer to buy it. Her establishment still looks and seems unprofessional, for interior decoration plays little part in its undeniable charm.

The models combine individuality and exquisite simplicity. A specialty is crepe de chine daytime dresses but the evening clothes are just as effective. Miss Benenson's favorites among the French dressmakers are Boulanger, Vionnet, Paquin, and above all Gabrielle Chanel, her close personal friend. Miss Benenson goes to Paris after the openings and will take nothing that anybody else has bought.

Whitneys and Vanderbilts are on her books. Those who know about Verben's keep it a dark secret as long as possible for fear it will become too popular.

Frank Jenkins, 44 West 56th Street, is a young man from Parkersburg, West Virginia, who has made good in the big city in a big way. He started his New York career at Hickson's but for the past nine years has had his own shop. His wife designs gowns with stunning lines—she studied to be a sculptor. Clothes here have dash, go, and a picturesque quality.

Very Special



Saks Fifth Avenue is a sophisticated specialty shop which enjoys the trade of the most exclusive and luxurious women in the world. The shop beat the town on the

use of modern art as well as advertisements featuring fantastic hyper-thyroid women and probably will stay in the front rank of innovators so long as Adam Gimbel, inspired and adventurous young bachelor, directs it.

Mr. Gimbel has very neatly set the idea of a Saks-turned-out woman—face, figure, hair, as well as clothes, luggage, jewels and accessories. Thus, Madame De Boor is imported each year for a limited season from Paris, for all the world like an opera star, to give a special brand of facials at \$50 a treatment. Moreover, she is booked a year in advance.

Antoine, also from Paris, does chic bobs and waves, though there are places we prefer for shampoos.

The Saks Silhouette Shop was established for massage, lotion and electric blanket treatments that, in a given time, miraculously adjust very weird figures to fit Saks' clothes.

The Junior League Bureau which has a first aid station at Saks will plan a party, engage a caterer, hire waiters and performers and send out invitations—compiled from a fine readymade invitation list with stag line complete!

As for the Bureau's decorations, at one party on Long Island last summer, the gardens were plowed up and laid down again with all the flower beds outlined in electric lights at a cost of \$14,000.

Saks also runs a party factory for children, supplying everything from invitations to chaperonage so that mother has only to pay the bill.

Grosvenor Nicholas, member of the Racquet Club and president of the first backgammon club in New York teaches Saks clients how to play this fashionable game. Meantime, Saks, of course, sells the necessary

equipment de luxe—mirrored tables with glass dice and gorgeously-colored pieces. Willie MacFarland gives golf lessons in the spring and tickets to Ned Wayburn's dancing courses may be charged to one's account.

In the way of clothes, Saks aims to serve cosmopolitans who go abroad often and grow so attached to certain makes of hats and shirts that they like to be able to find same in the U. S. A. Therefore, Saks is the sole New York representative of a long line of famous European houses: Rowe, the London children's tailor; Briggs, the famous umbrella and walking stick house; Williams and Cleaver, habit makers and tailors; Thomas the Boot-maker; Scott, hat maker to kings; Dunkley, pram maker to princes; Mme. Marthe, Parisian corsetiere; Gélot, famous for top hats; David, the shirt-maker; Vernet handkerchiefs; Alexandrine, de luxe glover and Vuitton, luggage manufacturer.

Naturally, the house also deals in original French models which are copied in the made-to-order department of the Salon Moderne, a ravishing chromium and metal-decorated department with strange Japanese-like windows, modern rugs and metal furniture. The price for day dresses here is \$135 up; evening dresses \$175 up. In the Atelier de Paris new French hats are on display every time a boat lands, and copies cost from \$25 up. The staff in both these departments is French and the dressing rooms are like dainty boudoirs, with fitting rooms for brides done up in white satin.

The custom-made department that costumes actresses is managed by the dynamic Margaret (Mrs. Brock) Pemberton. Her customers include Katherine Cornell, Irene Bordini, Lynn Fontanne, Margalo Gilmore,

Florence Eldridge, Ginger Rogers, Miriam Hopkins, Ina Claire, Claudette Colbert and Nancy Carroll.

There are two types of ready-to-wear clothes—fairly expensive and very smart ones from \$45 to \$125 in the misses' and women's department and those in the newer debutante shop which are well-styled but priced so that debutantes who need six evening dresses a week can manage on their allowances. The rock bottom price here is \$27.50 for dresses; hats \$7.50 to \$12.50 and shoes \$12.50 up. Everything is nicely done but not for those who are getting on in years.

Saks has stockings as expensive as \$20 a pair which for a time Gertrude Lawrence bought up as fast as they came from abroad. Shoes are \$18.50 up. A string of Japanese pearls—the kind the oyster makes to order instead of in due course of nature—may sell here for \$17,000.

The men's department is first class; and so that no member of the family feel neglected, Fido, too, has a corner with every known device for making dogs decorative and decorous—to wit: Japanese pagoda houses for Pekes; travelling kennels with wire ventilators and zipper covers; going-away kits containing food and toilet sets; upholstered pads with washable covers; custom-made tailored coats with handfinished details of black camels hair; Angora sweaters, and waterproofed coats in craveneted tweeds.

Jay-Thorpe at 24 West 57th Street, was a store on paper for a year before it opened for business. That is, for twelve months the entire organization went through a dress rehearsal of all the modern procedures of store-keeping before the fashionable public was in-

vited to patronize what was then—in 1920—a new wrinkle for New York.

The idea was to sell exclusive ready-to-wear clothes at prices lower than shops in the same neighborhood and it was particularly venturesome because usually 57th Street places are the climax of businesses that begin down on Second Avenue or at least on lower Fifth and build prestige as they move upward. Jay-Thorpe, however, was a name never before heard and until its fourth year the discriminating patrons who now flock to it hardly noticed it.

But all that oblivion is over now and Jay-Thorpe has a definite place in the sun, especially for the perfect matching of accessories.

Harry Lichtenstein, one of the most colorful personalities and creative artists in New York's dressmaking history, is in charge of the made-to-order and his pretty wife, known to clients as Mrs. Harry, designs some of the models.

Mostly, however, the house copies real French models designed for the Paris woman, not the American manufacturer; also tidbits from the small but important Paris establishments that most people don't know about.

Mr. Harry has been friendly with all the best French dressmakers for years and goes freely into their workrooms to suggest or criticize. He makes a point of bringing back materials and models with certain customers in mind, for he is an old crony of many of his customers—calls them by their first names and they dote on him.

Another personality at Jay-Thorpe is John Emery Herrett, once a stage designer, who creates special pic-

ture things for actresses and brides and is noted for giving a slight whoopee touch to otherwise elegant and conservative weddings. He designed the bridal gown and bridesmaids' things for Katrinka Suydam's famous Empire wedding. It was Katrinka whose name appeared in the public prints so often during her début winter that the *New Yorker* asked why it was that every débutante seemed to be named Katrinka Suydam.

Sentiment flourishes here—the bride-to-be may have her mother's wedding dress modernized for her own bridal or her grandmother's bag carefully redone. Bags to order, incidentally, are a Jay-Thorpe specialty. On sale for the purpose are lovely ancient fabrics, so rare that the material is sold by the inch.

Jay-Thorpe lays claim to several fashion scoops; suede slippers in three colors to match print dresses; a perfume called *Toujours Moi* which has been a riotous success; the design for the green hat that Katherine Cornell wore in the well-known play and many novelties in the way of negligees and pajamas. The Countess Bernadotte who was Estelle Manville, recently sent back from Sweden an order for Jay-Thorpe's special fish tail pajamas.

Notable, too, is the new misses' salon where are "petite" sizes of sophisticated fashions for small slender persons who usually must be fitted in the junior departments or forego ready-mades.

Ready-made dresses run from \$75 to \$85 with an occasional bargain at \$55. The made-to-orders begin at \$175 and coats without fur at \$195.

The lalique decorations at Jay-Thorpe's are notable—as are the rare woods used for the modern interiors.

Bruck-Weiss, much favored by Southern women, sell attractive ready-made clothes and hats.

Hollander's at 3 East 57th Street, with its black and metal front and jaunty awnings is one of the show places of the shopping section, and a nice example of modern art in commerce.

It is especially convivial around three o'clock in the afternoon when tea is served and pretty mannequins parade.

The original Hollander was a woman and a New Yorker—Maria Theresa Baldwin Hollander, who in order to support her five children opened a children's dressmaking shop in Boston. Women's clothes were added and in 1890, a New York Hollander's was opened which instantly drew the same conservatively fashionable clientele as the Boston shop.

The present Hollander's makes a definite appeal to a younger and gayer generation but old ladies who love grandeur still come to have F. Bronson Williams design their hats, knowing that he will turn them out in something faintly reminiscent of what they wore twenty-five years ago yet so modernized that their granddaughters will be pleased, too.

For weddings and other special occasions, Mr. Williams, who has been at Hollander's for twenty-five years, makes hats for from \$35 to \$50 that look their price. Polly Lauder Tunney, wife of the famous Gene, is one who occasionally likes millinery with just a touch of the romantic and finds it here.

The clothes in the custom-made department—as

expensive, of course, as at the most expensive dress-makers—and the higher-priced ready-made models are especially safe because they do not exaggerate the color or mode and thus stay in style.

The Debonnaire Shop, Hollander version of the debutante idea, has day dresses at \$39.50 and evening dresses from \$45 to \$55 which are much more distinguished than the usual type of medium-priced dress, though we must confess that this belief may be abetted by the modern mirrors which make anybody look well. In fact, the entire Hollander setting is so seductive that judgment may totter a bit.

This house has a great tradition for beautiful mannequins—they almost invariably marry millionaires.

Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Avenue, dresses ladies, among others, but the great point is that the management's and buyer's taste is so good that it is practically impossible to go wrong here.

Even the old Bonwit Teller's at Fifth Avenue and 38th Street was known for the fine quality of its clothes and the new shop at Fifth Avenue and 56th Street is almost the last word in elegance. The trim daintiness of the afternoon and evening clothes always reminds us of Premet of Paris,—though models are shown, of course, from all the best French houses.

The fur coats are so good, youthful in cut and well-made that even rabbit and kid skin look chic and expensive. The \$10 hats are another good item—almost the best we know in a ready-made way.

Lingerie and negligees fit for a modern DuBarry and special corsets called "body gloves" are further features

that deserve investigation, and the handbags, especially evening ones in brocades and French tapestries, are luscious.

Though it is possible to get medium-priced goods, the poor do not often shop here!

From 57th Street to 14th

Kurzman's, 661 Fifth Avenue, is the one store in New York where the customer isn't invariably considered right. Henry Leonard Simmons, the present director, is independent enough to admit that sometimes the customer is wrong and the employee right. Which may be one reason why the service is simply elegant and why this pleasant shop is patronized by the best-bred women.

Everything in the way of de luxe apparel in the finest possible taste is sold but two departments interested us particularly: millinery and furs.

Mr. Simmons has been a furrier all his life and his father, grandfather and great grandfather were furriers before him. It's no wonder, then, that fur coats here look different from those at most ready-to-wear shops. Mr. Simmons, who as a boy made trips to Russia with his father to buy furs, says that there are no two skins alike just as there are no two human faces alike. The trick is to take skins with their peculiar individual differences and make them conform so that they will look beautiful in one coat.

Some of the sales people in the fur department have been there for twenty-five years. The millinery department also employs many old-timers in both sales and work rooms for Kurzman's was famous for its hats when Charles Kurzman now out of the business had a shop at Fifth Avenue and 36th Street that catered to notable grande dames. Hats at Kurzman's are entirely hand-made, copied from imported models or created on the premises. Incidentally, Mr. Simmons assures us that two good hats is the most any designer can create in a week. Harry's famous Paris gloves are sold here.

Russek's started as a fur shop down on 14th Street in the late eighties and rose to fame and fortune because the theatrical profession liked it so much. The famous Design Studio where you may have your own ideas carried out or exclusive ones to suit your type suggested, was opened for actresses who wished to look different. There are never more than six copies sold of any high-priced model and often only two.

Russek buyers are fur connoisseurs and always offer some of the best values in town in everything from rabbit to \$40,000 sable coats. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, it's rumored, still wears a chinchilla coat she bought there. Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Ina Claire and Mary Hay are on the books and there are nearly always a few stage celebrities sitting about smoking cigarettes and making selections in the Design Studio.

From the days of Peter the Great until the fall of the Romanoffs, a percentage of the choicest furs caught in Siberia went to the Russian Crown. Under the Soviet regime "crown" sables reach Fifth Avenue eventually—Jæckel's, at 45th Street, for instance. Far less expensive

furs are sold here, too, and always well made. Tricky effects in style or combination of furs are sacrificed in the interests of good taste and good lines, a policy which has won the shop a following among such varied celebrities as Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Lucrezia Bori, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Peggy Hopkins Joyce and a long line of Whitneys, Vanderbilts and Goulds.

Revillon Frères, with a New York establishment at 684 Fifth Avenue, are among the most romantic merchant princes in the world. Since French Directoire days their business has been an adventure in pioneering. Their trading-posts in the great Northwest followed the Klondike gold rush. Enterprises in Turkestan and Siberia in pursuit of Persian lambs and sable preceded the bloody days of the Revolution when Russian posts were abandoned in favor of Yokohama and the Far East. From this outpost Revillon still trades for sables which sell for from \$25,000 to \$65,000 per coat. Minks are another specialty here, cut on the premises.

Generations of male Vanderbilts, Astors and Rockefellers have had their clothes made to measure at De Pinna's high-hat and very, very English shop at 650 Fifth Avenue.

Alfred De Pinna founded the business fifty years ago in London and came to New York in 1885 to make clothes in the Little Lord Fauntleroy tradition for boys and girls.

Fashion is more humane to children now. At least, the boys' suit department shows only two severely cut models, one double and one single-breasted, of stout

materials which look masculine and are said to hold up marvelously.

De Pinna's does a big business in evening tail coats and derby hats for fourteen-year-old prep school boys.

The shop is noted for its camel's hair sweaters (average cost \$18), French hose and French shirts. Also for its smart sport and tailored clothes for women.

Leopold De Pinna, son of the founder and active head of the house, has such a sentiment for the sailor suits his father created that once a year he insists upon running sailor suit advertisements though nobody ever buys them anymore, modern camp suits with straight-legged shorts having supplanted them.

MacDougall's of Inverness at 775 Madison Avenue, is so like the same type of sports and woolens shop in London even to the little English woman in stiff tailor-made suit who waits on you that you expect to see a "by appointment" coat-of-arms on the door. Everything is piled up in cases and on tables and there is a grand collection of dirks, silver-mounted sporran, and other Scotch paraphernalia and ornaments.

The specialty is woolens, Harris tweeds, hand-made Shetlands and homespun, which can be made into sports coats and suits on the premises or bought by the yard and borne away to one's own tailor. Harris tweeds single width are from \$4.50 up, unusual tweeds in novelty patterns double width, \$9 up and some cashmeres are \$25 a yard. Handmade shetlands are \$6 a yard. Suits range from \$125 up made to order and coats are \$150 up.

Among other Scotch novelties are: tartan coats, tams

and kilties for children; Inverness coats in tartans; tobacco pouches in tartans of the various clans all plainly marked; also real Scotch plumes for the hat and every variety of woolen slip-on sweater. Stitched English felt hats sell here for \$12.

The Tailored Woman, 632 Fifth Avenue, sounds English but four-fifths of the clothes are feminine enough to suit a Washington debutante.

Dobbs and Company started business in 1908 as manufacturers of men's hats. The company made the first derby hat worn by a man in the United States and now specializes in hats for both men and women.

Among those who buy these are: Anita Stewart, Marilyn Miller, the Talmadge sisters, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. The great Caruso once stood before a mirror in the old West 42nd Street shop and sketched himself on the glass. Tom Mix gets his ten gallon hats from Dobbs, Charlie Chaplin orders derbys for his comedy stunts and Mayor Walker buys shiny high silk hats and derbys.

Hats for women are on the sports order—the fold-away type is perfect for travel—and sports clothes of a high type are to be found here, too.

Every president of the United States except one in the past twenty-five years has been a patron of Peck and Peck, 827 Madison Avenue, with several stores along Fifth Avenue, too. Which is somehow a fitting climax to the story of George Peck who found himself broke at middle age and started life over again with a stock of hosiery in a tiny store far downtown, where he paid rent by the day. The firm he founded now maintains stores in the fashionable shopping districts of New York

and smaller shops in Chicago, Detroit, French Lick Springs, Palm Beach and other popular resorts.

Stockings at \$500 a pair have been sold here, though the modest buyer will find pairs as cheap as \$75, \$25 or even \$7.50. Mary Pickford owns a pair of \$500 stockings, but few women actually wear such expensive lace creations upon which perhaps a hundred women have worked, not to speak of artists who design the patterns.

Reason totters at the mere thought of a run in a \$500 stocking or even a \$75 one! Gilbert Swan relates that Anna Held once ordered a pair of \$75 stockings and when she started to put them on, found they wouldn't come up over her knee. She was frantic and sat holding her breath, afraid to move, while a man from Peck and Peck was called. He, poor fellow, took one look at the situation and shook his head. But, he was too pessimistic. A few yanks and the stockings slid smoothly into place.

Women's sports clothes, beautifully tailored and of fine imported fabrics, and men's neckwear are excellent at Peck and Peck. Stockings cheaper than the de luxe ones mentioned are also to be found.

The Knox shops have handsome tailored and sport ensembles, attractive prints, too. Their famous hats more than live up to tradition. Knox neckties, though costly, are comparable with Sulka's.

When the weary New Yorker feels the strain of subway clamor and riveting machines, he hastens to 45th Street and Madison Avenue to gaze longingly at fishing rods, ski poles, and ice boats in the windows of Abercrombie and Fitch.

This shop fitted out the Roosevelt expedition to

Africa, the MacMillan Arctic Expedition and the expedition of Lady Mackenzie, the first woman to take pictures of animal life in Africa. Bobby Jones has bought golf clubs and balls here and the Walter Hagen cup is now in a prominent position in the store. Among other trophies about the place is the head of the African elephant that nearly ruined the camp of the Martin Johnsons and was shot by Mrs. Johnson.

Every kind of boat from yacht tender to birch-bark canoes made by the Tetes de Boule Indians on the St. Maurice River in Canada is here. Stable and kennel supplies, polo luggage, aviation outfits, books about sports, saddles, riding habits, beach wear, sports suits and men's furnishings are of the best to be found.

Inevitable it was that S. Klein of Union Square should creep into these pages somewhere. For two years past, we have participated in few festivities where the best-dressed guest failed to confess that her outfit was Klein's own. We went there in our early New Yorking, but kept the fact a dark secret. Hardly a customer spoke English in those days.

You served yourself—you still do—and went into semi-private dressing rooms to find yourself surrounded by huge Italian women with shawls, colored girls buying bridal outfits and entire East Side families from infants to grandmothers.

All these are still found in the downstairs division where wearable evening dresses may be bought for as little as \$6.50 and street dresses for less than \$4.

But upstairs in the better dress salon things have come to such a pass during the past year that you feel out of place unless you are wearing a mink coat. Here are

dresses from \$9.50 up. For \$18.50 you can buy the most magnificent evening dresses and for \$25 evening coats with fur collars.

The customer chooses a dress from the racks and takes it into the dressing room where a saleswoman will help make a selection. Payment is in cash, but if the ticket attached is not removed, the dress may be returned within five days, and money back.

Guards are everywhere in policeman-like uniforms and other employees sit on high stools facing the aisles to keep a look-out for shoplifters. S. Klein is really one of New York's more amusing experiences, but unless you really know clothes and have hours to spend, don't expect to buy. Also, don't go on Saturday or around noon.

What! No Skillets?



There are no skillets in any Fifth Avenue department store! And Macy's have no goldfish.

Whatever may be the underlying explanation of the skillet-goldfish situation, culture is not neglected by the mammoth community affairs that we know as department stores. Efforts in that direction include book week at Wanamaker's, art exhibits at Saks Fifth Avenue, great history-making radio hookups at Gimbel's, book weeks, organ recitals and concerts at Wanamaker's and modern furniture exhibitions at Lord & Taylor's.

New York department stores were also the first to

dramatize their merchandise by displaying it in atmospheric settings as in Best's Palm Beach Shop with awnings and overalled sales girls, and Bloomingdale's flower and bulb department where you may see the orchids being realistically sprinkled.

The oldest department store in New York and to our mind one of the pleasantest and most civilized is Lord & Taylor's.

One day early in 1826 a lady on her way home from market passed through Catherine Street, now in the remote downtown regions but then the center of the city's shopping district and noticed two men in a basement opening a case of dry goods. Above the basement was a store she had never seen before. Attracted by its appearance, she went inside and in a few minutes had bought a bolt of the cloth unpacked from the case in the basement. This woman was the first customer of the firm of Lord & Taylor and her granddaughter trades there.

Lord & Taylor make it a policy not to expand beyond the point where they can handle customers with ease and comfort and their watchword, thank heaven, is service even in sales or holiday rush times.

Although old in years, this firm is far from old-fashioned. It held the first exhibition of modern furniture and makes a point of keeping up with advanced fashions for the smartest of smart young moderns. Its windows are one of the sights of the town and shopping is made easier by the way goods are assembled so that one may buy complete outfits that match without too much strain.

Accessories are particularly good here and a feature

that brings joy to our thrifty souls is the Budget Shop with dresses (wearable, too) from \$15 to \$22.50, sizes 14 to 46; hats \$8.50; shoes \$8.50-\$10.50. The small woman has a section and in the moderate-price dress section, excellent copies of French imports are priced from \$25 to \$49.50. The "Little Salon" is far-famed for dresses from \$45 up, well styled in the 57th Street manner.

The linens are sold by the highest paid department store salesperson in New York and range from inexpensive bridge sets to exquisite and costly organdy table cloths with modernistic embroidery. The antique shop and modern shop offer furniture for all types of tastes and purses.

Other departments that we especially recommend are: the "Little Sister Shop" with prices covering a wide range; the notions, collected with an eye for the novel and practical; stationery, with some of the best-looking monograms in town; the accessory jewelry which is gathered from all over the world, and finally, since beneath our wisecracking exterior we are really old-fashioned romanticists, the counter next door to jewelry which is devoted to scarfs, shawls and throws.

Saleswomen who have been with Lord & Taylor for years tell us that certain wealthy women buy \$80 or \$100 worth of these trifles every month and that courtly old gentlemen leave standing orders for all new Chanel scarfs or Boulanger shawls to be sent to their wives.

Further aids to shopping are an excellent luggage department with a branch of Mr. Foster's bureau conveniently next door; a special express elevator near the 39th Street entrance for the floor devoted to men's

wear so that male customers needn't wander through the women's departments; unfinished lingerie in sets, to be put together by needle-women, and an efficient trousseau service.

Miss Dorothy Shaver, director of fashions and decorations here is the only woman vice-president of a department store that we know of in New York.

B. Altman & Company has traditions in the grand manner. The advertising departments of other stores may lie awake nights trying to think up new wiles to get people into their stores, but not Altman's, which assumes that its customers know what they want and will both find it and buy it at Altman's.

The present owner is Colonel Michael Friedsam, a bachelor who inherited the business from B. Altman, with whom he was associated. The Colonel is a kind of merchant Napoleon who keeps an eagle eye on his shop and collects Flemish and Italian primitives. His art gifts to France won him a high order of the Legion of Honor and his name is engraved on a pillar in the Louvre.

Lovely expensive laces, rugs, furniture and tapestries make Altman's a kind of rare merchandising museum constantly replenished by buyers who travel all over the world and brave war, bandits and pestilence in line of duty.

An Altman rug buyer was held up by bandits in Persia and robbed not only of his rugs but his clothes. A lace buyer was three times blown up during the war and once was locked in a military prison. He also sailed the Bay of Biscay when it was a sea of mines and went into Switzerland on a diplomatic passport when the border was closed.

That's what laces mean to Altman's—and no wonder since customers sometimes order \$50,000 worth of them at a time.

Perhaps it ought to be explained that one can't just drop in and buy these special laces over the counter. They must be first ordered and the order must be transmitted to Europe by a buyer who will, more likely than not, go down on his knees on the mud floor of a lace-maker's hut to plan the pattern. In two years or maybe three, the order will be finished and the buyer will go back and collect it.

Convents in Belgium often take orders that can not be completed under five years and all the inhabitants of small French villages work on some single commissions.

The Altman furniture department always has collectors' pieces for sale in addition to its usual stock. We noted a Hepplewhite side-board, satinwood inlaid, of the year 1785 price \$15,000; an American mahogany shelf clock by A. Willard for \$4000, and an 1802 satinwood upright grand piano for \$3500. The decorative fabrics—all fabrics in fact—are in the best taste and quality.

A department called the Treasure Trove harbors art objects from all over the world, priced from \$5 to \$10,000—some pretty awful, suitable we should say for bridge prizes, but others really beautiful.

The French Salon de la Couture copies original French models to order and the trousseau room in this vicinity, done in yellow and green, is a haven for harassed brides. A trousseau secretary here will plan and execute all troublesome details such as sending out invitations,

selecting the proper luggage for the honeymoon, choosing the going-away costume and buying the bridesmaids' gifts. In fact, all the bride really has to do after the trousseau secretary finishes is walk up the aisle and write the thank-you notes which Mrs. Post says must be in her own hand.

Franklin Simon's is one of the few large Fifth Avenue shops which is still directed by the man who founded it. Mr. Simon began his career at Stern's as a cash boy and by dint of industry and intense study nights at Cooper Union became successively buyer, merchandising manager and finally, in 1903, head of his own store.

People called him "Simple Simon" when he chose the location at Fifth Avenue and 37th Street, for there were no fashion shops on Fifth then.

But Simple Simon had a smart idea. It was to put style into ready-made clothes. He engaged fashion reporters—stylists they are now called—to go to Delmonico's for lunch, to Sherry's for tea, to first nights at the Opera in order to discover what women were actually wearing. These scouts counted to discover how many women preferred pointed toes in shoes, and lingerie shirt waists. Then Franklin Simon stocked accordingly.

The advertising department points with pride to its scrap book to show that Franklin Simon was the first to show O'Rossen tailored suits, Jane Regny sport dresses and Lenieff coats in a ready-to-wear shop.

One of the most successful tailored dresses the store ever had grew out of one of Mr. Simon's Paris scouting trips. He saw Yvonne Printemps take off the Prince of Wales in a music hall and noted that she wore a British naval officer's uniform made by O'Rossen. He got

O'Rossen to make a copy and developed a double-breasted suit from it with a kick-pleat skirt that was a daring approach to trousers.

Special Franklin Simon features include a made-to-order department for big women who can't be fitted in the ready-to-wears, and a department which will copy or adapt Paris models or work out the customer's own ideas, making sketches for entire bridal trousseaux or assembling them from the ready-to-wears. Made-to-order children's clothes and made-to-order monogrammed underwear are good here and for the made-to-order hats in the French millinery, buyers bring back materials from Paris. This department will also dye hats to match costumes or design a special model if you have a face that no current style suits.

The shop is famous for riding habits which are made by the former breeches maker to the officers in a crack Austrian cavalry troop. Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Church has bought habits here.

In the days when 23rd Street was New York's Fifth Avenue, Stern's and Altman's were the dignified aristocrats of storedom. And although Stern's has one of the handsomest and most original modernistic dress salons in town and boasts of scooping almost all the other stores in its Pre-View Shop, it still clings to traditions. Laces remain a sentiment here, as do gloves, lingerie and corsets.

Stern gloves come not only in all the usual smart conservative types, but adorned with many novelties in the way of embroidery, spangles and the like which sound a bit wild but are really seductive on the hand.

The dress price range is \$19.50, \$29.50, \$39.50 and

\$50.00 on up to \$95 and \$125. The most popular price is \$29.50, we are told.

The shop makes fur coats to order from two standard models and the finished product costs no more than the ready-made but fits better.

Stern's seems to have a passion for getting expert advice on a variety of subjects. Girls from the women's colleges—Smith, Wellesley, Vassar—come in each autumn and help prospective freshmen choose wardrobes and equipment. Authentic debutantes of yesteryear are brought to the Debut Shop to advise oncoming buds about outfits and etiquette, while in the home-furnishing department Stern's puts at the home-maker's service an ensemble councillor who is expert in color combinations and will listen to and solve all problems.

Stern's sold Roxy the largest rug in the world and did some very fancy things for Paramount such as molding the carpet around winding staircases and so on. All kinds of rugs are here but the specialty is Orientals in colors that will harmonize with modern interiors—from \$35 to \$50,000. Special orders for rugs to be made up in Europe are taken.

Best & Company catches its customers young. Even though all the big department stores now have infants' and children's departments and sell layettes of quality, thousands of orthodox parents throughout the country continue to regard Best as the inevitable source of the first baby's first trousseau.

Best's began as a shop entirely for children but with the years and two or three moves, clothes for juniors, sub-debs and adults have been added.

Best's is now famous for snappy and youthful sports and evening clothes, a knack of introducing all kinds of new wrinkles from Paris and England and a novel way of showing wares. But juniors still hold first place.

A group of white-haired saleswomen have worked in the children's department for thirty years and more. One has waited on three generations of Carnegies and recalls as if it were yesterday how Mrs. Andrew Carnegie used to buy smocked dresses for her little girl. The same saleswoman fits out the four children of that little girl—now Mrs. Roswell Miller.

Another saleswoman has dressed Patricia Ziegfeld, daughter of Billie Burke and Florenz Ziegfeld, from birth. Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy, the children of Ethel Barrymore Colt and those of Eddie Cantor have worn Best clothes.

Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Mrs. Horace Havemeyer, Princess Xenia and Mrs. Irving Berlin have also bought here.

The infant department does a big business with Americans in foreign lands, sending out layettes for babies whose parents were dressed at Best's. A modern babe's layette here can come to \$3000—\$1000 for clothes and \$2000 for furniture!

The head of the advertising department, a red-headed Kentucky girl named Mary Lewis, is the mother of the shops-within-the-shop idea. Miss Lewis thought one day how pleasant it would be if instead of chasing wildly from floor to floor, one could sit down quietly in one spot and be fitted out from hat to shoes. The outcome of her day dream was an ensemble shop with everything

for winter sports. The bathing suit season produced another shop with a sunny bit of beach, a dazzling blue sky and pretty salesgirls in bathing suits or pajamas.

Best makes claim to several fashion firsts—exclusive rights, for instance, to the Fortmason sports hat which started the furore for English hats in this country.

Bargains and Basements

There is a story that a man who wanted an elephant telephoned to Wanamaker's and was told "Certainly, we can get you an elephant but it may take a week! Was it urgent?"

There really is everything here, including museum pieces in the way of antique china, silver and furniture from Oriental House, which is the fourth gallery of the New Building, as well as (we haven't forgotten our Macy grievance) goldfish in the basement!

The stories behind Oriental House would fill a book—the indefatigable buyers have been through innumerable plagues, civil wars, bandit raids. A woman brought back one of Wanamaker's great treasures—a carved and painted Chinese screen from the Imperial Palace in Pekin, obtained after a six-month's journey of 50,000 miles by train, steamer, camel-back and bullock cart through an area torn by civil war.

The route list of such a buyer sounds like something from the voyages of Marco Polo—Seven Fountains in the Vale of Kashmir, Holy City of Benares, Pink City

of Jaipur and golden road to Samarkand are stop-overs.

All New York is proud of Wanamaker's antique department which specializes in American, English and French furniture. One collection of Americana was considered by many experts among the most remarkable ever exhibited in America including, as it did, work by such American cabinet makers as John Goddard, John Seymour and Samuel McIntyre. Personally, we were more interested in a sofa by Jacob who also designed the chaise longue upon which Madame Récamier reclined when she had her portrait painted by David.

At Wanamaker's is probably a wider range of dress prices than at any other store in New York—there are: the inexpensive dress, the moderate-priced dress, the ready-to-wear, French originals in the Tribout Shop, the made-to-order from \$165 up in the Coin de Paris. The best is like something out of the Rue St. Honoré and has French directrice, saleswomen and fitters. Models from Patou, Chanel, Louseboulanger, Vionnet and smaller houses are featured.

In Wanamaker's basement are bargains comparable to 14th Street, not only in dresses made to sell for \$8 and \$9 but also in those from the higher-priced departments put down here because they are soiled or a bit demodé. The shoes sales are remarkable, too, and there are good copies of the accessory jewelry which is sold at big figures upstairs as well as amazing bargains in linens and men's haberdashery.

Wanamaker's was one of the first department stores to make hats on the head. In the Coin de Paris, these run from \$30 up, and shoes and corsets are also made to order.

The first French model to be sent by airplane from Paris to America was a Callot to Wanamaker's. It was brought by the French flyer, Coste, but when the plane reached Curtiss Field and customs officials appeared to appraise the model, it was nowhere to be found. A chicken, a coat, a biscuit, even a package of fish hooks were unearthed by frantic searchers, but no dress. The plane was taken to the hangar and finally an engineer dug out a small black package casually labelled "Envoie de Callot Soeurs—Remis par Avion," as though Paris models were sent every day in such fashion.

We should mention in passing that Wanamaker's has two hair-dressing departments—one American, the other operated by Mme. Grolle, a French woman who uses French methods and products except, thank heaven, for water which is New York's, hence plentiful and soft.

Macy's, as practically everybody must know by this time, is the largest retail department store in the world and does the largest retail business—a hundred million dollars worth in a year.

The place is huge and complicated with many incredible departments organized to mold the patron's taste, save him money and spare him trouble. You feel guilty of non-thrift if you don't buy here, but if you do, you may have to take a rest cure afterwards.

This shop guarantees to undersell any competitor six per cent on any given object. To make sure of this, sixty comparative shoppers read all the advertisements and roam the city daily checking up on the prices.

One must pay cash at Macy's which is one reason for

being able to buy there at a saving. A steady customer, however, may deposit money in a banking department called the D. A. (Depositor's Account) and not only charge against it but draw interest on anything over \$25.

Our opinion is that many women like to go to Macy's because of a martyr complex. Or maybe it's the escalators, the only ones in town that go all the way up to the last merchandising floor.

Our own feelings about Macy's are mixed. We resent the crowds and pushing but acknowledge with awe the remarkable class of goods you can buy here for less than anywhere else, especially when, as happens continually, a Macy buyer picks up a bargain from a manufacturer who has been left high and dry with three hundred fine coats or a batch of sports dresses and stages a sale where the purchaser saves from \$15 to \$25.

Macy's also offers many intriguing little special service departments such as the Fashion Show service which loans, gratis, a parade with mannequins for afternoon entertainment to clubs and churches in suburbia, or to schools in order that growing girls may learn not to wear dinner dresses to the class room.

A shopper in the trousseau shop will help the bride to budget everything from garters to bridal gown and a home advisor will point out how to set the table and arrange the pantry, also on a budget. Then there is a trained nurse in the baby's department to reveal what baby's real needs are and a camping section with camp equipment experts.

But the export department is really the chief Laura

Jean Libbey of the place. It sends supplies to Americans in exile and the letters that come in ask for advice, pour out troubles and relate unbelievable experiences.

One man stationed in a consular post in a tiny South American jungle village has a standing order at Macy's for marshmallows by the month. An American beau in the diplomatic corps of the Far East, not so young as he once was, has his favorite brand of hair dye sent regularly.

A bride in Africa gets lotions and cold creams and writes Macy's vivid accounts of her meetings with tribal kings. From the American embassy in Spain came an order recently for the very latest jazz records as the writer desired "to present them to the daughters of His Majesty the King to whom I have promised them."

Macy's Little Shop is patronized by many wealthy women. Here are Paris originals made by unknown but excellent dressmakers for as little as \$59.50, also very good copies of Vionnet evening dresses, Patou suits, and Schiaparelli sports clothes. Selected merchandise from the entire third floor including coats, suits, wraps, underwear, evening and sports clothes from \$27.50 up are also here.

This is Macy's "prestige" department and why not since steady customers include Mrs. Percy Rockefeller and Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt among others. We found the service indifferent for there aren't enough saleswomen and it seems to be against Little Shop etiquette to poke about for yourself, but the clothes are grand, some of the best models you see anywhere.

On the same floor is the \$22.74 dress department, also very fine, with copies of all the best uptown models

made so cleverly that even the machine stitching is camouflaged.

In the French millinery salon, copies of French hats are made on the head from \$10.89, and originals cost \$59.50. Very convenient are a special millinery shop for large head sizes and a shop for women who are narrow through the shoulders but broad in the hips, also a slender-line department on the third floor where ladies who are seventy-six in the hips can leave special orders. Once a year there is a fashion show of styles for large women with models to suit.

Macy's has a shop at Palm Beach, also a department known as Macy-By-the-Sea which is something else. In the sultry dog days the latter attracts crowds that make records even for this populous mart.

James McCreery & Company, at 34th Street and Fifth Avenue, will supply the well-run household with rugs, furniture and linens at moderate prices. Conservative women like the clothes here, too.

A New York humorist once undertook to unravel the intricacies of the Vanderbilt clan in print and was carted away in an ambulance before the finish. We know how he felt for we've been trying to straighten out the Gimbel genealogy. This is the largest dynasty of merchant princes in town. The young and dashing Adam Gimbel runs Saks Fifth Avenue; there are Gimbels at Saks on 34th Street; at Abraham & Strauss in Brooklyn and even at Gimbel's itself.

So far as we can make out, they are all descendants of Adam who had seven sons, whom he took into the drygoods business.

Gimbel's is the darling of suburban housewives, also

of hotel, club and ship stewards. The store supplies everything, for instance, for the United States lines boats—the President Roosevelt, George Washington and Leviathan.

The Old World Shop is our idea of a place to go when life and time hang heavy on the hands—provided, of course, mellow antique furniture in profusion interests you. If it doesn't, it may be that the modernistic stuff, to be found at Gimbel's in equal profusion, will touch a chord. We breathlessly witnessed a highboy transaction one day that ran into the thousands—and the salesman never blinked an eye. Good reproductions of antiques are also made here.

Gimbel's, like Macy's, undersells the publishers on books and—whisper it softly—undersells Macy's itself occasionally on drugs, sweaters or what not, though not if Macy's knows it in time.

What we like about Gimbel's is that the cheaper things have a dignity of their own. Hardly ever do they try to ape materials they aren't or to offset shoddiness by eccentricity.

There is a gratifying sense of solidity about Arnold Constable's, Fifth Avenue at 40th Street. The store recently celebrated its one hundred and third birthday with a governor's wife to cut the great birthday cake and all the employees who have been with the shop for years making merry with life-long customers.

Among the customers in the old days were Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mrs. Grover Cleveland and Mark Twain. When Mrs. Lincoln shopped she bought thirty yards of silk for a single dress. One hun-

dred dollars for corsets and \$10,000 for camel's hair shawls are sales recorded from those days.

Arnold Constable's is famous for its chic misses' silk dresses at from \$14.75 to \$29.75, also for excellent leather hand bags at very low prices. There always seems to be a sale of some sort going on here where one may buy advantageously. Another convenience is the message book in the women's rest room on the fourth floor where one may write in a loose-leaf book explicit directions for a friend who is late or leave a sealed letter within the cover.

Bloomingdale's at 59th Street and Lexington Avenue has grown from a small East Side store that started out assembling hoop skirts to a large East Side department store which has drawn all kinds of fashionable trade since economy became a watchword.

The grocery department is especially popular with the Park Avenue clientele, and many have standing orders at the flower shop where roses are sold at \$1 a dozen and gardenias at fifteen cents. The shop has sometimes sold 10,000 orchids (at fifty cents apiece) in a single day.

Antiques in the Connoisseur's Corner are good and so are the copies, made sometimes of old wood. The china department here is also important.

Stays and Step-Ins

Lingerie in Madison Avenue and adjacent side streets of the fifties and sixties is a fine art and must be paid

for on the fine art basis. The fitters in dozens of these little shops get just as excited as their Parisian counterparts about the line of a chemise and the handwork is often quite as good as in any French shop. The chief difference besides price is that on Madison Avenue one gets the things when promised.

The family of Emma Maloof, who has a trousseau shop at 485 Madison Avenue, were among the first Assyrian lace importers in this country. The small Emma used to deliver packages, and at fourteen was commissioned to make a nightgown for an elderly customer to whom she had just handed over some priceless lace. Emma had never sewed in her life but blithely accepted the order, bought a pattern and put together such a fine garment that the delighted old lady ordered several more of same.

Thus it seemed logical, when the family lace business failed, for the daughter of the house to set up a lingerie shop of her own which in its time has done some of the town's most famous brides, among them Cathleen Vanderbilt Cushing and Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, though the most elaborate trousseau Maloof remembers making was for a Cincinnati bride. An interesting sale was the lace of the Crown Princess of Austria's wedding dress and her bridal handkerchief to an Oklahoma oil millionairess.

A trousseau here can cost \$5000 without linens. It may, without effort, run to \$50,000 with. And who says there is no sentiment left in this world? One of the richest of our native heiresses ordered ducks embroidered upon her wedding nightgown, because she had met her husband at a duck shoot!

According to Miss Maloof, brides who take the most trouble with their trousseaux are divorcées. A woman about to be married for the third or fourth time invariably goes into elaborate negligees and matched sets in colors, with satin chaise longue covers to match.

The Maloof shop specializes in bits of chiffon and lace with monograms wherever any can be wedged in. The owner's favorite laces are Florentine and Italian Burano. Her ensembles are all beautiful and some are slightly naughty as well.

Daisy Garson, mother-in-law to Newman Levy, the parodyist first opened her lingerie shop in her own apartment. Her first big job was her own daughter's trousseau which was so admired by friends that orders poured in.

Mrs. Garson imports no models, preferring to create her own, but buys in Paris metal cloth, brocades and other novelty materials, as well as the finest French triple voile. Every stitch is hand-done on the premises and the details are perfect.

We noted one simple but effective item, by the way, that we really must pass on to home dressmakers. Whenever two pieces of lace are joined at the shoulder, Mrs. Garson puts a tiny silk band under the join so that it won't pull out.

Plain step-ins bound in contrasting colors and monogramed cost \$15. Hostess gowns and evening pajamas range from \$125 to \$325. Dressy pajamas suits with velvet coats and wide, cleverly-cut trousers are especially good. The present shop is at 40 East 51st Street.

Twenty-four-hour service is a specialty of the Colony Shop at 664 Madison Avenue, managed by Catherine

Murphy, beautiful Irish girl who has made a tremendous success with pajamas, bathing suits and trousseaux for brides and babies.

Here on Thursday one may order a bathing suit made to measure and get it Friday, monogram and all. Customers include Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and her daughter-in-law; Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson, Frances Alda and Rosa Ponselle. Mrs. Irving Berlin and Mrs. Kenneth O'Brien also buy some of their children's clothes at the Colony.

This shop invented the idea of putting velvet bows on the toes of satin mules and among the children's things, which are particularly exquisite, we observed unusual babies' bath robes in flowered washable chenille with baby towels and wash cloths to match, a really entertaining present for some favorite infant.

Other novelties are linen handkerchiefs bordered with real Valenciennes lace at \$20—Gertrude Lawrence had just bought a half dozen the day we called—and a bon voyage present in the shape of a leather travelling case lined in brocaded silk with dressing gown, pillow, slippers and bed cover to match—useful in Europe where one isn't any too certain of sanitary conditions.

The May and Hattie Green shop at 16 East 52nd Street specializes in gorgeous hand-bags as well as trousseaux and imported knick-knacks.

Here are silk and lace night-gowns, step-ins and teddies; also fine table linens and unusual little French hand-made sports outfits of silk and angora with the lingerie touch.

We saw white pearl bead bags here as expensive as

\$265 and other bags of antique brocade with semi-precious stones set in the frames at \$295.

Kargère's of Paris at 636 Fifth Avenue also specializes in imported trousseaux and has a section for linens as well as one for lingerie.

Kerges Bros. at 568 Madison Avenue has such specialties as silk bath robes, hand-quilted over colored wool threads, and evening pajamas, as well as beautiful linens.

Nightgowns at Vera Sanville's, 746 Madison Avenue, are so charming that if we could afford to buy a few we should pray every night for a fire. The Sanville chef d'oeuvre is a gown of georgette or silk modified to look like a lingerie day dress. This is accomplished through quaint berthas, sashes and belts, and by the unusual device of cutting the skirt in the manner of an elaborate Vionnet frock with godets, fitted hips and that sort of thing.

Sanville also has a marvelous piece of lingerie for evening wear which eliminates petticoats and teddies—a combination step-in and brassiere united by practically invisible bands of ribbon, and so well-fitted that it forms a good solid foundation for an evening dress. It costs \$30 made to order and is appropriately called *Lady of the Evening*.

Bathing suits made to order here are seen on all the smartest people at all the best beaches, including Southampton in summer and Palm Beach in winter.

The Purple Box at 11 East 55th Street is that rare combination of a worthy cause and really beautiful things that one can use after one's charitable impulse

burns out. All the lingerie and handwork here are made by crippled women of many nationalities and creeds. The shop is managed by a group of wealthy women and the articles on sale are as unlike as possible to the usual type of lingerie sold at charity bazaars, being of the best materials and in charming color combinations. Besides lingerie for brides there are bed throws, boudoir pillows, handkerchief bags, lingerie bands and other attractive miscellany.

Queen of Gotham corsetieres is Madame Rosa Binner, 748—5th Avenue whose made-to-order creations range from \$25 to \$250. The \$250 kind are of real Alençon lace and pink moire with pantaloons, brassiere and girdle all in one.

Madame Binner was apprentice in the old country to the corsetiere who made stays for Empress Elizabeth of Austria and they *were* stays in those days—ugly stiff torture-machines. Rosa resolved then to become a corsetiere herself but vowed she would reform the trade—put beauty as well as sense into it.

She is supposed to have about 2000 customers among the very rich, such as Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mrs. Thomas Lamont and Mrs. Seth Thomas.

The first gartered corset was made for the late Lillian Russell, who was so enchanted she became a regular customer, later ordering from Mme. Binner the most expensive corset ever made—cost \$3900, \$1400 for the corset proper and \$2500 for the garters which had diamond buckles. The story goes that later, when her house in Long Island burned down, the famous actress cried to the fireman: "Let my jewels go but save, oh save my corset!"

Corsets at the department stores range in price from \$5 for the basement variety to \$200 for imports. Bonwit Teller's "body glove," so-called, seems to us the best bet in this line, whether for the slim or stout figure.

Lord & Taylor, Best's and Saks Fifth Avenue also do well by most figures and many of the dressmaking houses have corsetieres who claim to be able to take off pounds in effect. The advantage in such an establishment is that one may have the corset fitted at the same time as the dresses and thus save time which may then be used in battling Fifth Avenue traffic, learning backgammon or wondering where your husband is. We are against time-saving. There's too much time, anyway—not that any such philosophical reflection belongs in a dissertation on step-ins.

Made On the Head—and Foot

Once upon a time a New York woman rushed over to Paris whenever she got an urge for a hat that would "express" her. But that day is gone forever.

All the important dressmaking houses now offer beautiful custom-made hats with as many fittings as needed and even the department stores have taken up the question in a big way, installing salons where hats are made on the head, sometimes for as little as \$13.50.

But the shopkeepers who go in for hats seriously specialize to the exclusion of everything else, and in the front ranks of these is Ferlé Heller who has been mak-

ing chapeaux for the greatest ladies in New York for twenty-five years.

There are two Heller shops, one (the more exclusive) at 9 East 46th Street, the other at 36 West 57th Street. Madame Heller began at the bench and when she had learned her trade became a designer before setting up for herself.

Heller's hats are constructed on the theory that smart women should wear whatever is most stylish, regardless. No customer is allowed to pamper nose, chin or any other feature. Line and silhouette are considered, but the important item is what is new and different. A stylish hat, Madame Heller contends, diverts attention from physical defects. Heller trimmings are always simple but striking—get their effect, that is, with the fewest possible gestures.

The American vogue for the felt hat was begun at Ferlé Heller's, her brother claims, and accidentally at that. An old wholesale house had twelve hundred ancient uncut felts for sale and Madame Heller picked up one, did a little cutting with some scissors, twisted the ends into a bow, took the result to her shop and sold it. In no time at all the whole twelve hundred, rejuvenated in this way, had been sold, and the felt hat vogue was on.

Prices here begin at \$25. Among Heller regulars are: Marilyn Miller, Jane Cowl, Helen Mencken and Amelia Earhart who buys half a dozen hats at a time to get rid for awhile of the necessity for trying on. Lady Astor is an old customer, too.

Hats at Nicole de Paris, 7 East 55th Street, are expensive but exciting. Reboux, Descat and Agnes of Paris

make originals for Nicole which are never displayed in their own collections. Madame Nicole belongs to the old French School that considers a hat the most important part of the costume, not a mere accessory to blend in with the rest of the ensemble. Her creations have wonderful lines that are frankly extreme yet not necessarily trying, and her color combinations are—well, what can we say more than that they are in the best Parisian traditions?

Of course we may have been a trifle carried away by the sight of Madame Nicole trying on her own hats for she wears them in a way to cause less fortunate women to tear their permanent waves.

The only hats you see when you enter the pale green salon of this shop are two—one in each window. Others are fetched in, a hat at a time from behind the scenes and demonstrated on Madame Nicole's chic head. Also, she telephones her sister in Paris every week to get fresh style points for her workshop.

The story of Hilda, one flight up at 665 Fifth Avenue, is a highly moral one, proving that virtue brings its own reward. Hilda began her career as a salesgirl in a big Fifth Avenue store in the days when a millinery department consisted of about 1000 hats brought forth from shelves and sold to customers by the trial and error system. Sometimes by chance a customer would find a hat she liked in a size to fit her head, but oftener she would not.

Most salesgirls didn't mind whether the hats fitted so long as they sold a few each day, but Hilda had the artistic temperament. When she came upon a woman

whose headsize she couldn't find in a becoming hat, she took out her tape measure, noted down the proper size and ordered it. In time she worked up a tremendous clientele and was just about to be rewarded with a raise in salary when a jealous salesgirl revealed to the boss that although Hilda sold more hats than anybody else, she did not thereby diminish the pile on the shelves.

The boss, pained at this disclosure, commanded Hilda to sell the hats in stock whether they fitted or not. And right then and there, Hilda resigned to open a shop of her own. Although for a time she and the sheriff raced neck and neck, as she puts it, the sheriff never quite caught up, for pretty soon bobbed hair came in and the need for somebody who could actually tailor a hat to the head increased mightily.

But now, of course, when almost everybody tailors hats to the head, Hilda goes them all one better and tailors to the individual face. She follows French models to a certain extent but changes them as to color, line and trimming to suit each customer, lowering the crown, widening the brim and so on. There is a good deal of talk in this shop about ear line and eye line, whatever they are and the client is shown no more than three hats at a sitting, the three being carefully chosen as being suitable. One has to be recommended here for Hilda doesn't advertise. Prices are \$25 up.

Christine, 370 Park Avenue, has one of the best of the conservative hat shops. Representatives of important old families put themselves into this capable modiste's hands without a qualm. She has been in business fifteen years and there are ladies all over the world who wouldn't dream of wearing any but her hats no matter how high

the postal and duty rates. Among these are wives of generals and admirals who when ordered off to the ends of the earth, simply cable back their needs.

Some satisfied customers bring their little girls here from the age of two so they may get the right start, millinerily speaking. The house imports and also designs originals.

Yvonne Ganne, 10 East 53rd Street, is a smart shop run by a society woman who knows from experience what smart women wear, and where. Yvonne herself is a French woman who once studied millinery on the bench at Rose Descat's in Paris. But the real head of the shop is Mrs. R. B. Potts, one of these terribly smart, slim, white-haired women who by their sheer charm actually make one look forward to growing older.

The shop is habitually overrun with "frightfully chic" debutantes and young Long Island matrons, all on the point of setting out posthaste for Europe, Newport, or Palm Beach. The hats are in splendid taste and those for sports and street are particularly good. Prices begin at \$25.

Wonderful hand-bags and a limited supply of good accessory jewelry also tempt the shopper here. The shop itself is worth seeing with its black and silver mirrors and Adam windows in English style.

Vera Sanville, 946 Madison Avenue, though noted especially for lingerie, has very smart youthful hats with bands, bindings or other trimming to match a series of inexpensive sports and street suits, some French and some domestic. Little sports dresses here sell as cheaply as \$27.50 and a hat to match costs \$22, made on the head.

Harriet L. Kummel at 38 East 50th Street never advertises but for years has made delightful models for the trade and to sell retail. Her specialty is face framing and she turns out hats for both matrons and young women that bring out the best features without following the style trend too arbitrarily. Kummel hats have lots of beautiful work on them, and cost \$25 up. Miss Kummel is red-haired and clever.

Knox hats are classic—their smartest models stay in New York. Dobbs sports hats are youthful and wear forever. We have described both elsewhere.

In the dressmaking houses, the simplest made-to-order hat costs at least \$25, usually \$35 and may run much higher, depending upon material and work.

The department stores and specialty shops nearly all have ready-made shoes—we like Saks Fifth Avenue for shoes, also for mules—and some of the dressmaking houses have them, too. Of these we prefer Hickson, who also makes to order reasonably.

What strikes the out-of-towner most forcibly about the shoe question is the elegance of such shops as I. Miller at 562 Fifth Avenue done up like a series of French drawing rooms with tea in the afternoon and perhaps a famous Broadway star to play hostess. The first order after an actress gets a job in musical comedy is to go buy shoes at I. Miller's. The grandest of the Miller shoes are shown in the Fifth Avenue shop, but prices are more convenient in some of the others.

Cammeyer's have several branches with a de luxe store at 677 Fifth Avenue, lit by an enormous crystal chandelier. According to the best Fifth Avenue salon

tradition, not a shoe is to be seen when you enter this shop.

Shoecraft has a de luxe branch at 714 Fifth Avenue, with street shoes, heels modified Cuban, that are often good. Shoecraft creates a new model every season with trick trimming which is widely copied.

Delman is interesting because it has fine ready-to-wear shoes on custom lasts and because shoes may be ordered in unusual combinations of color and material at an additional cost of \$5 or \$10.

The shop at 558 Madison Avenue has one of the most entertaining windows in New York, occupied during the day by four Italian super-craftsmen making hand-sewn shoes. All the best leathers are used and carefully worked over wooden blocks, then aged on the wood, like whiskey.

The pumps here are famous because they are the nearest approach in the ready-made world to custom-made shoes. Prices begin at \$15 and go all the way to \$1,000. At least we saw a pair of rhinestone slippers at that price, made for a visiting princess.

Bob, at 642 Fifth Avenue, turns out shoes for famous Park Avenue and Broadway feet at a price never less than \$45.

Vida Moore, 681 Fifth Avenue, also cobbles for exclusive pedal extremities, very beautiful shoes that are sometimes extreme.

F. Pinet of those dear Paris boulevards sells Parisians shoes on American lasts in one of the daintiest salons on Fifth Avenue—at the corner of 54th Street, to be exact. The shadow-box show window makes the shoes look like works of art.

To Take Home to the Family
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A good solid bank account and great family affection are prime requisites for one who takes home gifts from Cartier's. Yet a \$1 to \$50 catalogue is issued by this de luxe house.

The Cartier location at 52nd Street and Fifth Avenue was formerly the town palace of the late Morton Plant and the salesrooms still retain the luxurious elegance of a handsome residence. Instead of acres of silverware or miles of diamond brooches on display, one sees here only a few chaste cases holding strings of carved emerald beads or diamond and ruby bar pins or maybe pearl necklaces worth fortunes.

Anything else requested is brought tenderly forth from one of the inner salons or else the client is ushered inside where he may sit at ease and examine ancient and modern jewelled marvels.

Each display salon has an appropriate background—that is, silverware is shown in the walnut-panelled room that was formerly the Plant dining room and an 18-carat red-gold toilet set is spread on a dressing table in an upstairs room.

The two chairs upon which Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians and Queen Marie of Romania sat when they called at Cartier's during their respective New York visits are carefully preserved and placarded. Cartier's incidentally, holds special warrants to the King of England, Prince of Wales, King of the Belgians, King of Italy, King of Spain, King of Serbia, Khedive of Egypt and any number of maharajas.

Almost any day Cartier's, now directed by Pierre Cartier, third generation in the business, is either buying or selling a prince's ransom in jewelry. The most historic purchase was that of the famous Thiers rose pearl necklace in 1924 from the Louvre for more than half a million dollars. The nucleus of this necklace was a wedding gift of three pearls made by Louis Adolphe Thiers, who later became first president of the Third Republic, to his fifteen-year-old bride. Madame Thiers contracted with her husband that everytime he received 50,000 francs from his broker she was to get 1000 francs for her necklace—an arrangement that was kept.

Baubles at Cartier's that one likes to see though without intent to purchase, include: a vanity box of Eighteenth Century enamel that belonged to Madame de Maintenon; Eighteenth Century miniatures surrounded by brilliants of pre-French Revolution aristocrats; a dagger with handle of white jade, rubies and emeralds in a scabbard composed of purple velvet; rubies and emeralds of the Sixteenth Century, said to have belonged to the Lady of the Taj Mahal; and a Chinese figure carved from a ruby, a piece from the jewel collection of Prince Youssoupoff.

Part of the famous 919 piece silver service ordered by Napoleon before Waterloo but never used by him, is also for sale here, and romantic prospective parents sometimes buy single spoons from this service so that their children may be born with Napoleonic silver spoons in their mouths, so to speak.

Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham, Inc., 594 Fifth Avenue, oldest jewelry establishment of its class in the country,

has made all sorts of history, including origination of the first safety deposit system.

The Prince of Wales, later King Edward, visited the shop in 1860 and ordered \$12,000 worth of jewelry and silverware. In 1904 the firm bought a \$350,000 pearl necklace from the crown treasury of Russia which was sold to a famous New York society woman who later got \$1,000,000 for a single strand.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce got her 127 carat diamond, from Black, Starr and Frost and paid \$300,000 for the huge, square thing, hung on a flexible diamond neckline which fitted into the hollow of Peggy's white expensive throat.

This house also made the golden cup given to Andrew Mellon on his seventy-fifth birthday and the diamond brooch presented to Mrs. Calvin Coolidge by a committee of Washington society women when she left the White House. They recently bought the lucky Baldwin diamonds and the famous ruby which belonged to Baldwin's daughter. We saw the diamonds in a pink leather box—a very dazzling eyeful.

Here may be bought gifts as low as \$1.35 for a silver teaspoon, and \$2 for a silver pencil. Possibilities on the \$3 to \$25 list include silver and stone ash trays, rose quartz push buttons (suitable for a big magnate's office desk); silver and enamel vanity cases, silver and enamel place card holders, stamp boxes, calendars, leather picture frames, novelty note books, cigarette lighters, gold key chains (\$9); gold and enamel sport scarf pins (\$8); folding backgammon sets for \$25.

Behind closed doors for fear of pirates, Mauboussin invented modernistic jewelry, the combination of carved

gems in ravishing color combinations, and showed it at the famous French Arts Decoratif Exhibition in 1925.

All this happened in Paris at the mother establishment, for the New York Mauboussin branch at 33 East 51st Street was not opened until seven years ago. Last year the Paris House had a remarkable exhibition of rubies that made jewellers' history. At present Mauboussin's has in its possession the Nassak diamond, bought in 1926 from the Duke of Westminster and supposed to be the largest historic fine diamond in the hands of a jeweler.

The asking price of this famous jewel mined in India hundreds of years ago is \$500,000. In the first centuries, the Nassak adorned the head of a statue of Shiva in the temple. The diamond still has its original shape and a dent on one side where it was fastened to the statue's forehead. This is almost the only famous jewel in captivity that is not connected with some hard-luck story or blood and thunder yarn.

For those not in the market for historic jewels Mauboussin has many modern ones, not so expensive as you might think—bracelets, pins and necklaces combining carved stones in colors.

Tiffany's—yes, we mean the one and only in the rather snobbishly unmarked and solid-looking building at 37th Street and Fifth Avenue—offers surprising values in the way of single serving spoons, cake knives and pie forks for from \$6 to \$15 that look well done up in a Tiffany box, especially since each piece also bears the Tiffany mark on the back to convince the most skeptical. Stationery, too, is unexpectedly reasonable and altogether convincing as a gift for it, too, is marked.

Edwin H. Tompkins, 44 East 57th Street, has unusual historic jewels, including the necklace Napoleon gave Marie Louise at the birth of the little King of Rome! He has, also, some wonderful pieces of historic old English silver.

Most luxury shops in New York borrow their trappings and in many cases import their goods from Europe. An exception is Arol, Inc., 228 East 45th Street. This is the place to indulge that fancy for modern furnishings of the very best craftsmanship and design, the materials and cabinet work making every piece worthy of future museums.

The designer is Hammond Kroll who has never been to Europe, therefore does not give way to a tendency to imitate slavishly European modernism. He cleverly makes use of marvelous and mysterious woods such as white mahogany and hollywood, combines them with pewter and lacquer inlays, and makes handles of fine crystal.

Woodward Fellows and E. Lincoln Thaxter, partners in Regent House, 804 Madison Avenue, have another type of specialty—unique mural decorations—painted on the reverse side of glass in mirror panels. Regent House combines such modern tendencies with old furniture and bric-à-brac to get some unusually charming effects.

Rena Rosenthal, 520 Madison Avenue, has imported novelties, modern and otherwise, for the home.

Mark Cross, 404 Fifth Avenue, famous for handbags and luggage began in 1845 as a harness shop, and the famous cape skin gloves here were first made for coachmen of the best families. The advent of the automobile

killed the harness business and added an able recruit to the luggage-making industry.

Ovington's, 437 Fifth Avenue, is more than eighty years old and for generations has been the classic place to buy that fatal wedding gift. On the second floor are gifts grouped according to prices—from \$3.50 to \$30. This is also a good place for china—they have it to suit all purses and tastes, including the worst.

Mosse, Inc., 750 Fifth Avenue, is one of our favorite luxury shops. Small and modernistic in decor, it is filled with linens that make girls dream of hope chests—and private cars and steam yachts. Ladies whose pictures appear in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* drop in here regularly which would seem to prove you can't smother the home-making urge with money. Sheets, tableclothes and towels are monogrammed in the best possible taste.

The wife of a railroad president ordered her husband's private car done over for his birthday and Mosse did it in style—everything from sheets and tableclothes to cocktail napkins and kitchen towels, each appliqued with a little green locomotive and the birthday boy's initials.

Even while we loitered wistfully over tableclothes with 420 threads to the square inch, such as Queen Victoria used, the wife of a Wall Street millionaire dropped in to order forty dozen bath towels for her various country homes.

Philip Hall, 38 East 49th Street, was one of the first shops to take airplane luggage seriously. He sells good lightweight cases and bags as well as a large collection of wallets and memo books in various leathers.

Hermès of Paris, 1 East 53rd Street, has luxurious

leather things made in France, including fitted cases for \$1,000 or less, and French harness.

Nat Lewis, with branches all over town, is noted for stockings, and handbags done with perfect workmanship.

Le Mouchoir, 757 Madison Avenue, is a good place to pick up presents for the very feminine woman—lingerie, trinkets and so on.

Yamanaka & Company, 680 Fifth Avenue, offers striking Oriental presents including things of jade, amber and carnelian for prices from \$10 up.

For tobacco products and cigarette cases try Benson & Hedges, 435 Fifth Avenue or Alfred Dunhill, Fifth Avenue and 43rd Street.

Neckties from A. Sulka & Co., 512 Fifth Avenue, are worn by the world's most fastidious men, even Hollywood stars. Clive Brook is a customer.

Immerman, 561 Fifth Avenue, is reputed the town's most notable man's tailor.

Spalding, 518 Fifth Avenue, old reliable in the sports world, has everything in the way of new games or game accessories the day after they've been invented.

Other unusual shops for gifts are: the Vab, 771 Madison Avenue, run by the Vocational Adjustment Bureau and selling among many other things travelling equipment and folding hat stands; the Children's Book and Play Service, 755 Madison Avenue; Tots' Toggerie, 634 Fifth Avenue, very swell; Marguerite Loeb, 457 West 57th Street, who executes de luxe book bindings that cost from \$60 to \$350, all made by hand with tools imported from Europe; and Philip Suval, 823

Madison Avenue and 145 East 57th Street, who specializes in English antiques.

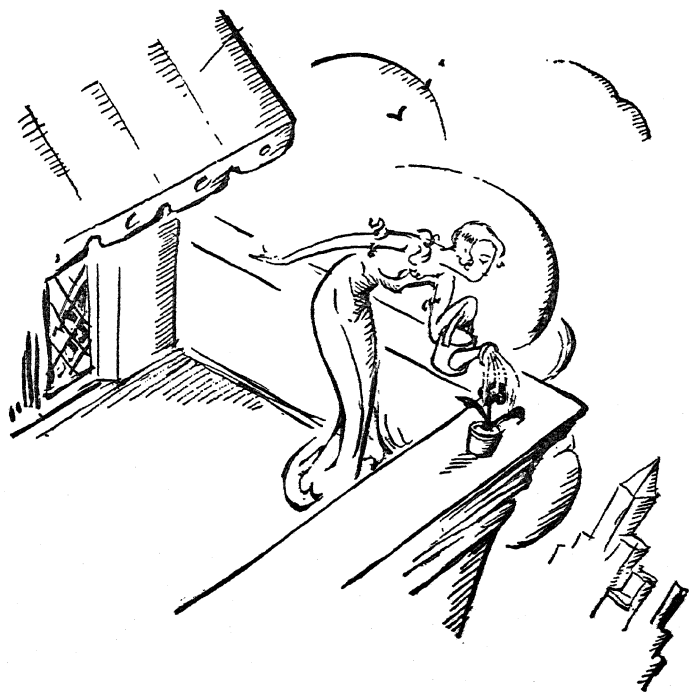
Enough antique shops to furnish all the apartments from here to Kokomo line Madison Avenue, 57th Street and Lexington in the mid-town sector. And we suspect that there is one licensed interior decorator in New York for every three inhabitants. Nancy McClelland, whose shop speciality is antique wall paper; Helen Snyder who decorated Tommy Hitchcock, Jr.'s country place, Tate and Hall and Rose Cummings are all sound and intelligently conservative.

William Baumgarten and Co., for several years winner of first prize at the antiques Exposition, has antique interiors of all periods; also excellent reproductions.

Two women decorators on the grand scale are the beautiful and imperious Mrs. George Draper of the Architectural Clearing House who does hotels and fashionable clubs as well as houses and apartments; and Pola Hoffmann, a Polish girl whose unusual modern ideas are motivated on the Austrian school of thought. Her first big job was the Little Carnegie Playhouse.

PART FIVE

That Troublesome Address



Driver, What's the Best Hotel?

THREE hundred and thirty-two hotels which offer 112,000 rooms to the travelling public make New York City the world hotel capital and still building goes on, even though prophets say it will take from five to ten years to absorb the supply of elegant empty rooms now accumulating dust.

It was not ever thus. Back in 1925, for instance, the Hotel Association, 221 West 57th Street, often had to keep its information office open until 1 A. M. to help bewildered transients who had already tried eight hostelries without finding one with an available room.

The American hotel public is notoriously fickle. One may return to a London hotel after thirty years and find the same patrons sitting about the lobby, a little grayer, more attached than ever to the location and contemplating no change. But except in the case of four or five old favorites which manage to hold their conservative patrons, such loyalty is unheard-of in New York.

Gotham hotels must be up to the minute on service and publicity to stay in the swim and the greater the popularity at any one time, the greater the danger of being jilted when some newer and slicker inn of the same type comes along.

Events that annually bring the greatest crowds of the

year to New York are the Automobile Show, the Flower Show, the Motor Boat Show and the Hotel Exposition. In between are conventions of visiting Elks, firemen and D. A. R's.

But even at especially crowded times, unless one particularly wants a certain room or exposure at a particular price, reservations in advance are not vital and the habit of making them seems to be dying out.

In fact, incredible as it may sound, plenty of New York visitors actually leave the matter of selecting a hotel to the taxi driver they pick up after they leave the station. Because this is known to the initiate, some taxi drivers are subsidized by inferior hotels to bear off the bewildered stranger within our gates.

Some of the great personalities in the New York hotel business are Charles Bowman of the Biltmore-Bowman chain, S. Gregory Taylor who partially owns and operates the St. Moritz, the Buckingham, Dixie and Montclair; Pierre of Pierre's, Raymond Orteig of the Brevoort and Lafayette and Red Muschenheim, proprietor of the Astor.

On the whole the newer hotels in New York, with small low-ceilinged rooms and lobbies into which Italian Renaissance or French furniture designed for vast palaces have been crowded, seem to us rather stifling. We know hotels that you can't be in for ten minutes without feeling as though you were wearing a hat that was too tight for you. However, this is all a matter of taste and there are plenty of high-ceilinged, old-fashioned hotels like the Lafayette left for us.

The Lafayette is a scrap of old Paris which le Bon Dieu permits to survive in its original four-story frame

building in University Place. Regulars resented the installation of elevators and like tarnished gilt mirrors and an orchestra that plays snatches of *La Boheme* instead of jazz.

The best two dollar dinner in town is served in the restaurant and in the café with its marble-topped tables and rack of French newspapers, guests sip chocolate, eat brioches and play checkers to the pleasant sound of French chatter. The comfortable rooms have brass beds, red plush arm chairs, fringed table covers, gilt mirrors and huge baths—if any. A room without bath on the top floor may be had for \$15 a week and a double room with bath is \$5 up per day.

Eugene O'Neil stops here and many others who probably would resent it if we mentioned their names. Raymond Orteig, once a waiter, owns and manages both Lafayette and Brevoort. It was he who furnished \$25,000 as the prize for Lindbergh's flight to Paris. Two of his sons have married daughters of Elie Daution now general manager of the Brevoort, and in the old days a fellow waiter.

A habitué of the Lafayette explains that the Brevoort is "more for uptowners." It has some handsome suites and Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, Albert Payson Terhune, George S. Chappell, Henrik Van Loon and Maurice Chevalier have been among the guests.

In publishing and theatrical circles, the Algonquin is a "good" address. This hotel on West 44th Street has been made famous in play and fiction because since the stately days of John Drew it has been the haunt of writers, song writers, artists and stage people. The rates are \$4 for single and \$7 and \$8 for double rooms.

Frank Case, Jr., manager of the Algonquin, is one of the town's most popular characters and has proved himself a friend in need to many a temporarily embarrassed celebrity.

"Tell me, what sort of a chap is this Frank Case?" somebody at the Lambs' Club inquired of John Barrymore, during the latter's lean days years ago.

"He's the kind of fellow who would give you the shirt off his back. Look, I'm wearing one now!" replied Barrymore with enthusiasm.

Joseph Hergesheimer, William Tilden, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Mencken, Ben Hecht and Constance Collier always stop at the Algonquin as do such foreign celebrities as Stephen Graham, Tagore, and Anna May Wong.

The St. Moritz, on 59th Street, opposite Central Park, very friendly and full of pleasant aids to enjoyment is attracting many celebrities these days, among them J. B. Priestley, Gilbert Chesterton, Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maurice Chevalier, Pauline Stark, Ruth Roland, and Fritzi Scheff. The tower rooms offer a view of the entire island of Manhattan, the lounges are small and livable in the continental manner and there is a lively grill done in modern style where the best French cooking is served at prices far from exorbitant.

But the St. Moritz's greatest gift to New York is a branch tearoom of Rumpelmayer's and not merely a branch for here is Papa Rumpelmayer himself, come over from Paris to dip chocolates with the very hands that invented marron gateaux on the Rue de Rivoli.

The Warwick, opposite the Zeigfeld Theatre on Seventh Avenue done in Spanish style as rococo as a

movie set for Cecil B. de Mille, is the most popular theatrical hotel in New York, constantly crowded from top to bottom with people you pay money to see on stage or screen.

Therese Helburn, director of the Theatre Guild lives here; so do Archie Selwyn and Malcolm St. Clair. Others who often make it New York headquarters include Olive Borden, Jack Oakie, Jeanette Loff, Dorothy Mackail, the Irving Berlins, George White, Jack Dempsey, Estelle Taylor, Edna May Oliver, Marion Davies and Stanley Smith.

Other hotels favored by artists, musicians, writers and actors are: The Elysée, very high-hat and elegant, with a continental court yard decorated with evergreens in tubs and surrounded by a brick and iron fence—Beatrice Lillie and Anita Loos stop here; the Great Northern on 57th Street; the Buckingham, across the street, a comfortable cheery little hotel, patronized by Molinari, the Philharmonic Conductor; the St. Hubert practically next door to Carnegie Hall, and chiefly distinguished because Iturbi, the virtuoso, has a drawing room and bedroom here during his concert season, and the Ansonia, favored by opera stars.

In quite another group are hotels well known to transients because of their watchword "service." In this category are: the Commodore and Astor, also known as the banquet hotels, the McAlpin and Pennsylvania and also the New Yorker, tallest hotel in the world and with two exceptions, the largest.

These inns not only promise but give persistent service on a mass production basis. Tell them at the New Yorker to call you at 7 A.M. and they will do it with

a cheerful "Good Morning, Mr. Smith, seven o'clock—and a fine day." Also your hometown newspaper comes by plane and is sold to you in the lobby about the time your wife is reading it back home.

There's a radio in every room and the elevators run every second or something like that. Manager Hitz was only thirty-eight when he took on the New Yorker job. He came from Vienna, looks like a self-made bank executive and worked his way up from busboy.

The New Yorker appeals to business men and buyers who come to New York many times a year, also, as the register shows to such celebrities as Mei Lan Fang, the famous Chinese actor, who with twelve secretaries, occupied an entire floor during his New York engagement; Octavus Roy Cohen, Esther Ralston, Tommy Armour, the golf player; Secretary of Agriculture Hyde, and Joe Cook, the comedian.

The rates are \$3.50 for a single room, \$5 for a double with double bed and \$5.50 for twin beds. Suites with terraces are unexpectedly reasonable.

When the Commodore opened twelve years ago it was the largest hotel in the world. It is well-run, comfortable and next door to the Grand Central. The banquet business here is tremendous. Almost every night in the week a ball or big dinner is going on in the ballroom, which is the town's largest. King Albert of the Belgians and Queen Marie of Roumania were banqueted here. Rates are \$6 to \$10 for single rooms, double ones \$10 up.

Eighty per cent of New York's after-dinner speeches are made at the Astor, Broadway and 45th Street. Large comfortable rooms, good service, and convenient loca-

tion are factors in this hotel's popularity. Toscanini stops here with his family.

The McAlpin was one of the first hotels in New York to have a floor set aside for women. It also has a playroom for children and "silent" floors for night workers so they may sleep undisturbed in daytime. Rates are \$3.50 to \$10 a day. Westerners and South Americans particularly like the McAlpin.

The Governor Clinton at Seventh Avenue and 31st Street is a small well built hotel favored by buyers.

The Hotel Lincoln, on Eighth Avenue and 44th done up in modern style is another of the better class of transient hotels. In the Times Square district there are innumerable other new ones with reasonable rates—the Dixie, at 251 West 42nd Street, popular with Southern corn huskers ;the Edison; the Piccadilly, also excellent if you spend most of your time in New York at the theatre; the Hotel Victoria at Seventh Avenue and 51st Street and the Hotel Paramount, convenient and comfortable. The Manger, which has rooms with running water at \$2.50 and suites as low as \$10, is inexpensive, comfortable and modern.

The Park Central, a handsome and well-run hotel at 55th Street and Seventh Avenue, has a swimming pool and luxurious restaurant. Rothstein was shot here, but that's no longer held against a hotel. Likely to be an asset, in fact!

Price No Object
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Debutante headquarters in New York is Pierre's, on the corner of 61st Street and Fifth Avenue, one of the smartest and most beautiful hotels in Manhattan. High noon is the time to see Pierre's at its best—also to discover what smart metropolitan women are wearing—for at this time and place the voice of the city is decidedly soprano.

It would be well nigh impossible to imagine Manhattan society without Charles Pierre, former waiter, discovered by Sherry in a London restaurant years ago. At Sherry's, and later at his own restaurant in Park Avenue Pierre built up a great reputation as a restaurateur, particularly with the debutante set, and when he opened his hotel, with Charles Sabin, Walter Chrysler, and Otto Kahn among his backers, the debts moved with him to the new location. Indeed, a group of debutantes led by the president of the Junior League herself, climbed to the roof to witness the driving of the last rivet in Pierre's hotel—a golden rivet, too.

The architecture and decorations in dignified Georgian style are charming—the lobbies and lounges and dining rooms are on different levels, resulting in little flights of steps which break up the size of the place so that insofar as a 41-story building can be homelike, this hotel is.

A feature is numerous entrances—one for the ball room, another for the dining room, still others for transient guests, so that Mrs. Vanastorbilt may go direct

to her own party, avoiding the stares of curious outsiders.

The suites—and most of the rooms here are arranged in suites—are done in English style. The chintzes pick out the colors in the pictures, chiefly quaint flower effects instead of the customary colored views of Venice and Stratford-on-Avon.

The rooms, larger than in most hotels and suites, contain not only the conventional bedrooms, bath and drawing room but feminine dressing rooms and masculine dens. As for closets—one two-room suite has eight!

Pierre's fame rests on perfect cuisine and service. Rates are from \$8 for a single room up to one suite with terrace that would rent for about \$42,500 a year if Pierre could lease suites by the year, which he can't because of some curious zoning law.

Many of the clientele here are residents for at least six or eight months of the year. Among guests past and present are: Lady Lindsay (wife of the British Ambassador); Chanel; Paul Block, the publisher, who lives here; Frank V. Storrs; Leatrice Joy and Ina Claire (first and second wives respectfully of John Gilbert); the Jay O'Briens; Mrs. Finley J. Shepard; Lily Pons, the Metropolitan prima donna; Sir Harcourt Butler; former Governor James Cox of Ohio, erstwhile Democratic nominee for President; E. Ray Goetz, Irene Bordoni, Mrs. Jules S. Bache, and Mary Cass Canfield.

The Savoy Plaza, at 59th and Fifth Avenue, has the highest assessed value of any hotel property in New York and a perfect location opposite the park with

fine view of same. Rooms are large, comfortable, and all "outside." Each suite has a serving pantry. There are accommodations for personal servants.

These features are all fine but what we like best is the phenomenal speed with which one's room service order reaches one. We therefore place a laurel on the brow of Henry A. Rost, general manager, for fifteen years associated with the management of the Ritz Carlton.

New York's International Country Club, somebody has called the Savoy Plaza and sure enough on the register from time to time you will see such names as the Earl of Ross; the Earl of Beauchamp; the Duke of Manchester; Lord Inverclyde; the Countess of Gasford; Franz Molnar, the Hungarian playwright; the Earl of Derby, Winston Churchill, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Eddie Cantor, Charles Chaplin and Thomas Meighan. Mrs. H. H. Rogers lived here for a while in a little suite of twelve rooms. In fact, daughter Millicent, eluding reporters, used the freight elevator to leave the hotel for her marriage with Arturo P. Ramos.

Across the street from the Savoy Plaza is the Plaza, one of New York's grand old landmarks. Like the St. Regis a little farther down the avenue, the Plaza has lofty lobbies, large high-ceilinged rooms, fountains and terraces. This is a favorite place for Society's charity functions and ladies' luncheon parties. Also, the Tea Garden has been for years one of the most popular places in town for tea.

About a third of the Plaza is permanently rented to those who wouldn't live any other place even if they thereby got a penthouse with four exposures rent-free.

One lady pays \$100 a day for her suite—and several pay \$70.

Some of the suites have been done over by occupants of days gone by and the decorations remain for transients to enjoy. One gentleman whose fortunes melted away over night, left a fireplace transplanted from a Florentine Palace.

The Plaza's past is as distinguished as its present. Marjorie Gould Drexel made her debut here at what was said to be the most expensive debut party ever given in New York; the Prince of Wales came for the dinner of the Pilgrim's Society; Lady Astor has been on the register, also the Crown Prince of Sweden.

The St. Regis, companion grande dame to the Plaza, was built by Colonel John Jacob Astor in 1903. The materials are of the finest—whatever looks like marble really is and the doors are solid bronze. There is an old-fashioned grandeur to the place, typified by gilt garlands, magnificent chandeliers and vast Victorian bath tubs.

Several years ago the St. Regis was sold by Astor's son to the Durham Realty Company and enlarged to twice its former capacity. The Sea Glades grill done by Joseph Urban and a glassed-in roof garden now famous, rejuvenated it to such an extent that it attracts the smartest dining and dancing crowd in town.

Jeritzza, when in New York, lives at the St. Regis, and telephones her husband in Vienna so frequently that as a graceful gesture the hotel installed a gold telephone in her room.

Many distinguished foreigners stop here but the hotel's greatest prestige has been gained from the visits

of the late President Wilson, the Tafts, Roosevelts and Charles Evans Hughes. Rates \$6 up.

Hotels may come and go but the Ritz Carlton remains to the popular mind the symbol of sophistication and luxury. The double name, incidentally, really means something—there are both a Carlton House and a Ritz Hotel, linked by a common kitchen.

Carlton House is an apartment hotel with residents who take leases by the year on apartments mostly unfurnished. Andrew Mellon's daughter lived here, and John Raskob and his family have occupied a floor.

The Ritz seethes with the pleasantest kind of social activity all the year round. The Japanese Garden with its dwarf foliage, fountains and bridges is jammed at lunch and dinner during June, July, and August, with charming ladies in town for the day. The Persian Garden also enjoys great popularity during the summer months, for it is cool in spite of its torrid name.

Winter, though, really brings the Ritz into its own. Until Pierre's was built, the debutante who couldn't come out at the Ritz or Sherry's was almost inclined to stay in. In spite of Pierre's, large deb functions still are held here with Monsieur Willy, maitre d'hotel, rushing up and down the grand staircase doing his inspired best.

We dropped in one Saturday night during the bud season and found a supper party in the Oval restaurant where the public dines during the day; ascended the grand staircase to the gold ball room to look on at a debutante ball; descended the staircase to the Crystal Room where another beautiful young thing was just bursting upon a delighted world, and were finally

elevated to the Persian Garden where the jeune fille of a Wall Street financier was being introduced at supper.

Ritz rates are not so exorbitant as you might expect—\$9 up for a single room; \$12 up for a double; \$25 up for single suites and \$35 up for parlor and two bedrooms. The suites are large and pleasantly old-fashioned, somewhat like Claridge's in London, but furnished in that luxurious silk-velvet-inlaid-antique style peculiar to Ritzes everywhere.

Frank Munsey lived at the New York Ritz for years and Ralph Beaver Strassburger, whose horses are always winning at Longchamps, keeps a suite from November to April. Among foreign nobility who have occupied the royal suite are Duke Michael and Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, Lord and Lady Mountbatten and the Maharaja of Karpauthula.

The Ambassador Hotel on Park Avenue is another one of New York's great luxury hotels—a place for people who have been rich a long time and have got used to being impressive. Built in 1921, it was a forerunner of the new type of hotel—practically every suite has a dining room and each floor is equipped with complete room service, kitchens, cooks, and waiters, ready at the sound of a bell to rush in with menu and rush back in record time with the order.

The best tea dances in town took place in the pale green dining room downstairs in the palmy days before the Ides of November, 1929. The Ambassador is well thought of in high places abroad—Prince Mdivani, Prince Christopher of Greece and many Italian, Spanish, Danish and Egyptian diplomats stop here. Queen Marie chose it for her famous New York visit and the Am-

bassador prepared for the visiting monarch with regal lavishness, spending thousands of dollars to redecorate her suite.

Besides royalty and diplomacy, the Ambassador caters to aviation—Lindbergh, Commander Frank Hawks, Eddie Rickenbacker and French, British and German representatives of the air.

The rates ascend from \$6 a day for a single room to \$30,000 a year for a grand suite.

One of our favorite luxury hotels is the Hotel Chatham decorated in an English style as distinguished as a London town house. The comfortable lounge is a replica of the living room of Lady Chatham's home—her portrait hangs in the lobby. Wealthy couples with country homes often elect to spend the winter at the Chatham and the roster of celebrities entertained includes such names as Kathleen and Charles Norris, Glenna Collett, Diana Fishwick, Jack Von Reppert Bismarck, the German artist, Pauline Frederick, Ely Culbertson, Jane Addams and Maggy Rouff, the Paris dressmaker. The rates are \$5 for a single with bath and \$8 up, for doubles.

A Pantry of One's Own

When serving pantries are attached to its suites, a New York hotel automatically becomes an apartment hotel. We were interested to learn that even those care-free souls who can afford to pay \$20,000 a year rent

like to get their own breakfast in white-tiled pantries supplied with electric grills and compact cupboards. We innocently supposed that the reason for this was the home instinct which yearned to boil an egg and brew a cup of coffee but the hotel keepers disillusioned us.

It seems that \$20,000 tenants cook breakfast in their serving pantries to save money, even as you and I. Incidentally, it isn't necessary to sign up for the entire \$20,000 all at once. Apartment hotels rent by the year, month or week.

Super-luxurious and ultra-chic is the Sherry-Netherlands next door to the Savoy Plaza. "More than a new place to live, it is a new way of living," rhapsodizes the blurb writer and for once has not exaggerated.

Here are thirty-seven residence floors, every apartment with a pantry and a view of the park. The tower apartments have windows on four sides and terraces capable of accommodating formal gardens, fountains and trellises. Central Park is the front yard, westward are the Palisades, eastward the Sound, and south the mortar peaks that rise above the canyons of Wall Street.

The servants at the Sherry-Netherlands—all bonded so you may trust your choice treasures to them—are employed, trained, managed and paid by Sherry, the delectable meals are prepared in the Sherry kitchen and eaten either in one's apartment or in the intimate little dining room or the amusing grill with Esop's Fables translated into murals. The management and staff assert that they stand ready to do anything to make life comfortable and correct from buying new curtains to managing a debutante's coming out party.

Guests who have stopped at this reposeful place are: Marilyn Miller, Frederick Marsh, Evelyn Laye (when she was the toast of the town in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet"); Albert Warner of Warner Brothers; the French Ambassador M. Claudel, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Fred J. Fischer of Fischer Bodies, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe.

Annual rates are \$6300 for two rooms, bath and pantry, up to \$30,000 for towers. Only a few rooms here are for transients and about forty on the second floor are reserved for personal servants of permanent guests.

Several apartment hotels have towers, but the Ritz Tower is, as its name implies, *all* tower, a slender spire rising at the corner of 57th Street and Park Avenue.

Like everything connected with the name Ritz, this apartment hotel has a chic all its own. Downstairs, in charge of Theodore, formerly of the Ritz, is one of the best restaurants in town, housed in a Louis XIV room, the walls of which are simply decorated with a little \$50,000 tapestry. A tea room with red lacquer chairs and bright blue glasses and a dashing grill in black and gold where one may dine and dance are other pleasant, though costly, features. The largest dumb waiter in the world fetches and carries room service.

All sorts of spectacular people have filled the tower apartments—Will Hays, Al Jolson, Clarence Dillon; Mrs. Clarence Millhiser, who is said to have spent \$1,000,000 in decorating her apartment; Arthur Brisbane, Paul Morand, the French writer, and Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt.

Here is one of the most expensive eyries in New York—\$600 a month for two rooms, or \$500, if you take them for a year; for three rooms, \$900, for a month only, \$700 a month on a yearly basis. Extra charge for valuable works of art.

The Carlyle at Madison Avenue and 76th Street is our idea of the most charming hotel from the decorative standpoint in New York. The tower rises above the brownstone houses of New York's conservatively-fashionable neighborhoods and the thirty-five stories are really a series of town houses superimposed one above the other. Some of the costliest apartments way up at the top have living rooms a story and a half high.

The decorations, done by the famous Mrs. George Draper, blend Nineteenth Century romanticism with debonnaire modernism. Carrying out the town house idea, huge railway station lobbies have been done away with and small lounges, each with a fireplace, provide a welcome change.

Even the dining room is divided into a series of small rooms ending in the Fountain Room where white and gold furniture, awnings and tricky lighting make the diner imagine he is sitting on the sunny terrace of a Riviera casino.

Delmonico's is a combination transient and apartment hotel and despite thirty-two stories it gives the effect of habitable smallness because of the arrangement of its opulent lobbies.

There is a famous suite here designed in the modernistic manner by Lee Simonson of Theatre Guild fame which costs \$13,500 a year. Practically all the furniture

and the girls and we have added the Hotel Gramercy Park for conservatives who like that section of the city, and the New Weston and Hotel Shelton for those who prefer the East side and artistic patronage. Father, if he elects to come along, won't feel out of place at any of these hotels, nor will Eddie down from Yale for a week-end with the family.

The Biltmore, opposite Grand Central, always reminds us of the beginning of an F. Scott Fitzgerald story for we have watched so many gay and beautiful boarding school girls like his meet dashing college men under that famous clock near the front door and go off buoyantly to dance in the tea rooms or dine in the Cascades.

This hotel offers such contrasting features as a meditation chapel into which weary worldlings may slip to enjoy a moment of peace amid stained glass windows, fresh flowers and old world atmosphere, and on the roof a dog hotel with a wired-in runway much appreciated by guests who travel with pets. Incidentally, a woman once ran up a fifty dollar meat bill here in one week for her great Dane because she insisted upon his having food from the Cascade's kitchen. A comfortable single room costs \$6, double room \$10 here. Former Governor Alfred E. Smith used to make this his New York home and the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle stopped here.

The Roosevelt has in a measure taken the place of the old Waldorf as the favorite hotel of prosperous backbone-of-the-nation families from the West. It is home-like, yet bright and bustling enough to give New York atmosphere, has the advantage of being only a block from the Fifth Avenue shopping center and offers a

safe place to park the children. There are a roof playroom and playground with an expert on child psychology, all kinds of toys, and games, including ping pong.

Jackie Coogan played here in his youth and the three-year-old daughter of the Princess Eric of Denmark tried and approved the sand pile and slide.

The Roosevelt is the Packard Company's headquarters during the Automobile Show and the Pekinese and Spaniel Show for the benefit of the League for Animals is held there. Kennels are maintained on the 20th floor for pets.

Roger, New York's shyest and with few exceptions best, chef, is in charge of the cuisine. Room rates: \$6 for single with bath.

Celebrated guests have included: Irvin Cobb, Harold McGrath, Temple Bailey, Judge Ben Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Will Rogers, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Professor William Lyon Phelps, and George Eastman and many of the heroes who have arrived by air or land, such as Renee Fonck, Captain Fried, and Kingsford Smith.

The Vanderbilt is also conveniently located on the East Side within walking distance of shops and theatres. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt built himself an apartment on the roof which Caruso and his wife and daughter later lived in. In post-war days the hotel has been headquarters for more than one visiting allied celebrity—General Foch, for one. Rates begin at \$3 for one, \$5 for two.

The New Weston, which has room for both residents and transients, is charming and refined—and now that we come to think about it, that is the first time we've

used a much overworked and badly abused word. Only here, somehow, it fits.

The site of the New Weston was originally occupied by Columbia University and the New York Smith and Vassar Clubs now on the premises keep up the collegiate tradition. The hotel has grown from a small and exclusive rooming house.

Sir Esme Howard, former British Ambassador stopped here. Apparently all varieties of writers love it for it is patronized by such contrasting personalities as Sinclair Lewis, Harold Bell Wright, Dorothy Parker, Floyd Gibbons and André Maurois; also Jane Cowl, Ramon Navarro, and John Philip Sousa. The renting agent, another asset, is the charming Ruby Hopkins, sister of Miriam, the actress.

The Shelton, originally built as a man's club-hotel, is inexpensive—\$3.50 a day for a single—comfortably furnished and has its own swimming pool.

Hotel La Salle at 30 East 60th Street is an old-fashioned quiet inn, not expensive—\$24 a week for a double room and much favored by Jersey and Long Island country folk who like to stay in town for a month or so in the winter, also by some very nice foreign travellers. Dean Inge stopped here and praised the service to the skies. This is not exactly our style of hotel, we preferring something a little livelier but lots of ladies adore it.

Many old timers with high-sounding names stay at the Hotel Leonori at 25 East 63rd Street. And then there is Hotel Westbury at 15 East 69th where the overflow from places like Pierre's and the Carlyle go. This is popular with the best type of people though not much known outside of a certain smart circle.

And now we come to the Martha Washington, a national institution. If women had suddenly taken to wearing trousers on the street they could hardly have caused more of a sensation than did the opening of this sedate place in 1898. It was the first woman's hotel in the world and cartooned as an Adamless Eden by newspapers everywhere.

The venture was organized by a group of artists and persons of wealth to provide a hotel for business and professional women and for females travelling alone. At that time a reputable hotel wouldn't take in a lone woman who arrived late at night.

The new-fangled hotel required references but served cocktails and allowed euchre-playing, on the score that women should have equal rights with men.

Women who lived on incomes not earned by their own labor were excluded in the early days, though the Martha Washington was never even semi-philanthropic, being run on strictly business principles. Rates are \$10.50 to \$13.50 per week without bath and with bath \$15 to \$17 a week.

Among less expensive hotels suitable for women are the Woodward on Broadway at 55th Street, which advertises "Cultural Quiet on the Great White Way"; the Hotel Judson on Washington Square where many famous people in New York have stayed at some stage of their careers and the new Holley Chambers Apartment Hotel, also in Washington Square, famous because of the lobby fountain fed by Minetta Brook.

Minetta Brook, an historic trout stream, flows under Greenwich Village, and until the fountain released it, had not come up for air in a century.

Another small hotel, which some women like, is the Hotel Irving on Gramercy Park. The advantage of this hotel is its charming location and quiet genteel atmosphere. You can get a double room with sitting room for \$22 a week, and good rates if you take meals there. It's an old hotel renovated with some rather startling decorative effects, resulting from combinations of old-fashioned brass beds and furniture painted bright red.

An unusual hotel in a location that might be interesting to women who are here to shop is at 14 East 60th Street. It has no name, just a number, and many Social Registerites stop there. St. John Ervine, Leslie Howard, numerous Polish countesses and German baronesses have also added to its chic by signing on for long or short stays. Most of the residents have leases but there are also single rooms with bath for \$4 to \$10; two rooms, \$10 to \$20.

The proprietor at 14 East 60th is Charles Morton Bellak who also owns Villa Vallée next door, and runs the Stratford Arms which used to be for women only and is still popular with them.

Hall Bedrooms and Attics—New Style

New York City is well prepared for the annual Amazonian invasion from all over the United States. That is to say, many philanthropic societies have built club houses, semi-endowed, where a girl may live comfortably and pay moderately—really just about her

share of the estimated cost of maintaining the building.

In addition, for those who rise rapidly in the great city or can manage to wangle a small allowance from papa to eke out inadequate pay envelopes, certain club hotels offer not only the usual creature comforts but such luxuries as swimming pools, gymnasiums, gorgeous lounges, solariums, terrace tea rooms, higher education and gala parties.

In short, the dismal New York hall bedroom is practically nonexistent nowadays, supplanted by club houses, apartment hotels and one room apartments with kitchenette.

The average collegiate Amazon on arrival goes through a typical routine. That is, she lives at her college club for a winter or two, thus soothing the family's misgivings, for even modern mothers, it seems, are relieved to know that Aggie is safe in the arms of alma mater—Vassar, Wellesley, Holyoke or Cornell.

If her college has no New York club, there are, to supply the lack: Panhellenic, originally designed only for sorority members but now inclined to take other "nice" girls; American Woman's Association Club; the Woman's University Club; the Sutton; Allerton House, and the Barbizon.

Cheaper, but more rigid as to rules are denominational clubs established by various churches. If a girl stays at one of these she must report goings out and comings in rather faithfully, which is not always convenient, but is, we insist with big-sisterly smugness, very good for her!

Managers of these clubs know what usually happens during that first wonderful winter in New York. In-

toxicated with freedom, the girl corrals a few men to take her out and tries to seize upon all the bewildering varieties of entertainment that are offered, with the result that the next winter sees her nursing a nervous breakdown.

Most girls' clubs are for unmarried employed girls and age and wage limits are usually eighteen to thirty-five years and an earning capacity of under \$1800. Ordinarily, one may stay only two years in such a club since after that time a girl is expected to stand on her own feet.

Usually one may smoke, if that's any comfort, and mostly the rules are fairly mild. Each house has different restrictions, so it is well to write and inquire of several.

Practically all clubs have comfortable lounges where girls may entertain their guests, serve tea, and turn on the radio, the last not an unmixed blessing.

Girls' clubs for those with artistic leanings include the Studio Club of the Y.W.C.A., 210 East 77th Street; the Three Arts Club, 340 West 85th Street, and the Parnassus Club where music students live in college dormitory surroundings at Duncan Hall, 612 W. 115th Street, or Haskell Hall, 605 W. 115th Street. Such clubs furnish practice rooms for music students, studios for exhibits by art students, lectures and opportunities to get in touch with all the first-aid-to-young-artists' organizations, such as the Studio Guild, 145 West 55th Street.

Many of the serious workers attain success and come back to tea dressed up in their most impressive costumes to awe and stimulate those still on the make. Fannie Hurst, for one, lived at the Three Arts Club when she

first invaded New York, against the better judgment, incidentally, of her St. Louis family.

Club hotels are on the increase, every fall witnessing the opening of new ones just a little handsomer and more imposing than last season's—some for women, some for men and still others for both men and women.

The hardest thing to bear about many of these places is their determinedly cheery atmosphere, bolstered up by the too, too faithful radio, acres of bright cretonne and canaries-in-the-dining-room that trill even at breakfast.

Room and bath is the usual arrangement, though some two-room suites come with bath between and others have a kitchenette to be shared by two who prefer to boil their own eggs.

Most of the rooms are infinitesimal, with modernistic furniture which combines several needs in one, such as dresser-desk or table-bureau. The bath tubs are also reduced and sometimes so arranged to save space that the bather must enter backwards. It only remains for some clever hotel-keeper to discover Alice-in-Wonderland's bottle, the contents of which made one diminish at will. Then the inhabitants of the rooms can also be scaled to fit, cutting down on bruises and skinned elbows.

The oldest of all the club residences is Allerton House, 130 East 57th Street, very conveniently located. On most floors five persons share a bath but there is running water in the rooms, all single. They cost from \$12 to \$22.50 a week without meals, the more expensive having private showers.

In this haven are sound-proof studios for practicing,

lounges, a roof terrace for hot nights, beauty parlors, cleaning and mending facilities, and a restaurant serving luncheons at fifty and sixty-five cents and dinners from sixty-five cents to a dollar.

One of the newest of the club hotels is that of the American Woman's Association at 353 West 57th Street, twenty-seven stories beautifully equipped. The resident may swim, take whatever gymnastics a special examination shows she needs to improve her health and looks, hear lectures on everything from investments to art, entertain her friends and be entertained without stepping out of this handsome building.

The rooms are in general larger than at other club residences and decorated in excellent taste by no less a person than Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt who made a special trip to France to order the china and superintended every step of the painting, curtaining and upholstering. Her great friend, Anne Morgan, daughter of the famous J. P., is president of the club and does a twelve-hour job of it, too.

The A.W.A. has its own information bureau about every kind of city activity, and what the town has to offer in the way of recreation, financial opportunities, employment. A survey of fields open to women has been made, together with a study of the training required for each field and where to get it.

Residents of the A.W.A. are allowed to entertain men or women guests in their bed-sitting rooms. This revolutionary practice is also followed at The Sutton, 330 East 56th Street, where you may let the boy friend stay until twelve o'clock, and where rooms have secretaries instead of the informal-looking bureaus. The Sutton

is plain, quiet and a trifle institutional in appearance but the swimming pool, roof garden and a pleasant restaurant compensate. Rentals are from \$11.50 per week up, including hotel service.

The Barbizon, 140 East 63rd Street, in a smart section, is the most swanky of the women's club residences. Wellesley, Holyoke and Barnard maintain alumnae headquarters here, and the New York Junior League had rooms until it built a club house of its own. The Barbizon has a swimming pool, solarium, painting studios and practice rooms, and in addition afternoon organ recitals, tea in a pretty library, and loads of "atmosphere."

The girls are young, beautiful as magazine covers, and almost exasperatingly sure of themselves. As dinner-time draws near, the lobby is filled with bright young men waiting to take them out to dine and dance.

The Barbizon Plaza, 101 West 58th Street, for both men and women, advertised as the cultural home of the artist is also a sort of combination art center and country club. Continental breakfast here comes with the room and is pushed under the door each morning in thermos and hot plate or what not.

The hotel is furnished in style moderne. There are two attractive restaurants, one serving table d'hôte. The rates at both Barbizons are fairly high—around \$17 a week for room with bath.

Eighteen Gramercy Park, attractively located and well-equipped, from the feminine view-point; the George Washington, Lexington Avenue and 23rd Street, with very handsome lounges and foyers; Stratford Arms Club and Hotel, 115 West 70th Street; and Hotel Tudor

at 304 East 42nd Street, in the suburbs of Tudor City, convenient to the midtown section and pleasantly furnished, are resident hotels for both men and women.

Nowadays, the searcher after fame and fortune in Manhattan takes a furnished room only as a make-shift until she can find something better. Prices range from \$5 without a bath to \$18 with. The further you go uptown, the cheaper the rates. Every six months the Y.W.C.A. investigates houses listed with the registry at 610 Lexington Avenue.

One's comfort in a furnished room depends much on the landlady. Some landladies are so interested they will open your mail, while others are so cold and impersonal that you could be murdered in your bed and they would merely sniff and call the police.

Needless to say there is little chance for social life in these rooming houses but some older women prefer the detachment.

Many girls who cannot afford it take apartments on the chance of renting out an extra room to some congenial spirit. The Virginia, 226 East 12th Street, and the Irvin, at 308 West 30th Street, of the Y.W.C.A. offer suites with kitchenettes to be shared by an unknown neighbor.

At the Virginia a lease is necessary—\$54 to \$60 a month, except for one very grand pent-house apartment at the top of the house. The Y.W.C.A. also has a furnished apartment house with about eight old-fashioned but comfortable apartments of three rooms each for rent at 159 East 104th Street.

If all else fails, there is still a chance for a girl to get an opportunity home. An opportunity home means free

room and board in return for services rendered. Usually this boon is in the Bronx where for her room and two meals a day, a girl takes care of the children and helps with dinner.

Recently, however, women who live in very swank apartments but have had to cut down on nursery governesses or the like, are willing to take in an attractive girl who will stay with the children for three or four nights a week.

List of Clubs, Club-Hotels, Club-Apartments

Everybody, not an infidel or maybe a yogi, ought to be able to find something in the way of living quarters on the list that we here append of girls' clubs, club-hotels, and club-apartments.

Alma Mathews House, 273 West Eleventh Street; the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church maintains this residence for working girls and women. There are single rooms and dormitories and the rates are \$1.15 to \$1.40 a day with two meals.

The Anthony, 119 East Twenty-Ninth Street, is a non-sectarian residence for business girls and women under 40. The wage limit is \$35. There are single and double rooms, costing \$8 to \$14 a week with meals.

Assisium Institute, 15 West 128th Street under the Missionary Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis is a Catholic residence for professional and business girls and commercial students. There is no age limit. Single and double rooms and dormitories are \$7 and \$8 a week, with three meals a day. No transients are taken.

The Barbour Memorial House, 330 West 36th Street, is the Brick Presbyterian Church residence for business girls under 30. The wage limit is \$30 and there are single, double and triple rooms—the single ranging in price from \$9 to \$19, the double running from \$8 to \$9 and the triple \$7.75 a week, all with two meals on weekdays and three on Sundays and holidays.

The Carroll Club, Inc., is a residential and recreational club for Catholic business girls from 18 to 35, run under the management of an advisory board. There is no wage limit and no transients are taken. Single and double rooms for club members cost from \$30 to \$40 a month without meals. Club activities include gymnasium, dancing, swimming, tennis, glee club, bridge, educational classes and social service groups.

The New York City Sorority of the Catholic Daughters of America, 6 West 71st Street, is another Catholic residence for business women where neither age nor salary limit is fixed. Single and double rooms here are \$7.50 to \$8.50 a week without meals. Transients must pay \$1.50 a day.

The Catholic Young Women's Club, 641 Lexington Avenue, is a residential and recreational club for business girls under 30. The wage limit is \$35. Prices for single rooms and dormitories for club members range from \$5.50 to \$8 a week without meals. No transients are taken. Club activities include classes in French, dramatic art, bridge, dressmaking, vocal music, riding, dancing, swimming, gymnasium, and social service groups.

Casa Maria, 251 West 14th Street, Catholic, limits itself to Spanish working girls under 40, no wage limit.

Single rooms are \$9 to \$12 a week with meals. No transients are taken.

Devin Clare, 415 West 120th Street, run by the Catholic Institution of Mercy is a residence for business girls under 25, any salary. Single and double rooms and dormitories may be had for from \$6 to \$10 a week with meals. Transients pay \$1.50 a day.

A Catholic "residence for gentlewomen under fifty" is Our Lady of Peace, 225 West 14th Street. Single and double rooms cost from \$12 to \$17 a week with two meals a day, for transients \$3 a day.

League of Catholic Women, 338 Lexington Avenue, fixes no age or salary limit and charges \$7 to \$9 a week without meals, also maintains an emergency relief department, an employment exchange and a room registry.

The Friendly Center for Business Women at 233 East 17th Street run by the League for Christian Service is for Protestant business girls. Single, double and triple rooms are \$11 to \$17 a week, including two meals weekdays and three on Sunday. Transients pay \$1 to \$1.50 a day.

The Girls' Friendly Lodge, 225-227 East 53rd Street, is for Christian business girls or students under 30, wage limit \$35, single rooms \$12.50 to \$16.50, double \$12 to \$12.50 a week with two meals daily, and three on Sunday.

Rehearsal Club, 45-47 West 53rd Street, is a residence for girls of the dramatic profession. Single and double rooms range from \$12 to \$15 a week including daily dinner and twenty-five cents a day credit in cafeteria.

The Ladies' Christian Union has Roberts House at 151 East 36th Street with single and double rooms from

\$8.25 to \$10.25 a week with meals; Rosemary House at 24 West 12th Street, single and double rooms \$7.50 to \$12.50 a week with meals; Sage House at 49 West 9th Street, rooms \$7.50 to \$10 a week with meals, and Milbank Memorial House at 11 West 10th Street, rates \$8 to \$12 with meals. All these places are for Protestant girls under 35, earning \$30 or less.

The National Bible Institute, 334 West 55th Street is a residence for Christian men and women. Single and double rooms are \$10 a week and up without meals.

The Glorieux Dinsdale Club, 1175 Madison Avenue, run by the New York Deaconess Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church is a residence for Protestant business girls. There are single rooms at \$12, double ones \$9.75 and triple \$8.75 with two meals daily.

Huntington House, 94 Fourth Avenue under the Grace P. E. Church is a residence for Protestant (Episcopalians preferred) business girls or students under 30 whose wages do not exceed \$35. Single and double rooms range from \$10 to \$13 dollars a week with two meals weekdays and three on Sunday.

International House, Riverside Drive and 124th Street is a residence for students of eleven nationalities and creeds in the colleges and professional schools. This is \$5.50 to \$10 a week without meals. John D. Rockefeller gave the money for this.

The Christian Workers' Homes at 7 Gramercy Park is run by the Woman's Branch of the New York City Mission and is for Protestant students and business women. Single rooms are \$15 to \$18 a week with meals, \$14 with breakfasts only and \$10 without meals.

The Chelsea Club, 434 West 20th Street is for

Christian business girls and women under forty whose wages do not exceed \$35. Single and double rooms are \$8.75 and \$12.50 a week with meals.

The Margaret Louisa of the Y.W.C.A. at 14 East 16th Street is a transient hotel for business women. Single rooms are \$1.60, double ones \$1.10 to \$1.35 a day without meals.

The French Branch of the Y.W.C.A. at 124 West 16th Street provides a home for French-speaking girls and women with single and double rooms and dormitories. Single rooms are \$12, including three meals, \$11 with two meals, double are \$9 and \$10. Transients pay \$2 for single and \$1.50 to \$1.75 for double rooms and three meals.

Laura Spelman Hall, Y. W. C. A. auspices, 607 Hudson Street has a wage limit of \$30 and costs \$8.65 to \$12.65 a week with two meals weekdays and three on Sunday.

The City Federation Hotel at 445 West 22nd Street is maintained by the City Federation of Women's Clubs for women earning small wages. Single rooms and studio rooms for two and three women run from \$7.50 to \$14 a week with board.

Club Marshall, 109 East 30th Street is for business girls and students under thirty-five. The wage limit is \$40 and single and double rooms may be had for from \$12.25 to \$15.50 a week with meals.

Club McLean, 94 Macdougall Street is a non-sectarian residence for business girls and students under thirty-five earning not more than \$35. Single and double rooms are from \$13.33 to \$13.85 a week with meals.

The International Institute of the Y.W.C.A. at 337

East 17th Street is for foreign-born business women. Single rooms are \$11.25 to \$12.75 and dormitory space \$9.75 a week with two meals daily.

Irvin Apartments, 308 West 30th Street is a non-sectarian residence for business women and students. Single rooms, with a kitchen and bath shared are \$8.50 to \$11.50 a week without meals.

The Junior League runs a hotel at 541 East 78th Street for business and professional women and students with single rooms from \$8.50 to \$14 and double rooms from \$8 to \$10, including two meals weekdays and three on Sunday and holidays. Women over forty must pay \$2 a week over the regular rate.

Chelsea House, 363 West 34th Street is for business girls and students (except those studying music) under thirty, earning not more than \$25. Single and double rooms and dormitories are \$7 to \$9.75 a week with meals.

Christodora House, 603 East 9th Street at Avenue B is a club residence for men and women and costs \$15 to \$22 a week with board. There is a swimming pool for extra attraction.

Webster Apartments at 419 West 34th Street is non-sectarian and offers single rooms from \$8.50 to \$13 a week with meals.

Y.W.C.A. Apartments at 159 East 104th Street consist of eight furnished apartments, each accommodating two or three young women under thirty-five, earning not more than \$1800.

Young Women's Hebrew Association, 31 West 110th Street is a residence for Orthodox Jewish girls under twenty-five earning not more than \$25. Single and

double rooms with dormitories cost \$10 a week with meals.

The Studio Club of the Y.W.C.A. at 210 East 77th Street is run for young women art students and professional artists. Single rooms are \$15 to \$16 with two meals, double are \$14 with two meals.

The Sutton, 330 East 56th Street is a hotel for business and professional women with single rooms in suites for two with connecting bath and foyer at from \$12.50 to \$16.50 a week. There are a swimming pool and a restaurant in the building that serves a dinner for seventy-five cents.

The Three Arts Club, 340 West 85th Street is a residence club for students and professional women under thirty. Single rooms are \$14.25 to \$16.25 a week with meals. Dues are \$5 a year for resident members, \$4 for non-residents.

Tatham House of the Y.W.C.A. at 138 East 38th Street is a residence for business women from 18 to 35 years earning \$35 or less. Single and double rooms are \$5.50 to \$10 a week without meals. Transients pay \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day.

The Union Girls' Club, 237 West 48th Street, run by the New York City Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has single and double rooms and dormitories for from \$5 to \$7 a week without meals, also a community kitchen.

Virginia Apartments at 226 East 12th Street, for business and professional women has single rooms in two-room apartments with kitchen and bath at from \$9.50 to \$15 per week.

And just in case one is really broke, there is the Vol-

unteers Girls' Club, 438 West 23rd Street, run by the Volunteers of America as a temporary home for respectable girls from 16 to 35 of any religion or nationality who are without money or employment. There are single and double rooms and two meals daily, all without charge to those who need it! Who says New York has no heart!

Here is a list of general agencies which will help to solve the girl's housing difficulties. It has been investigated and found to conform to accepted standards.

Association to Promote Proper Housing for Girls, Inc., 108 East 30th Street, maintains a bureau of rooming and boarding houses for girls; investigates conditions of such houses, works for their standardization and secures the cooperation of non-commercial houses for girls. It also keeps a list of small apartments with information as to price and vacancies. No fee is charged. Open 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.; Saturday to 5 P. M., except in July and August, then to 3 P. M.

Young Woman's Christian Association of the City of New York, Central Branch, 610 Lexington Avenue; Margaret Louisa, 14 East 16th Street, transient list; Bronx Branch, 329 East 176th Street.

Catholic Room Registry, League of Catholic Women, 338 Lexington Avenue, open 10 A. M. to 7 P. M.; Saturday to 5 P. M. This registry directs self-supporting girls and women to furnished rooms which are investigated and standardized. It cooperates with organized residences and social service institutions for girls and women of all religions.

Room Registry for Jewish Girls and Women, 2875 Broadway, open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. and 7:30

to 9 P. M., except Saturday and Sunday, provides suitable homes for Jewish girls and women.

Travelers Aid Society, 144 East 44th Street, transient list.

East Side, West Side


The most notable thing about New York apartments is their cost. No matter what stories they may have heard, out-of-towners are never prepared for the price one has to pay to live half-way decently in Manhattan.

The newcomer fixes a figure he thinks he can afford, but soon discovers that if he wants light, air and a location near transit facilities he must double his ante and then hunt and hunt and hunt. This is in spite of all the building that has been going on in the past four years, the financial depression and what not. The truth is, apparently, that not nearly so many apartments are vacant as the eye seems to record on a casual look-about.

There are, to be sure, a good many at \$20,000 to \$40,000-a-year-with-terrace which never have been lived in, but the two and three rooms that fit most budgets are scarce. However, we are assured that these smaller units with in-a-door beds and real kitchens are now being built in large numbers to meet the demand. So perhaps there is hope.

The cheapest New York apartments are to be found in obscure tenementish corners of Greenwich Village. They are brand-new, modern and arranged for the

poor but respectable. Writers and artists, who may or may not fill this bill, take over many such abodes on Barrow, Bedford, Horace and Morton Streets.

Next in cheapness are the Tudor City apartments over by the river in the East 42nd Street section—\$66 a month and up for bed-living room with in-a-door bed, bath and kitchenette. The London Terrace Apartments, 23rd and 24th Streets between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, are listed at \$82.50 up and the Beaux Arts apartments, 307–310 East 44th Street, come as low as \$75 for a studio. On second Avenue below 14th Street are also some cheap modern apartments.

The costliest apartments in New York are the co-operatives which one buys by paying down half the purchase price and a maintenance charge which is ten per cent of the cost.

Probably the most expensive of these ever sold was one on upper Fifth Avenue for \$450,000. The largest of which we found record was sold to John Markell—41 rooms and 17 baths at 1060 Fifth Avenue for \$375,000.

The story goes that shortly after Mr. Markell moved in, a servant unlocked a door that nobody had noticed and discovered ten rooms they didn't know they had.

The most expensive apartments for rent are around \$40,000—at Delmonico's, for instance, and in Park Avenue throughout the Sixties and in the crosstown streets thereabouts.

New York builds apartments even in its churches. Thus, Broadway Temple at 174th Street and Broadway is an apartment house-church or church-apartment house, whichever you please, and so is the Calvary Bap-

tist on 57th Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues.

There are also museum-apartment houses such as The Master which is part of the Roerich Museum on Riverside Drive. And there are apartments in stores—the Goodmans live on the top floor of Bergdorf Goodman, opposite the Plaza. Many banks and business houses also have pent houses.

The rental or purchase price of an apartment depends upon the plan of the house, its equipment, the quality of construction and, above all, upon location, both vertical and horizontal. Top floors in certain East Side sections cost most.

From the standpoint of social prestige Park Avenue—probably the dullest looking important street in the world—is the gold coast of New York. The exact social center, geographically speaking, is around 68th Street and in this neighborhood one can get a nice fourteen-room apartment for \$36,000 a year, while at the less fashionable south end of Park, rent is sometimes as low as \$100 a month with kitchen and colorful bath room. Up north in the nineties, typical eight-room apartments cost \$5,000 and up.

Upper Fifth Avenue has some of the largest and most desirable apartments in the city, as for instance, those around 86th and 87th Streets. A typical house, 993 Fifth Avenue, across from the Museum, is made up of apartments that each occupy a floor and contain fifteen or sixteen rooms, beautifully laid out and very formal. Most important of all, the living room (huge, with nice wide windows on the Park) has a fireplace that works and so does the main master chamber, which possesses, as well, a bath-dressing-room with big windows and

closets, as well as unobtrusive recesses in the cream-colored tile walls for accessories.

Leaping east to the river, we find Sutton Place, an interesting New York phenomenon. About ten years ago Anne Morgan, Elizabeth Marbury and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt suddenly discovered that Manhattan is an island surrounded by water and chose a section of the waterfront for home-steading. They remodelled some distinguished old houses around 57th Street on the river, landscaped their gardens to the water's edge and settled down to enjoy the view of Welfare Island and the Queensborough Bridge.

Builders followed the lure of the Morgan-Vanderbilt names and now, not only Sutton Place but 57th Street East, parts of 56th Street and even sections of First Avenue as far down as 55th Street offer modernized apartments of various types and prices.

Smart Sutton Place undoubtedly is, but accessible no, not at least without a car of one's own. And though the river apartments are grand, most of the others in the neighborhood face the backend of storage plants or blacksmiths' shops. Also, if too near First or Second Avenue, the tooting of little boats and the lapping of waters may easily be drowned by the roar of the "L."

Other far-east disadvantages are the close proximity of garbage cans, noisy children and mangy cats. However, perhaps we are just horrid old pessimists for several side streets are now nicely built up with gaily-painted doors and green hedges that have undeniable charm.

An East End Avenue development along Carl Schurz Park threatens to outshine even Sutton Place in smart-

ness. Its river view is still more beautiful and this section is completely inaccessible for everybody except those with automobiles so that there has been no slightest attempt to build inexpensive apartments.

Vincent Astor—not to be outdone by the ladies down at Sutton Place—has put up an apartment house with garden court at 85th Street and East End Avenue and already John J. Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee and William J. Kenny, pal of Al Smith, have taken ten year leases. Raskob's apartment is on the seventeenth floor and has twenty-one rooms and nine baths—the Raskob family is a large one.

Speaking of parks, always a pleasant theme in this asphaltish city, old-fashioned Gramercy Park with its fountain, statue to Booth and aged trees, is hemmed in by some magnificent apartment houses, garden and otherwise, one of which has a Moorish fountain of particular splendor.

Also, East 19th Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues, is called the street beautiful because of its little houses of latticed stucco, with quaint doorways, Tudor window frames and gargoyles picked up in Europe by the artists, actors and writers wealthy enough to live in this neighborhood.

Farther downtown, Washington Square and lower Fifth Avenue continue in popularity and prestige because of genuine beauty and accessibility to the shopping and business section. Number One Fifth Avenue is a handsome and expensive building with restaurant on the premises and everything from suites with one room, bath and kitchenette up to swanky affairs with terraces.

The red brick apartments facing the Square were recreated from fine old houses that have been New York landmarks for generations and the reconstruction was done with such tender architectural care that dignified Colonial features remain intact.

Close at hand in MacDougal Alley and Washington Mews are small studios made from the carriage houses of former stately Washington Square mansions. Some with drawing room, dining room and kitchen on the ground floor, studio, bedroom and bath on the second, cost no more than \$225.

The Village section of the East Side has turned ritzy in the last few years and East 12th and East 10th Streets have been built up with fine apartments. Small houses, too, have been renovated with notable results in the streets just off Fifth as far as 11th Street.

Oddly enough, no part of the West Side is really smart—for which many without social ambitions give thanks since lack of chic sends down rents. Even Riverside Drive isn't a "good" address though it is the ideal one for air, sunshine, space and a view.

However, such is the tyranny of fashion that eight-room apartments on the Drive between 80th and 90th Streets cost what a four-room one does on lower Fifth Avenue and old-fashioned apartments come as low as \$75 for four rooms.

West End Avenue also lacks elegance, but for all that, a good many old New York families with daughters in the best schools cling to this fine wide street which is near both the Drive and the Park. There are bargains to be found here—six and seven rooms for only \$2000, quickly snatched up by the baby carriage trade.

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ly provincial, and the service especially designed to save business women housekeeping troubles.

Of Pent Houses and Moving Vans

The ideal of New York apartment house builders is material rather than esthetic comfort.

Every now and then a venturesome soul inserts studio windows, (which housewives complain let in as much wind and dust as sunshine) or perhaps bathrooms large as living rooms into moderate-priced apartments, but the standard make is living room, kitchen with dinette and one or two bedrooms with bath and as many closets as possible, all on one floor.

The duplex studio apartment was an ambitious effort to break away from the monotony of the customary layout, but the plan has been most successful in co-operatives and apartment hotels, for it is too costly and wastes too much space for people renting on a short-term lease. The usual type of studio duplex has a two-story drawing room and a dining-room on the gallery level.

The Garden Plan apartments offer another new idea—an apartment house two rooms deep with no courts and the rest of the space in the lot devoted to garden. This plan, too, is so costly that it has proved suitable chiefly for cooperatives.

What really rents an apartment, according to agents, is lots of closets so large that trunks can be placed in

them; dinettes to save space and plenty of bathrooms with outside windows and colored tiles—in short a completely conventional arrangement. And that is why New Yorkers with yearnings to be “different” buy co-operatives.

Time was that when a New Yorker made his pile he built himself a palace on Fifth Avenue, but during the most recent boom, the newly-rich bought cooperative apartments, instead, sometimes from the blue print, before even the steel framework was started.

A four-room cooperative apartment may now be had for \$9,000 on East 72nd Street. Five rooms in the same or a similar building cost \$10,700 and ten rooms \$29,000.

But these are bargains. At 1040 Fifth Avenue simplex and duplex apartments are for sale for from \$48,000 to \$160,000 and any number have been sold for around \$300,000.

The cost of maintaining a cooperative makes the proposition not exactly cheap, but then one doesn't buy a cooperative for economy, but for self-expression. A cooperative owner can indulge all his private fancies, especially if he buys from blue prints, and can order in flying buttresses, Tudor bay windows or French balconies to his heart's content.

Pent houses, servants' quarters on the premises and butler's pantries were introduced to New York apartmentdom by way of cooperatives as were the fancy touches of dressing rooms and room-sized closets.

The one thing it seems you can't have in a cooperative is a swimming pool. At least, a man we know wanted one the worst way but the estimated cost in added super-structure was so steep that the builder balked.

The pent house, by the way, which is a complete little house on the tiptop of a building, has become a symbol of New York sophistication all over the world. The uninitiated feel as though life must certainly be more adventurous, more alluring in such an environment. Still there was the Ohio mother we know who upon hearing that her daughter was about to attend a pent house party, wrote: "What is a pent house, dear? You know you can tell Mother anything!"

The customary lease in New York is two years for a one-or-two-room apartment; three years for four or five rooms; five years for six rooms or more.

The advantages of taking a long lease on a larger apartment are obvious for like cooperatives, the more expensive rental apartments are often finished in the rough and tenants put in many of their own fixtures or share the cost of expensive wall decorations with the landlord, expenditures which only a long lease makes practical.

In general, however, New Yorkers are a restless roving lot. Even millionaires move about from house to house on Park Avenue, now trying out a three-room suite with pantry kitchenette in an apartment hotel, now a larger apartment with servants' quarters in Sutton Place and only becoming tethered when they have finally gone to great expense for the decoration of a large cooperative.

While we are on the subject of moving, the home-hunter who waits until after October first—say the middle of November—to sign a lease can often do much better as to price. October 1, is the day when the entire city plays at pussy-wants-a-corner, for householders

rush about violently, often not bettering themselves thereby.

The prospective New York tenant must usually give five references when signing a lease—two social and three business ones. Big corporations owning a number of houses keep careful tab and blacklist such applicants as have caused trouble by non-payment of rent.

Rules and regulations about noise appear in the lease but are less strict and less vigorously enforced than in most cities. Tenants themselves seldom complain about their neighbors' din because they never know when they may have guests who will also feel in the whoopee mood. The rule to shut off radios at eleven o'clock is practically a dead letter, too—apparently nobody even expects it to be enforced.

Finding a furnished apartment for a reasonable rent on a short time lease is New York's most difficult problem in housing. Tudor City has one entire building of furnished apartments to be had by the month—inquire at the Prospect Place renting office—but there is generally a waiting list. However, sometimes a tenant wishes to sublet.

The subleased furnished apartment is the most satisfactory for the short time lessee and this may be located—if at all—through the columns of the *New York Times*, especially the Sunday edition. The *World-Telegram* is the best of the afternoon papers on furnished apartment advertisements. The *Sun* has the most readable real estate page among dailies. The real estate pages of all the Sunday papers are good.

There are a few furnished apartments in really at-

tractive houses in the East Sixties for \$175 up with everything included, even kitchen utensils. Renting agents in the neighborhood have lists of these. The Apartment Renting Company, Inc., at 167 West 72nd Street makes a specialty of furnished apartments.

The Village also has occasional furnished apartments on short leases and there are some simple but comfortable ones in the West Fifties.

The Beaux Arts in East 44th Street has apartments done in maple Colonial style complete except for linen, china and silver.

The great talking point of Tudor City is that instead of being a slave of the subway you walk to work, to the theatre, to the shopping section. The ambition of a friend of ours who fell for this argument is to see Mr. French, the builder, walking on a rainy night from Tudor City to the theatre district across the longest blocks in New York, the most crowded at all times of the day and the loneliest at night.

However, in fairness to Mr. French's able agents, we should mention that one's crosstown walk does lead by the *Daily News*, housed in one of the most beautiful buildings in New York.

And although an odor from the stock yards is occasionally wafted on northerly winds, the snappy sales talk, mirabile dictu, doesn't say half enough about the lovely view of the river, the charming little park and the pleasant neighborliness of the coffee house and drug store to which Tudor City inhabitants telephone down—with all the assurance of residents of the Ritz-Tower—for coffee with just a drop of cream or "a paper napkin please." The shades of Essex and Queen Eliza-

beth would never be fooled by the Tudor architecture, yet the apartments offer the best midtown value in New York City.

Advertising, by the way, will make a house popular in this city of slogans when all else has failed. The Town House, built on East 38th Street as a swank cooperative and charming in its exterior and interior modernism, didn't go at all until some blurb writer had the inspired idea of naming the apartments and describing them in print as though they were human. Immediately crowds came to view—and rent—"Harry" and "Creighton."

Gaines, Van Nostrand & Morrison, 383 Madison Avenue, offer to hunt apartments for those who shudder at doing it for themselves; Pease & Elliman and Douglas L. Elliman are experts in East Side real estate; Mark Rafalsky, 2112 Broadway, is good for the West Side; Sutton Blagden & Lynch 631 Park Avenue, specialize in cooperatives, and J. Irving Walsh, 73 West 11th Street and James N. Wells, 191 Ninth Avenue, specialize in lower Fifth Avenue and Greenwich Village apartments.

Reliable movers, who will treat antiques considerately if not with an owner's tenderness, include the Manhattan Storage Company, the Meyer Company and Morgan and Brothers.

Suburbia

Three kinds of New Yorkers move to the country—the small-salaried family man, the Bohemian, real or

pseudo, who now finds it smart to commune with nature and the very rich cosmopolitan who automatically has a home in Long Island or Westchester just as he does in Paris or Palm Beach, and stays in none.

Sunnyside, Long Island City, across the Queensborough Bridge, is the cheapest suburb we have found. It offers few trees and row after row of two-family dwellings exactly alike, but on the other hand sunshine good air and front porches. A friend of ours paid \$60 a month for three rooms, bath, kitchen, attic and porch in a two-family house. There are apartments, too, some completely furnished, the newer ones with colored tile baths, glass-enclosed showers, completely equipped kitchen cabinets and stoves that will cook a meal in the owner's absence—rent \$85!

Sunnyside's population is equal parts arts and artisans. The children of mailmen and poets, mechanics and newspapermen share the community playground while their fathers and mothers sprint about the community tennis courts.

All this is reached by the I. R. T. subway, the Second Avenue "L", the B. M. T. subway (change at Queens Plaza) or the Jackson Heights bus which goes up Fifth Avenue to 57th Street before turning east. The distance from Times Square to the Sunnyside station is less than thirty minutes by the Interborough subway or the B. M. T.—but trains are crowded and not too frequent. The bus which may be caught on Fifth Avenue, is more comfortable.

Jackson Heights advertisements advise the home-seeker to "move out of the shadows into the sunlight of garden apartments." The architecture of Jackson

Heights is also depressingly uniform BUT seven rooms come from \$200 up also and fewer rooms at less. Also there *are* gardens, community playgrounds, tennis courts and even a twelve-hole golf course. The same subway and bus service as for Sunnyside run to the door—more or less.

Forest Hills and Kew Gardens are in the same general direction, but far enough away so that one must take a train at Pennsylvania Station to land at Forest Hills. As all the world knows, here are located those fine tennis courts where Helen Wills first won international fame, and the largest tennis stadium in the world.

The club-apartment-house idea is well worked out in Forest Hills Inn for those who like a summer resort social atmosphere all the year round. However, it's not a good place to take the family skeleton for everybody is so sociable that one of your near neighbors is pretty certain to catch a glimpse of him some sunny day. Apartments are \$100 a month and up and there is a good restaurant at the Inn, in case kitchenette meals pall. Attractive and elaborate houses also are available for a price

Kew Gardens, next stop out on the same line, is another garden-apartment-house idea, sort of a Jackson Heights on a more effete scale. Many charming young couples come here to raise their conservative families—conveniently composed of one boy and one girl, however they manage it.

Great Neck is another popular suburb for those in moderate circumstances, as well as for the rich. There are garden apartments, also small houses and this being an older development, the charm of old-fashioned homes, full-grown trees and a rather smart business section.

Ring Lardner and some of his writing pals live near Easthampton. Freeport is the favorite suburb of actors and actresses who have earned the price of a home of their own, and near Port Washington live artists such as John La Gatta and Percy Crosby who draws Skippy.

Out Westchester way new and inexpensive developments in the old and once exclusive suburbs of White Plains, Mt. Vernon, New Rochelle and Scarsdale have taken place. Everything here used to be houses but lately multiple family dwellings near the station have broken out, renting from \$25 to \$30 per room and up, chiefly up.

Garden apartments in the outskirts with bus service to the railroad stations come higher—\$60 and up per room—but baths and kitchens don't count as rooms, thanks be. Scarsdale remains among the swankiest of all the Westchester suburbs near New York. Larchmont and Pelham have chiefly houses though Larchmont is getting some apartments.

The farther out Westchester way one goes, the prettier becomes the countryside for estates are larger and more beautifully landscaped and apartment houses fewer and less standardized.

Another advantage of towns farther out is that the prospective owner can often find small old-fashioned houses which may be rented or bought, practically an impossibility nearer the city.

Connecticut towns, including Darien, are popular with couples who prefer small houses of the Colonial period to highly modernized apartments nearer town. It takes an hour to get out this far but the train service

is good especially in the morning and late afternoon. At Westport is a colony of writers and artists.

On the Jersey side of the Hudson, reached by tube, are the Oranges, East, West and South, where you may find every variety of apartment, garden or otherwise, at all prices, also small, middle-sized, or large houses. A well-developed suburban social life out this way is participated in by married sons and daughters of wealthy Montclair and Morristown families. Not too expensive country clubs are numerous as are public golf courses.

Englewood, where Senator Dwight Morrow has lived ever since he and Mrs. Morrow, just married, rented a little brown house there for \$60 a month, has turned into a popular suburb during the past three years. Some very attractive two-room apartments with colored tiles in the baths, kitchenettes and dinettes rent for \$100. Englewood is reached by bus and by the Erie and West Shore.

There is the keenest rivalry among the suburbs. Residents of Montclair, Englewood and the Oranges talk about those who live in Westchester as if they were to be pitied or scorned for not knowing any better and Long Island is intolerant of benighted idiots who choose to buy or rent out Connecticut way.

In general, Jersey is the most conservative section—still the classic suburb of *Saturday Evening Post* stories where young wives line up their coupés outside the station at 6:06 every night to wait for George and Jimmy, where the Junior League has active chapters, and families still go to church on Sunday mornings, play golf

in the afternoon and drive over to Grandmamma's for supper.

Life here is gossipy and social. You know your neighbors and sometimes talk about them—a great change from New York City proper where you avoid any contact with fellow beings as you would a pestilence.

One of our best dinner table stories is about the time at the Cheshire Cheese in London when a woman sitting next to us in one of those little booths turned out to be the occupant of the apartment adjoining ours on the fifteenth floor of a New York apartment house. We were as expansive as could be in that old English atmosphere but though we must have ridden down many times in the same elevator in New York, had no recollection of each other.

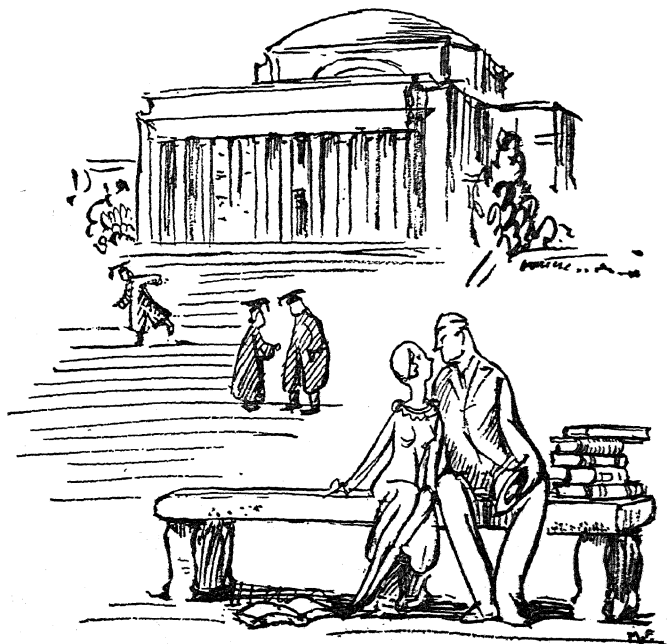
By the way, it's often cheaper to rent a furnished than an unfurnished house in the suburbs because owners hate the expense of moving and storing their furniture. A furnished house usually includes china and kitchen utensils, but not silver, linen and bedding.

Unlike Europe where the most careful inventory of everything is made—in France they even list the hinges on the door—that process in New York is perfunctory and trouble seldom arises.

Pease & Elliman—their main office is at 660 Madison Avenue—are excellent agents for country places. Brown, Wheelock; Harris, Vought and Company, Kenneth Ives and Company, 17 East 42nd Street; Frederick Fox and Company, 20 East 39th Street are other offices dealing in suburban homes. Local agencies of course are well informed about local vacancies.

PART SIX

Education Sans Campus



Higher Education

ALTHOUGH they offer little in the way of the usual campus with trees, greensward and historical columns, the institutions of higher education in New York City—Columbia University, New York University and the College of the City of New York—take in more space, geographically speaking, than probably any three colleges in the world. Also, they serve more students and cover more subjects.

Columbia, with its 37,000 enrollment, gives courses in Brooklyn and Newark and has under its auspices St. Stephens College, ninety miles north of New York City at Annandale-on-Hudson.

New York University runs institutes in six or seven distant states and in many foreign countries, uses a United States training ship lying in the Hudson for certain athletic activities and transports professors by airplane to towns in New York State, Massachusetts, Delaware and Maryland.

The College of the City of New York has two Brooklyn branches in addition to its main center.

The year at Columbia is divided into three sessions and so far as collegiate social life goes, the summer session seems to provide the liveliest times. Now that high-brow requirements and advanced degrees are demanded

of school teachers all over the country, it's absolutely necessary for them to take courses in summer and Columbia is a happy solution since it provides a combination summer resort with a chance to pile up credits.

Some of those who enroll are earnest workers, out simply to take their nine points and indifferent to anything below 110th Street, but others of a more venturesome turn of mind rent apartments in the Village and arrange between classes to see a little of the wild life they've heard so much about.

One social outlet is afforded by state club dances at the earliest of which girls may catch beaux for the season. At these affairs, a hostess arrangement and an occasional Paul Jones, where you take any partner that comes, give everybody a chance. The prettier girls get their men and flit on to other diversions, but the dances continue for those not so lucky.

Columbia summer school flirtations are famous and have been the basis for much amusing fiction, but a young man who has been through two summer sessions informed us gravely that it's an old Columbia custom never to write to a girl you have played around with at summer school.

"You may see the girl every day for six weeks, get engaged even, and exchange rings, but you must never write to her—it simply isn't done," he explained. Which item we report for whatever it may be worth.

A great part of undergraduate life during the Columbia winter centers around the activities of thirty-two fraternities and the King's Crown organization of non-athletic activities. The annual varsity show—entirely written, acted and staged by boys—is one of the big

events, and a long line of Broadway successes, among them George Middleton, Philip Moeller, Oscar Hammerstein, Ralph Morgan and Crosby Gage, got their first theatrical experience therein.

Once there was considerable rough and tumble collegiate life at Columbia, but most of that has been stopped by a series of unfortunate accidents. The Black Avengers, for instance, who used to chasten fresh freshmen, taking the worst offenders over to Jersey for paddlings and sometimes a night in the marshes, vanished when some victim got hurt and complained about it.

The ancient call of "water" raised in the springtime once brought a rush of undergraduates to dormitory windows with tumblers and pitchers of water to pour upon the unwary passerby. But one warm April day, the victim was a young man who was not amused by such antics and called the police.

Many Columbia students work their way. The appointments office, located in Earle Hall, has placed hundreds—some in such unusual positions as traffic counters, rope men, psychological test subjects, packers and professional escorts. Selling blood to hospitals is a favorite student wage-earning project and one year the appointments bureau is said to have supplied three grave diggers.

Extension courses attract persons of all ages and types—girls taking a few subjects to fill in until they get married or go to Europe or find jobs; young wives with time heavy on their hands; women of fifty in the short story classes; ambitious business men going on with science, accounting or business administration. We hear that many regular students take their most difficult courses in the extension division because they're easier to

pass. No credits, only the fees are needed to enter these classes which are held night and day.

The schools and colleges composing Columbia University are; Columbia College; the Schools of Law, Medicine, and Engineering (Faculty of Applied Science); the Graduate Faculties of Political Science, Philosophy and Pure Science, Barnard College for women; Teachers College; the School of Architecture; the College of Pharmacy; the Schools of Journalism, Business, Dentistry, Nursing, Library Service; St. Stephen's College; Seth Low Junior Colleges; University Extension, and Summer Session.

The following fees are prescribed by statute: university fee for all students (except those in extension and summer session) for each winter or spring session or for any part thereof, \$10; for students in university extension exclusively, for a winter or a Spring session or for any part thereof, and for students in a summer session or any part thereof, \$7; tuition fee for all students, per point (which is one hour a week of attendance for a winter or Spring session, or the equivalent thereof), except in cases where a special fee is fixed, \$10. The fee for application for any degree is \$20, for any certificate, \$10. The entrance examinations fee for each series is \$10 and the students activities fee is the same.

A fine colored map at New York University showing the geographical lay-out reveals that it extends on two sides of Manhattan Island. To the north are the University Heights College of Arts and Pure Science, the College of Engineering, the Guggenheim School of Aeronautics and Hall of Fame. This is the he-man section which enjoys

a 43 acre Campus. The dormitory is Gould Hall where room rents are from \$120 a year upward. Undergraduate tuition is \$350 yearly.

Facing Washington Square is the coeducational group probably best known to out-of-town students, especially those taking extension work.

More than 31,000 students including 6000 summer school students, enroll annually at N. Y. U. The degree-conferring schools are: Arts and Pure Science, Law, Medicine, Engineering (and Guggenheim School of Aeronautics), Graduate, Education, Commerce, Washington Square Business Administration, Retailing, Dentistry. The non-degree conferring divisions are: Extension, Fine Arts Institute, Wall Street PreCollegiate, Public Health, Life Insurance and Summer School.

The College of Fine Arts is heir to the oldest tradition of art instruction in any educational institution for in 1835 what is believed to have been the first chair of art in an American college or university was occupied by Samuel F. B. Morse, painter, and inventor of the telegraph.

The College of Fine Arts, in addition to its Washington Square classes, has a midtown center at 250 East 43rd Street. Courses in the history of art and contemporary art are also given at the Metropolitan Museum.

The School of Business Administration conducts a graduate course with a Business Research Bureau at 90 Trinity Place in the heart of Manhattan's high finance area.

Courses of particular interest to women include: cos-

tume designing, retailing and a survey of the domestic arts which covers everything from budgeting and dietetics to the care and training of children.

Coeds at N. Y. U. are a lively, practical lot who rank intellectually with the men and are a power in school politics. Mostly they live at home and a good many have part or full-time jobs.

Sororities are strong but we are assured that a girl is not out of things if she doesn't belong and that after the bidding is over, a friendly spirit prevails among all cliques.

The greatest glory that can come to a coed is to get the key of the Dramatic Society, which is the oldest of the innumerable university societies. Eventually a girl who wins the key will act with the Washington Square Players in one or more of six annual productions.

New York University from the first was a radical institution in the sense that it aimed to disseminate knowledge among the masses rather than the classes. The university has opened its doors day and night in all sections of the city to those who seriously want to learn. Two-thirds of the students support themselves either in whole or in part. Many fill commercial positions in the daytime and attend classes at the university five evenings a week. The average salary of 17,570 students who do fulltime work is more than \$1500 a year.

Discipline is not enforced according to a code of rules. All students are expected to conduct themselves honorably, do their work honestly, and bring credit to Alma Mater. The Faculty Committee on Student Discipline is empowered to investigate and to act upon cases of mis-

behavior and a summons from this committee is imperative.

Football is the great enthusiasm of students here. Almost the only rough-house collegiate rumpus during the year is the Bloody Monday cane rush when freshmen attempt to capture the Sophomore class flag. If they are successful in mounting a greased pole and taking the banner, they will be free from observance of rules laid down by upperclassmen.

Two events of major importance to the world occurred in the old N. Y. U. building at Washington Square. In 1836, Samuel F. B. Morse sent the world's first telegraph message, from his classroom to another classroom in the building. It read: "Attention: the Universe By Kingdoms, Right Wheel"—whatever that may have meant.

In 1840, Professor John William Draper took the first successful photograph of the human face by the light of the sun on the roof of the old University building.

Telegrapher Morse, by the way, appears to have started the career of Greenwich Village as the Latin Quarter of America.

His students, eager to be near him, first lived in university rooms not needed as classrooms and then as the institution grew and the rooms were required, found living quarters around Washington Square, which thus became known as the city's art center.

Hunter College and City College of the College of the City of New York—that is its incredible honest-to-goodness name—make up the College of the City of New York, the largest college, as distinguished from university, in the world.

City College includes a College of Liberal Arts and Science, School of Technology, School of Business and Civic Administration and School of Education. Both day and evening sessions are held as well as an eight weeks' Summer Session and a preparatory high school. Residents of Greater New York who can make the academic grade may attend classes here free. The standard is high and the average graduating age is $20\frac{1}{2}$ as compared with the average graduating age of 22 elsewhere. Many of the faculty also give courses at Yale or Harvard and distinguished guest speakers such as Clarence Darrow, Gilbert Chesterton and Albert Einstein are frequent.

The college is democracy itself and practically all students support themselves, sometimes very well indeed—at least the employment bureau has discovered that many earn more in college than for the first two years after graduation when they try their hands at new professions.

There are no dormitories but social life through clubs and class functions is lively. Two of the oldest fraternities in the city were established here—Delta Alpha in 1846 and DKE in 1855.

The College of the City of New York, originally called the Free Academy, was established in 1848 by the Board of Education of the City of New York at 23rd Street and Lexington Avenue, where the School of Business—the world's largest—now stands. A fascinating book called "Memories of Sixty Years—The College of the City of New York" recalls how, in those innocent days, the boys used to amuse themselves by racing around Gramercy Square shouting and wrestling until reprimanded by the dean.

Understudying the Muses

Hundreds of dreamy-eyed boys and girls with opera and concert ambitions come to New York every year, some with money, some with none. A few get a chance to exhibit their talent or lack of it to those who might help and still fewer achieve part or all of their wistful hopes.

Music students—the girls at least—usually settle down at the Parnassus, the Three Arts or the Studio Club while trying to find the right teachers for their needs. This is another one of those easier-said-than-done chores. A number of famous teachers in New York who charge from \$30 to \$50 an hour, will teach the poor pupil of great talent for nothing, but won't take the really bad one at any price. There are also plenty of teachers, some pretty bad, who will take anybody with the price of lessons.

The best music school in New York is the Juilliard, the undergraduate section of which, known as the Institute of Musical Art, is located at 120 Claremont Avenue, opposite Grant's Tomb. The distinguished gray-bearded Frank Damrosch is dean here. Candidates for admission, if eighteen or over, must have a high school education or if under eighteen, must attend high school until graduated.

Regular courses extending over three or four years are given, also special classes to meet special needs, and post-graduate courses for teachers and artists. Candidates for admission to the regular course in singing must only give proof of good voice and correct ear. They

need not have studied before, but piano and other instrumental candidates (except those desiring wind instrument instruction) are required to play certain selections laid down in the catalogue. Subjects taught are: piano, violin, violoncello, organ, harp, wind instruments, theory, keyboard harmony and composition.

Most fees are payable in three installments. The regular singing course is \$325; piano, organ and harp are \$250 each and violin and violoncello are \$275.

The Juilliard Graduate School was founded for the benefit of music students of unusual talent, adequately prepared for advanced work with the best teachers. It seeks to aid young musicians to qualify as artists, and helps them in the first steps of a professional career, either as performers or teachers.

The student body of the school is selected by examinations conducted by the faculty and notice of the time is given through leading musical publications. The general requirements for admission to the examinations are that applicants should be: over sixteen and under thirty years of age; citizens of the United States or applying for American citizenship; possessors of a general education equivalent to four years of high school and of marked musical talent and satisfactory preparation in major and minor studies.

Students who pass the entrance tests are admitted to the school provisionally for one year. Reappointments are made on the basis of good work and progress as shown by records and periodical examinations.

The tuition fee is \$500 a year but fellowships are provided for especially talented students who are unable to meet this charge wholly or in part.

The Juilliard faculty is a distinguished one. Ernest Hutcheson is the dean and Oscar Wagner, his assistant. Teaching piano are: Rosina Lhevinne, Olga Samaroff, Carl Friedberg, James Friskin, Hutcheson, Josef Lhevinne, Alexander Siloti and Wagner and on the singing faculty are: Marcella Sembrich, Anna E. Schoen-René, Florence Page Kimball, Paul Reimers and Francis Rogers. Louis Persinger who has discovered and launched a number of child prodigies teaches violin and cello.

Alexander Siloti was a former favorite pupil of Liszt, a friend of Rubenstein's and one of the teachers of Rachmaninoff. He is considered the last connecting link between the great romantic period of piano virtuosity and the present.

The David Mannes Music School, 157 East 74th Street, was founded by a former concert master of the New York Symphony Society and his wife, one of the musical Damrosches, sister to Walter and Frank.

Work of this school is planned for students from the age of four up, either amateurs or professionals, and there are courses in piano, violin, organ, viola, cello, voice, theory, composition, chamber music, and history of music. A special series of chamber music concerts, lectures and recitals are offered each year, and famous artists who have taken part include: Madame Landowska, Arthur Schnabel, Pablo Casals, Harold Bauer, Alfred Cortot, Jacques Thibaud, Walter Gieseking and Yvette Guilbert.

Ernest Bloch, upon his arrival in America, was invited to teach at the school, and was followed by Rosario Scalero, who in 1919 came to this country at

the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Mannes and was head of the composition department until 1928.

Other great piano teachers in New York include Harold Bauer, Sigmund Stojowski, a pupil of Paderewski, and Madame Antoinette Szumowska, once at the New England Conservatory of Music and a former Polish countess who still wears the ring presented by the late czar of Russia in return for a performance which she and her husband gave at the palace.

Singing teachers in New York who are the best from the standpoint of music are not always the ones who can help a pupil get on to the proper contacts. Mme. Sembrich of the Juilliard faculty is the dean of New York singing teachers, probably the greatest. Estelle Liebling always has a talented group of pupils and seems to be successful in getting them jobs. The great Marafioti, Caruso's throat specialist and Grace Moore's teacher, is always in great demand whenever he deserts Hollywood for New York. Gina Viafora and Rosati, are also well-known as are Stephens Townsend, Fred Patton, Percy Rector Stephens, Jeannette Vreeland, A. Y. Cornell and Yeatman Griffith. Frank La Forge is one of the best known coaches—all the Metropolitan stars have coaches outside the ranks of those provided for them. Harry Colin Thorpe, Walter Golde and Stuart Ross are others well-known in this field. The National Music League in the Steinway Building has a list of well-known music teachers.

Six artists of "mature talent" in piano, voice, violin and violoncello who are not able to pay for their own New York recitals may annually have them as hand-

some gifts if they win the prizes offered by the Naumberg Foundation, founded by Walter Naumberg in memory of a father who was famous for musical philanthropies.

A preliminary audition takes place in March when by a weeding out process the National Music League, to which the preliminary auditions have been intrusted, picks candidates who will appear before the judges at the final hearing early in April. Winners in the final auditions are awarded New York debut recitals during the next winter's season.

The candidate must be sponsored by his teacher and prepared with an entire recital program. At the preliminary examination with famous New York musicians and teachers acting as judges, the musician is known only as a number, to be marked on art, personality, appearance, effect on audience and potentialities. Incidentally, a judge once wrote opposite a candidate's name "better to look at than to listen to!"

The National Music League, which conducts a non-profit-making booking office for younger professional artists, does not believe in pauperizing the young musician but in giving him an opportunity to help himself by becoming self-supporting.

During one season the booking department, operating on a non-profit-making basis secured a total of 609 engagements, representing a wide variety of activity.

The artists who are accepted for the lists of the National Music League are selected by an Audition Committee of authoritative musicians, highly exacting in standards and requirements. These auditions are held

at frequent intervals during the year and candidates are heard without charge. Each candidate receives a written report, giving a resume of the opinions expressed by the judges, together with constructive criticism and helpful advice as to further study.

A proper debut in Carnegie Hall for a young, unknown musician costs about \$1250, exclusive of accompanist's fee, according to the Arthur Judson Bureau. Rental of Carnegie is \$525, "adequate" newspaper advertising is \$260, management service fee is \$150 and window cards, circularization and so on eat up the rest. A smaller hall, less advertising and more effort on the part of the artist might cut the estimate half or even more. Total cost of a recital at Steinway Hall is \$350.

Few musicians make money in New York but such concerts are valuable for advertising on the road.

Carnegie Hall, even when sold out, yields only \$5500 to the artist. Among the few who sell out there are Horowitz, Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Kreisler, McCormack, Josef Hofmann, Iturbi and Heifetz.

The most famed place to study art in New York is undoubtedly the Art Students' League, a cooperative society run by students for students. Famous artists who teach here include George B. Bridgman, who has been at it for twenty years; Frank Vincent Dumond whose teaching has extended over thirty-five years, and William Zorach. Howard Pyle and George Inness, Jr., were among the first members. Teachers range from the conservative to the extreme. The 2,500 or more students choose their instructors and let nature take its course.

We loved the looks of the place—a rather dingy and unpretentious building at 215 West 57th Street, so

crowded with students in smocks rushing up and down stairs that it made us homesick for Paris.

At the night classes one sees not only pretty little flappers but elderly women who have been painting all their lives.

On one floor is a big gallery where an interesting exhibition is always on view and here tea is served every afternoon from a Russian samovar while the students gather round to eat raisin cake and talk about art and love. On the fourth floor are the studios, usually well-crowded.

The students try to copy what is put before them, the instructor criticizes the work and later more criticism is afforded when the drawings and paintings are exhibited around the walls of the studio. Students may enter at any time and no previous training is required. Prices run from \$15 to \$17 a month and a membership in the League entitles one to a rebate on tuition.

One artist friend tells us that the inspiration of her career was Howard Giles, director of the Master Institute at the Roerich Museum on Riverside Drive. At one time this exponent of the theory of dynamic symmetry taught at the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. He is a mild-mannered, old-fashioned gentleman who never gives harsh criticism, and whose aim is to be constructive and to teach fundamental principles. (In case anybody wants to know what is dynamic symmetry, it is a theory of drawing based on geometry—angles and parallel lines.)

The muses of interior decoration, eurythmics and the drama may be pursued and cornered, respectively at the N. Y. School of Fine and Applied Arts, 2237 Broadway;

the American Institute of Dalcroze Eurythmics, 9 East 59th Street, and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, Carnegie Hall.

Help Wanted?



Help wanted? Yes, even in the middle of a financial panic, help of a certain calibre is *always* wanted in New York City.

At least, so we are assured by numbers of employment agency and industrial heads.

For instance, the director of the great secretarial training school of the Y. W. C. A. says there are *never* enough expert stenographers to go round—that is, girls who can take dictation rapidly and transcribe it accurately.

Another woman who places 1,000 persons a year in business positions professes herself appalled by the lack of human material to fill unusual jobs. She insists that New York offers tremendous opportunities for men and women of magnetism and ability who know how to work hard. By ability, she explains, is meant not only intellectual capacity but common sense and the knack of getting on with people. And the greatest of these, she adds, is the knack of getting on with people.

Of course, to be absolutely fair, we must here insert that another employment agency told us that there are at least 500 applicants for every New York job! But even he admitted that there is invariably room for the person with unusual grit and determination. Which, of course, puts it all up to the individual.

Summer is the best season to start a New York career

for often a girl can find temporary work in an interesting field while the regular staff is vacationing. Then if she makes good, she may be invited to stay on. At least, she will have had time to look around for something else.

Although stenography is not an invariable open sesame, it is undoubtedly one of the best entering wedges to many professions, including editorial work in publishing houses or on magazines where jobs are so scarce as to be practically nil. We know four girls who went in as stenographers and are now doing nicely, thank you, as associate editors.

The personnel field, too, can be skillfully approached through stenography. Personnel is a profession to which many believe themselves called, but unhappily, to which few prove to be chosen. Therefore, when a really good opening in this line comes along, days of searching are necessary before the person is found to fill the specification.

Department store work offers increasing opportunities but here again, one should begin at the bottom—or at least, behind the counter—to get the all important point of view of the customer. While doing well by the gloves and underwear, a girl is building for a position as buyer, copy writer or stylist.

Many department stores now have their own training schools for college graduates and others of ability who wish to enter retailing. One of the first of these schools was that of Lord & Taylor. Macy's is probably the most elaborate and offers the best chance for college girls.

The teaching profession in New York is badly over-

crowded. Private schools afford the best opportunities as to pay and interesting work in this field but available places are limited.

One agency head warns women teachers who have been in the academic field not to yield to the yearning to begin all over again in New York. She says such women almost always lack "address," are strangely diffident, many times to the point of refusing to fill out the employment forms in her office, and are often so poorly coordinated that they keep nervously dropping their belongings and accidentally smashing up the office glassware.

Interior decorating is another overcrowded profession. Unless a girl has a clientele ready-made and some very special training, there is little chance that an established shop will take her on. Not, at least, and pay her a living wage!

There appears to be a demand in the social service field for trained case workers with practical experience. Research also requires special training and experience, though college girls sometimes mistakenly assume that their degrees imply competence in this line.

Some jobs are open for hospital dieticians but the work is grinding and none but the earnest should apply. Home economics experts have a fair chance for freelance work as demonstrators and lecturers before clubs and even for steadier work with food manufacturers.

Real estate offers some chances as apartment house managers and a fair number of sales jobs to hard workers who can really sell. Success is easiest in the suburbs where there is less competition.

There is always a call for companion-nurses with

training in psychology to look after cases under the care of psychiatrists and nerve specialists.

The girl who has specialized in foreign languages will nearly always find openings in the export business. Insurance, banking and the brokerage business also offer opportunities to the right woman—but not so many, of course, since the great deflation.

During the boom many New York brokerage houses fitted out de luxe departments for women clients with charming “customer’s women” in charge. Some of these departments were closed out but they may be revived at any moment now.

Mannequins are in great demand in prosperous times. They start at fair salaries, too—\$35 the minimum and \$50 not unusual. There are hat, shoe and lingerie models as well as the more usual frock exhibitors. And at least one slipper mannequin—Nancy Carroll—got into the movies!

Newspaper work is hard to find in New York, especially for the girl who simply “wants to become a writer” but has had little or no experience. Far better to do solid yeoman service on the hometown newspaper—everything from setting type to writing editorials—and then brave Manhattan with a small fund to tide over the lean days.

The Studio Guild, 145 W. 55th Street under the direction of the resourceful and sympathetic Grace Pickett and sponsored by leading business men and artists of New York, conducts a clearing house for musicians, painters, sculptors, dancers and actors. All these are interviewed, given free auditions and demonstrations. Then comes the great division of the sheep from the

goats—those who have talent are encouraged and those who have not are advised to try some other mode of making their living.

Art galleries, managers and agents usually demand artists with reputations or with enough money to "put them across." The Guild, founded to provide a solution for this difficulty, has secured as many as 240 engagements a season for younger artists, many of whom paid such small commissions that no commercial agency could have afforded to handle them.

Sopranos and accompanists, incidentally, are a drug on the market. So are women sculptors, except the most successful. Stage and dancing jobs are somewhat easier to find.

There are plenty of free helps to job hunters and there are also many reliable agencies that charge commissions. But beware of the commercial agency that guarantees a job sight unseen. Be on guard also against commercial schools that rosily guarantee employment at soaring salaries as soon as you have completed their course.

The Welfare Council lists thirty-four non-commercial employment and vocational guidance bureaus with information services.

There is one unpleasant little item which the Help Wanted advertisements often stress—discrimination on account of religion. Agencies agree that Protestant job-hunters are in greatest demand. Some employers say Jewish girls want too many holidays and Catholics are occasionally refused as being too "clannish."

Sorrowful to relate, the wage standard seems to be sinking. The maximum is \$35 and the average \$30 as

opposed to a maximum of \$40 or \$50 a few years ago and an average of \$35. Girls with four or five years' experience are often paid \$25. College graduates, well-educated, well-bred and well-dressed, are willing many times to take \$20 a week to start in a profession they favor.

It has been estimated that a woman with brains, ability and the art of selling herself requires five years at least to attain any kind of success in New York.

Girls from the Middle West, who are sticklers, form the largest number of successes, according to one agency head. Southern girls come in large numbers but seldom stay long. Thirty per cent of the girls looking for work in New York are college girls.

But, say the employers, small colleges that offer specialized work are wiser than the big Eastern colleges that confer only A. B.'s in Fine Arts.

"An A. B. degree is absolutely no help in getting a job, however much it may prepare one to enjoy life," one head of a great firm said.

However, many girls continue to come to the great city believing that because they have edited the college magazine or been president of the student body, all will be added unto them. Alas, it will not. We had that notion, too.

Ex-Curricula



The modern girl's deluxe ambitions are to work in a department store, go on the stage, into radio or grand opera.

"What is your daughter going to do when she is graduated from Radcliffe?" asked a guest at a smart dinner recently. Papa flushed up with embarrassment as he admitted that though he had destined her for the arts, his misguided girl wanted to enter Macy's school of retailing for college graduates.

To his relieved amazement, hardly were the words out of his mouth when distinguished men and women all round the table piped up that their son at Harvard was going there, too, or their daughter from Smith or Vassar had hopes of being among the chosen.

Since this is the only school we know of in New York where you get paid \$30 a week while you are being trained, one secret of its popularity is obvious.

We've talked to a good many girls who have gone to the school and have concluded that for the hard-headed practical business type it is fine but our advice to the dreamer and romanticist is to try something else.

Super-poise, personality, and pep are required to get into the school for 10,000 college graduates apply during the year from every state in the Union and approximately 117 colleges, while only about thirty-five to fifty-five can be taken at one time.

Letters of recommendation don't help much. Success depends upon the results of psychological tests plus the impression one makes on a very expert personnel staff.

The applicant is put through all kinds of mental paces—one girl says that by the time they were through they must have known more about her than God did. Mathematical problems, envelop addressing, voice try-outs, all seem to have a bearing on the burning question

of whether or not one can make good in a department store.

The course, if one finally gets a chance to take it, lasts six months and offers work in all departments. One who makes good in Macy's training squad can get a job almost anywhere. A man in the Middle West told us of engaging at a salary of \$8,000 a girl of twenty-four who had been at Macy's three years.

It's a jump from Macy's to Ned Wayburn's but a friend of ours took it the other day, so why shouldn't we do it here. Anybody seeking a stage career in New York will do well to start with Wayburn who is a Broadway institution. He has a dancing school but that is not the half of it, for he has trained most of the town's musical comedy stars not only in dancing, but in stage presence and sagacity.

Incidentally, this wizard, in spite of that twinkle in his eyes, looks like the president of the First National Bank in Scranton, Ohio—portly, prosperous and conservatively dressed.

He is as systematic as a bank president, too, in the way he keeps track of his pupils who range in age at any given time from three to seventy-four. Some, of course, dance to reduce, to build up, or to improve their posture but many have stage ambitions.

Wayburn is a stern taskmaster. He can't stand people who aren't on time and his studio is run to the accompaniment of automatic bells.

A girl who can't withstand temptation or endure hard work and hard knocks is wasting her time in preparing for a professional dancing career, he declares.

Thousands of girls' photographs are on file in the free

Wayburn booking office, card-indexed as to thighs, hips, neck, ankles, and so on. The master can take out an old pupil's card years after she has gone on to greater or lesser things and tell at a glance whether she will still be suitable for booking.

A star pupil was Marilyn Miller—"the strongest girl I have ever known," Wayburn remarks—a shrewd show-woman who earns \$5000 a week and ten per cent of gross receipts when playing in New York!

Other great ladies who have done time the Wayburn way are the Fairbanks Twins (who made \$600 a week in the Music Box Revue); Evelyn Law, sent to Wayburn by Sir Thomas Lipton, a friend of her family's; and Vivienne Segal, "a little girl from Philadelphia whose singing was cold as ice until dancing thawed her out."

Also there are: W. C. Fields; Will Rogers (from the first Wayburn urged Rogers to talk more and rope less); Ann Pennington, a girl who knows how to make a contract; Eddie Cantor, whose daughters now go to Wayburn; the Dolly Sisters who, when they came with their mother, could not speak English; Fred and Adele Astaire whose mother brought them to Wayburn when they were children and the inimitable Charlotte Greenwood, one of the many girls with stage ambitions who "came from Philadelphia with mother."

Wayburn will try out any girl or boy who is interested in dancing and will give advice.

He personally organizes every class and checks the work of each pupil. Courses range in price from \$117 to \$1,520 a term, the latter with intensive private instruction. Courses in make-up and radio speaking also are offered.

Many girls whose mothers clamored to go on the stage yearn to become radio stars. Air jobs are the newest fashion. The most usual goal is crooning, à la Vaughn de Leath, but some sensible singers, realizing that a crooning name must be achieved, since no one is born with it, are willing to start at the bottom.

For the sake of these, we were glad to find that a girl who is willing to work and wait may begin at a broadcasting station such as that of the National Broadcasting Company in a routine way—say as secretary, filing clerk or hostess, and work up.

The hostesses, ravishing creatures sitting behind big desks opposite the elevator on each floor, are there to answer with bright smile and dulcet tones the silliest questions of every visitor.

The requisites are: to be as good-looking as a Ziegfeld Follies beauty, the possessor of a pleasant speaking voice, infinite patience, personality, charm, memory for names and faces and the cultural background given by the best schools. In return the pay is \$30 a week with a good chance to learn mike technique and go on to higher things such as crooning.

However, the brave soul who wishes to try the crooning test first will have little difficulty in getting a chance to show her stuff. The charming woman in charge of try-outs will, if importuned by telephone, make an appointment ten days or a month in advance.

The candidate arrives with a heart full of hope and trepidation, bringing her own accompanist if she likes, though if not, one will be supplied who can sightread in a miraculous manner.

Two numbers are requested—the first something

operatic or fancy to test musicianship, then a simple ballad or else a dialect or popular song. In the control room, the critic listens.

At the end of the audition the candidate, if satisfactory, is asked to return for another audition before an audition committee of four. Approval by these is followed by an invitation to appear before the program board which meets once a day.

This round precedes the final knock-out or winning bout. Approved here, one goes on a list to be recommended to possible clients willing to pay for singing services. A try-out before one of these lords of creation is the last and severest test. A complete program is arranged with station announcement, chimes, and a musical signature. If the client likes the candidate, she names her price and everybody signs on the dotted line.

Radio performers rate big money—\$50 an hour for a routine singer and upward to about \$1000 for a single appearance of an important person. Guest performers get from \$250 to \$750, unless they are like Jascha Heifetz, who was paid \$15,000 for a single appearance. Usually the client signs up a voice for a stated period—say from five to thirteen weeks, with a two-weeks' cancellation clause in every contract.

The air offers special opportunity to talented artists with physical handicaps who would never get over on the concert platform. On the other hand, established concert artists sometimes fail on the air. What is wanted is individuality, something different. That's why so many patient auditions are given to hopeless voices in an effort to find a new de Leath or Lew Conrad, crooner de luxe, to sweep the country.

However, sad to say, the chance is a hundred to one against amateurs, for the big broadcasting stations have access to the best professional talent in the country. It is therefore almost necessary to have had concert experience or at least an apprenticeship at some smaller station to make good at the big stations.

Occasionally there are exceptions. Phillips Lord to whom nobody wanted to listen, arrived one day at the studio dressed as a rube and looking so funny that he was allowed to try out his program which has become the popular Seth Parker hour.

Where talent is recognized, every chance is given. Thus a college boy was allowed the opportunity to work afternoons without pay until he learned the mike trick. He did learn to such purpose that a big manufacturer bought him after a first hearing.

It seems that men get better breaks than women in the radio profession. The aerial audience prefers male voices for either talking or singing and there are few feminine announcers. A pretty little woman named Bertha Brainard, however, is the general manager of all the programs of N. B. C. and the big chief of the establishment so far as artists and production are concerned. She began her career at the old Newark station in 1922 when radio was in its infancy and worked along with WJZ in all sorts of capacities proving again that the routine way up does succeed.

It's the same with opera. The Metropolitan chorus under the leadership of Mr. Setti is a fine training school for singers as is the National Oratorio Society which teaches sight reading.

About one hundred and fifty aspirants are given

spring auditions at the Metropolitan each year. Out of this number perhaps six are chosen to come back for another hearing after the rush season is over. A promising voice may then have several more tests since it may be the kind that is wonderful one time and fails the next. Rosa Ponselle, Lawrence Tibbett and Lily Pons are among those who were heard and accepted in auditions.

The singer brings her own accompanist or the assistant conductor, Mr. Pelletier, will supply one. She sings on the stage of the Metropolitan with Mr. Gatti-Casazza, the conductors and Mr. Ziegler, the assistant manager listening—oh, thrilling moment! First, one sings what one pleases and then, if the voice has quality, the owner is asked to sing a selected classic.

If the voice continues to pass muster, records are made of it.

How to Get On



A nice assortment of admirers for the young girl's first year in New York would include a Young-Man-on-the-Make to take her to a few night clubs a week and buy nice seats at the best plays without arousing apprehension that he would have to go without luncheon the next day; one or two college boys who, even though they may be living at club hotels, on small salaries or allowances from Father, can usually manage a Greenwich Village dance club or a weekly table d'hôte; and a young intellectual with whom to dine at hideous little

Village tea rooms, attend lectures at the New School, explore the top galleries of the Metropolitan or Carnegie in winter and do Stadium concerts and Staten Island ferry boat rides in summer.

One thing is certain—nothing will ever again be so much fun as that first gay winter in New York. It is all so new and thrilling and the bracing air mysteriously makes it possible to do twice as much as usual. It takes months to wear down the healthy girl. She doesn't need sleep, and simply scorns food and advice from relatives and older friends who threaten to write the family.

After awhile, a single date a night isn't enough. We remember one girl of our halcyon period who used to have dinner with one young man, meet another for the theatre and another at 11:30 for cabaret-until-dawn parties. But aha, there's a moral to this—the lass was finally dropped by all her admirers and is likely to end up an old maid supplying her own subway nickels.

One's first-winter activities require little in the way of wardrobe. Two or three dark crepe de chine day dresses, a fairly dressy afternoon garment in chiffon or georgette and an evening gown with a coat or two are all one needs to go on indefinitely.

Girls who had ravishing outfits at college often dance through their first New York winter with no more than four dresses to their backs, the constant change of beaux and the fact that most of the dancing is done in night clubs making it possible to wear the same evening dress night after night.

After two winters of this kind of life, however, almost any girl is ready for a change. Living in an impersonal room no bigger than a rabbit hutch is com-

mening to pall, as are night clubs, even those with the best music.

Most of all, community life shared with hordes of other women in exactly the same situation begins to give her the jitters. In the cafeteria, mornings, she observes with gloomy foreboding Miss Moffet who takes hot water instead of coffee for her digestion's sake and Miss Jenkins in the worn black coat who is reputed to have spent four nights a week for the past seven years washing out her stockings and handkerchiefs in the stationary tub down the hall.

At this point a choice is usually offered our young woman. She may marry her most outstanding young man and move to Great Neck or Brooklyn Heights; she may have a nervous breakdown or she may decide to mend her ways and live the independent life.

Conservatism and fear hold many women in college clubs or women's hotels long past the time when there is any need for the substantial support which these excellent institutions offer those just starting out. Afraid to try an apartment alone, afraid of the expense and responsibility even of an apartment shared with another woman, they hang on and on in groups washing the inevitable stockings at night, cramped for space, like Edna St. Vincent Millay's little pool, "drying inward from the edge."

Many of the loneliest and most conservative of these are making the most money—some as much as \$150 a week. They are not stingy either for they spend on clothes or trips to Europe every summer but they absolutely are indifferent to living conditions—not caring in

the least where they live or what they eat. Friends who were nice to them when they first came to New York have dropped them long ago because they have grown lax about keeping up social obligations.

"She is so rich! What can I possibly do for her!" they mistakenly sigh about the wealthy suburbanite who has invited them out for countless week-ends. The idea is to do what you can and do it in as original a way as possible. Keep up your end and you'll have more fun.

The usual procedure for the conservative girls is to move by easy stages from the girls' club to the women's hotel, to the club-hotel for men and women and thence to an apartment.

The apartment offers some disadvantages as well as advantages. It's hard to keep people out when one wants to be alone; also one's young man delays about going home because there are no iron jawed matrons or rules to send him.

A girl now part of the backbone of a respectable suburban community told us of a young man who one night locked himself in the bath room of her first New York apartment, drank a bottle of Scotch, turned on the hot water in the bath tub and almost wrecked the place. She and the friend with whom the apartment was shared were lovely girls and he was a lovely young man, but it was one of those Flaming Youth incidents that are hard to explain to the family if the landlord insists on having somebody pay for damage to the plumbing!

In our opinion it is just as well to save the apartment stage for the more subdued period—say after twenty-

five. And even then, not an apartment alone or often you will leap at a dinner invitation from positively any bore who telephones around six.

Here are a few rules worked out from our own experience. Please excuse it if we're officious.

First about getting a job. When you go hunting your first one, wear neat, plain, daytime clothes, long sleeves, materials not too thin and all-revealing, shoes well polished and not too high of heel.

Park garrulousness, if any, outside with the office boy. The prospective employer will put to you all the questions he cares to have answered. He does not expect you to go into a detailed account of your education, former environment, experience and personal life until he asks for it. He will appreciate a poised, modest, frank manner, and brevity.

Don't get flurried, frightened or discouraged.

Don't claim merits you haven't. On the other hand, don't depreciate yourself. Evaluate yourself fairly and stick to your estimate if you are sure it is right. Remember, there are other jobs if you don't get this one.

All right! You get the job. Try to grow interested in it and get on with it.

Don't forget that you came to New York to work.

As for home habits: Don't skip meals and don't be stingy with your friends—you may need them.

Get some out-door exercise regularly—if it's only a walk around the park or home from work.

Don't take New York men too seriously—at least keep in touch with the boy back home!

Education for Adults
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The New School for Social Research and the Rand School are two of our reasons for thinking that it is fun to live in New York.

The Rand School is an auxiliary of the Socialist and Labor Movement and the New School's policy is "to cover all the major educational interests of the intelligent adult."

The courses offered by both schools furnish intellectual entertainment of the most stimulating kind. Outstanding thinkers, including many exciting foreign personalities, give courses in literature, international affairs, social science and psychology. The lecturers are free to say exactly what they think to grown-ups who are there because they are interested and the result is sometimes a sensation.

The new \$1,000,000 home of the New School at 66 West 12th Street was designed by Joseph Urban along horizontal lines of stark simplicity. The auditorium is so cleverly shaped that every person in the audience can see and hear, the stage is flooded by all the colors of the spectrum and the whole building has been planned to allow free scope for sunlight.

Murals by Benton give a pictorial cross section of New York from subway and speakeasy to the pinnacle of the tallest skyscraper and are so vivid in color and execution, so ironic in conception, that they will make excellent finds for future archeological expeditions exploring the ruins of Manhattan.

The fee for associate membership in the New School

is \$100 or \$150 for husband and wife. Associate members may attend without charge all lectures, musicales (these are excellent) and other entertainments. But mainly, membership is important because the New School, under the directorship of Dr. Alvin Johnson, president, promises to become an intellectual salon of the type familiar to Europeans—the only indication of such a thing in New York so far.

Most of the courses are organized around contemporary interests with emphasis on social science and research but the scope is wide enough to include motion pictures as well as developments in Russia or India.

A typical course comprises twelve lectures. There is no permanent faculty but whoever happens to be an outstanding teacher or lecturer at the moment finds his way here. H. N. Brailsford on international affairs; Joseph Jastrow on Twentieth Century problems; André Maurois, Thomas Benton, Robert Frost, Mark Van Doren and Harold Laski are among past or present speakers. Workshop courses in arts and crafts are given, too, so that intellectuals won't forget how to coordinate.

In the old days of the New School down on West 23rd Street, social workers, professors and radical young business men used to pack the class rooms arranged around one of the quaintest little gardens in New York. Now all types of persons including the wealthiest and most high-brow come and sit side by side with men and women who've never had college educations. Fees of \$20 for a course of eighteen lectures and \$15 for twelve lectures are charged. The school aims to be self-supporting in time—now its deficits are met by a group of wealthy patrons.

Many of the speakers at New School also lecture at Rand but the two physical atmospheres are quite different, for Rand is housed in a dowdy old building at 7 East 15th Street, and except for some really fine murals by Willy Pogany in the auditorium offers little of surface beauty.

At New School the audience listens to the lecturer and at the close, quietly files out. But at Rand School, every lecture ends in a debate. When the speaker closes, everybody storms around him, arguing endlessly but with eagerness and intelligence. Lectures in the studio are followed by tea and informal discussion when young men and women, mostly workers, lounge about on the cushioned divans that line the walls or sit informally in ancient wicker armchairs, smoking and at ease. There is scarcely a fur coat in the place for most of the enrollment of 1000 is made up of young labor students to whom this isn't just a school but part of life.

Heywood Broun on the theatre; Professor Charles A. Beard, Stuart Chase, John Dewey, Lewis Mumford and Carl Van Doren are among Rand School lecturers. The admission to one lecture is fifty cents, the fee for a course is \$4 to \$6.

On Saturday afternoon a forum for the discussion of current events and social tendencies takes place. Notable speakers have been Harry Elmer Barnes, W. E. B. DuBois and A. S. Knopf.

Cooper Union, 4th avenue and 8th street, founded by Peter Cooper in 1859 for the advancement of science and art, will enroll anyone over sixteen in its free day and night schools. Many famous self-made men claim this remarkable institution as *alma mater*. Lincoln and

other great orators have spoken at the free lectures. The People's Institute hold popular lectures here, too.

For Francophiles with a gnawing nostalgia for the sound of French as she is spoken on the Paris boulevards, the look of French books, and the unobtrusive companionship of those who feel the same way, we can't possibly do better than recommend a visit to the French Institute in the United States and its affiliated Museum of French Art. For \$15 you may even become an associate member of this amazing center of French culture lodged in a charming little building at 20-22 East 66th Street.

Founded in 1911 by a group of distinguished American friends of France under the auspices of the French Ministry of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, the object of the Institute is "to extend among Americans knowledge of the art of France in divers manifestations of French culture as exemplified by literature, painting and so on."

For the student the Institute provides "Les Mardis," a series of Tuesday afternoon and evening lectures from November to April on subjects of historic, artistic and current interest. Visiting Sorbonne professors and members of the French Institute, as well as distinguished Americans are on the program and some of the subjects prove provocative. One debate, for instance, was on the comparative nobility of the moral code of French and Anglo-Saxon women!

Courses in the French language are given morning, afternoon and evening twice a week and special emphasis is placed on conversation and pronunciation. Classes are limited in size so that each person may have individual

attention and the tuition fee for a term of twenty-four lessons is \$22 for members and \$26 for non-members.

The Institute's social life is in the grand manner. Every year receptions are given for distinguished Frenchmen such as Joffre, Foch, General Gouraud, Ambassador Claudel. Also there are: an annual luncheon at the Ritz; a Christmas party for children; and a supper dance with a list of impressive patronesses organized by the Junior League.

One advantage of being an Institute member is the chance it offers to use the library which contains 18,000 books, including some of great rarity as to binding and content.

On the walls of the reading rooms are exhibitions of prints and drawings which are changed several times a year. But the real thrill is locked up in glass cases around the reading room—a remarkable collection of autographs of all the French kings and Napoleon and his court.

On the floor above the library, is a permanent gallery where notable exhibitions of French art take place during the winter.

Sometimes dealers' galleries have important loan exhibitions. And in case you are buying as well as looking, don't forget that it is possible to see more fine pictures for sale at any one time in New York than in any European city. This is at present the greatest market in the world for paintings—practically all the pictures in American private collections and museums were purchased in dealers' galleries within five blocks of Fifth Avenue and 57th Street. The dealers go to Europe in the

summer to buy from private owners, from dealers and auctions—such as Christie's—and are then ready for business in the fall.

New York women often get pictures as peace offerings from husbands who have offended or wandered away but we understand from dealers that the biggest picture buyers are those who in addition to being rich enough to afford such luxuries, are happy in their home relations. You see, people who are thinking of getting a divorce know how hard it would be to divide up a picture!

An annual event is the exhibition in March of Old and Modern Masters in the New York Art Market, representing thirty-three important dealers. It takes place at the American Art-Anderson Galleries.

The Reinhardt Galleries, 730 Fifth Avenue, the only one in New York managed jointly by a husband and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Reinhardt, was one of the first to deal in old masters and modern French pictures at the same time. This was the gallery that sold Holbein's famous portrait of Katharine Howard—now in the Toledo museum—to Edmund Drummond Libbey. The Reinhardts were also among the first to have important loan exhibitions of old masters and contemporary painters—an exhibition of artists from El Greco to Matisse and another from Holbein to Derain were sensations. Current exhibitions are always interesting here.

The Guelph Treasure, a collection of medieval ecclesiastical objects formerly owned by the Dukes of Brunswick were exhibited jointly by the Reinhardt and Goldschmidt Galleries, the latter dealers in objets d'art.

The Knoedler Galleries, 14 East 57th Street, can be depended upon for interesting exhibitions of old and modern masters, paintings, etchings and engravings—one of the finest collections of Zorn etchings in the country is here.

Wildenstein's, 647 Fifth Avenue, made one-man shows of Picasso and Marie Laurencin as early as 1923 and is especially noted for magnificent 18th century French pictures.

Sir Joseph Duveen, 720 Fifth Avenue, famous for the important pictures he sold to the Huntington, Jules Bache and Clarence Mackay collections, has no public exhibitions for the penniless Saturday afternoon throngs, but collectors with proper credentials—and bank accounts—may see 18th century English pictures, Flemish masters and Italian primitives. Howard Young, 634 Fifth Avenue, has no exhibitions but has for sale many old masters.

Thomas Agnew and Sons, 125 East 57th Street, specialize in Italian paintings of the 15th and 16th centuries and 18th century English paintings and occasionally have an exhibition of contemporary British artists. The Agnew's London House sold Lord Iveagh many of the pictures in his collection at Hampstead, now a public museum.

John Levy, 1 East 57th Street, deals in primitives, 17th century Dutch and 18th century English and 19th century paintings—Corots, Henners and pictures of the Barbizon school. This gallery recently sold a Franz Hals to a Pittsburg collector for \$250,000.

The Ehrich Galleries, 36 East 57th Street, belonging to Harold and Walter Ehrich, also harbors the old furni-

ture and fine old glass and linens of Mrs. Ehrich, whose place of business is at the same address.

Kleinberger, 12 East 54th street, shows primitives of all schools.

For fifty years the house of Durand-Ruel, 12 East 57th Street, has dealt in French impressionists—older members of the firm were close friends of Renoir, Degas and Monet.

Modern French and American pictures are enjoying a great vogue at present both with rich buyers and poor intelligentsia. Exhibitions of the best moderns attract tremendous crowds. The Valentine Galleries, 69 East 57th Street, show sensational Picassos and Matisse paintings—Matisse's son was with the gallery for a time. Kraushaar's, 680 Fifth Avenue, exhibits modern American and French prints, drawings and etchings.

The Marie Harriman Gallery, 63 East 57th Street, shows Cézanne, Derain, Picasso, Renoir, and American contemporaries. Mrs. Harriman used to be Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and her exhibitions, which change once a month, draw a smart crowd.

Marie Sterner, the first woman art dealer in New York, shows interesting modern pictures as well as fine old masters.

Conservative American paintings can be seen at the Macbeth Galleries, 15 East 57th Street,—paintings by Inness, Thayer, Twatchman, American etchings and lithographs; the Milch Galleries, 108 West 57th Street—Gari Melchers, Childe Hassam and others; the Rehn Galleries, 683 Fifth Avenue,—pictures by Speicher, Hopper, Burchfield and Leon Kroll, and the Ferargil

Gallery, 63 East 57th Street—pictures by Arthur B. Davies—a great factor in American painting.

An American Place, 509 Madison Avenue, owned by Alfred Stieglitz, has sponsored such advanced Americans as the water-colorist John Marin and Georgia O'Keeffe, one of America's most important and original woman painters.

Even if you don't understand art but know what you like, you ought to get the habit of dropping into the galleries on Saturday afternoon. It's the smart thing to do and helps with dinner conversation.

Opportunities to learn about the history of art and artists are not difficult to find. Lectures at the Metropolitan unravel some of the mysteries behind the old masters and the Reinhardt Galleries, too, have experimented successfully with Monday evening subscription lectures on modern art.

Lectures are also among the numerous activities of the Art Center with headquarters at 65-67 East 56th Street and cooperating with the Art Alliance, the American Institute of Graphic Arts, the Pictorial Photographers of America and the Society of Illustrators. The Art Center's Opportunity Gallery for free exhibitions of applied arts gives encouragement to art students.

Morning lectures at Town Hall during the winter months are patronized chiefly by ladies who feel that urge to take up a little something in the late forties and who subscribe in large numbers for dissertations by visiting foreigners on everything from Facism to Futurism.

The Foreign Policy Association sponsors excellent

lectures on political problems the world round, and spirited talks on current subjects—often of a controversial nature—take place from time to time at Mecca Temple. The daily schedule of events in the *New York Times* or *Herald Tribune* should be consulted regularly so that the juicy arguments by famous speakers may not be missed.

PART SEVEN

After-Thoughts

That Week in New York

THE college boy or girl in New York for one grand week of whoopee will undoubtedly concentrate on tea dancing, dinner dancing, theatres and night clubs. But since neither sex at that age ever wastes time on sleep and the mornings have to be got through somehow before it is time to dance again, we have prepared a schedule for daytime hours that may prove entertaining and at least, is not too educational.

This includes: the Aquarium, because fish are amusing to watch; the Stock Exchange—you may want to become a customer's man or woman yourself someday; Trinity and St. Paul's because even youth ought to take a moment for dreams; City Hall for history; Roosevelt House for hero-worship; Little Church Around the Corner, favorite marriage church for sophisticates; Gallery of Living Art, New York University, Washington Square East; New School for Social Research for its astonishing architecture and the Benton and Orozco murals; Morgan Library, 29 East 36th Street (write in advance for information about visiting days); the Chrysler Tower, to see the city; the *Daily News* lobby—with the largest revolving globe in the world; and Bronx Park Zoo.

Among museums the most interesting to the young

are: the Museum of Modern Art; Museum of the French Institute; Metropolitan; Museum of Natural History; Hispanic Museum and the Cloisters.

For afternoons the small arty motion picture houses specializing in foreign pictures are diverting. The President gives French, Italian, Spanish and German pictures; the little Carnegie Playhouse, New York's only modernistic theatre, has French and Russian pictures, also free coffee and ping pong. At the Embassy—Broadway at 46th, news reel movies are shown until midnight, all the current events you can absorb for twenty-five cents. Women adore the smart little Trans Lux newsreel theatre at Madison and 58th because the auditorium remains light during the show.

Changing the guard at the Roxy—amusing inspection of out-going ushers by their captains—occurs twice daily—telephone for the hour; also visit the Roxy because it is the largest motion picture theatre in the world and except for the Paramount the most overpoweringly decorated.

If taking courses in drama, the collegiate will enjoy the Yiddish Art Theatre, 35 Second Avenue; if studying Spanish, the Spanish theatre at Fifth Avenue and 110th Street, more attractive and much more amusing from the inside than the exterior indicates. And the Theatre Guild must not be missed—the production-teacher will ask about that. The Palace on Saturday afternoon—both audience and show—is worth the price, if you're not too intellectual.

For Madison Square Garden events see the chapter on Orchids and Prizefights. In summer, try the Staten Island ferry for coolness and scenery; Coney Island and

the Hudson River Valley, both by boat; and without fail, a Stadium concert.

If collegiate you ought to like the food at: the Automat—once; Schrafft's; Sherry's; Park and Tilford's; Alice Foote MacDougall; Claydon's, 3 East 52nd Street (for lunch only); Longchamps; Charles' French Restaurant, 452 Sixth Avenue, with lots of Village celebrities; Barbetta's, 321 West 46th Street, for inexpensive Italian food; Moneta's more expensive Italian, with a chaperone at night because of the neighborhood; the Oyster Bar in Grand Central Station; the Lobster; La Nouvelle Orlean, the Blue Ribbon; Mori's—with an escort; Hotel Algonquin, for food and celebrities; Hotel Brevoort, food and atmosphere, and the Hotel Roosevelt.

Tea dancing is most rhythmic at the Central Park Casino, Ritz Tower and Hotel Roosevelt.

For whoopee try: the Central Park Casino; St. Regis Grill or Biltmore Cascades; Villa Vallee—Rudy *lui-même*; Roosevelt Grill with Guy Lombardo; Paramount Grill, inexpensive and rollicking; Bossert Roof—in summer; Cotton Club in Harlem—your Mamma won't approve but we know you'll go anyway; in Greenwich Village: Barney's; the County Fair; Greenwich Village Inn and Village Nut Club; in Chinatown: the Oriental, 4-6 Pell Street or Port Arthur, 7-9 Mott Street; in Germantown: Maxl's, 243 East 86th Street and adjoining Bavarian Inns where everybody sings Schnitzelbank until four in the morning.

For the Unattached Lady of Historical Bent and her

sister the Determined Sightseer we suggest: trip to the Statue of Liberty; Fraunces' Tavern where the Sons of the Revolution have a museum and where in the restaurant they serve a soup or something that Washington ate; the U. S. sub-treasury; Bank of Manhattan—for the historical murals and relics; Trinity Church; St. Paul's Chapel; Old John Street Church (if a Methodist); Woolworth tower—the ancient of skyscrapers; City Hall; St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie; Chinatown by day; the Ghetto and Allen Street brass shops; Washington Square; Gramercy Park; Madison Square—Metropolitan tower and Flatiron building; Roosevelt House; Oriental House and antique furniture and silver at Wanamaker's; the Morgan library; Museum of the French Institute; Gracie Mansion; Metropolitan Museum of Art; Museum of the City of New York; Jumel Mansion; the Cloisters; Hall of Fame at N. Y. University; Poe's Park and Cottage; the Van Cortlandt house in Van Cortlandt Park; bus trip through the Sleepy Hollow -Hudson Valley country (Blue Line buses from the McAlpin or the Martha Washington leave at 9 A. M. and return around 7:30 P. M. in the summer; parties arranged for groups in the winter—inquire at the McAlpin.)

These poor ladies, if they follow our schedule will be too exhausted for night life, except perhaps for an occasional theatre, opera or concert at Carnegie Hall.

Suitable restaurants are: Fraunces' Tavern, Taupier's, 23 William Street, Ye Olde Chop House, 118 Cedar Street; Broad's Chop House and Keen's Chop House all for historical significance; la Nouvelle Orleans; English Tea Room; Miyako; Ceylon-India; the Constantinople

and in Greenwich Village; Pirate's Den for tea and Alice McCollister, 43 West 8th Street. Pleasant tearooms and restaurants for the woman alone are also listed in the chapter called Dinner With the Girls.

Sightseeing—if any—for the Ritzy Lady in New York with her husband may include: the Stock Exchange; India House (if her husband knows a member); Trinity Church; Morgan library; Chrysler tower; Museum of Modern Art; the Home-making Center with permanent exhibits at Grand Central Palace; Metropolitan Museum of Art and perhaps the art gallery and museum of the French Institute—since it is in the neighborhood of the up-town shops.

The Ritzy Lady's favorite sport will be shopping. Monday is the best shopping day in department stores: the morning the best time of the day to shop. Late afternoon, however, is usually interesting at such specialty shops as Hollander's—where tea is served—and in Saks Fifth Avenue where the best-dressed crowd turns up around four.

During the season, the collections at the important dressmakers are shown around 11 A. M. and again near three o'clock, but the clothes may be seen anytime. Worthwhile visiting because of their interior decorations are Bergdorf Goodman; Hollander; Jay Thorpe and Nancy.

A tour of the antique and curiosity shops of Madison, Park and Lexington Avenues is fun whether one buys or not and there are some wonderful second hand shops on Sixth Avenue in the forties where old bits of silver

or jewelry abound. Georg Jensen, 159 West 57th Street, and the Danish Silversmith at 7 West 45th Street also are points of interest.

Artistic Mornings at the Plaza on Thursdays and Morning Musicales at the Biltmore during the winter months, both very smart; auctions at the American Art Association—Anderson Galleries Inc.—announced in advance—also help to pass the daytime hours and in their season races at Belmont, tennis at Forest Hills and polo.

For tea try the Plaza; Rumpelmayer's; the Ritz Tower or the Ritz—the Japanese Garden in summer.

And if you are a lady whose pocket book bulges we suggest among dining and luncheon places: the Colony restaurant; La Rue; Voisin; Pierre's; Marguery; St. Regis Hotel; the Plaza; the new Waldorf-Astoria, with 47 stories, more than 5400 windows and the heritage of tradition; Ritz Hotel; Ritz Tower; the Caviar; Cyrano; Passy; Robert's; the Claremont Inn (in summer) and the Crillon. If your husband insists on choosing one dinner place see chapter on He-Man food.

For evening entertainment there are: opera—smartest on Monday; Casino in Central Park—gala night on Tuesday; St. Regis grill—or roof; Pierre's; Ritz Tower; Ritz Hotel—Persian Garden in the summer; Biltmore Cascades in the summer; Club Delmonico; El Patio; Club Richman; Club Montmartre; Silver Slipper, Cotton Club—and at four in the morning Reuben's, 622 Madison Avenue. Events such as the Beaux Arts Ball, a great fancy dress affair which takes place late in January, are announced in the *New Yorker*, out on Fridays. Incidentally the best possible guide to New York City

would be a bound edition of the *New Yorker* to date.

And Have a Good Time



Along towards the final chapter, we begin to yearn tenderly over our readers and to ask ourselves accusingly if all the names and addresses and prices are right? Also, whether we have maybe exaggerated or understated through personal biases? But most of all, we are wondering have we told everything that will help to make a strange city turn friendly?

It's almost too late to mend our ways if we haven't, for we find to our dismay that we have only two thousand words and an hour left before the deadline. So we must be brief and to the point now if never again.

First, we'll settle tips. In a New York hotel, the visitor by the day tips fifteen cents or a quarter whenever a bellboy brings anything by request. The only other tipping is to the porter who brings up or carries down baggage, ten to fifteen cents a bag but never less than a quarter; to the maid, fifty cents for a short stay, a dollar for a longer one.

In a restaurant, tip the waiter ten per cent until the bill rises above \$1.50, then make it fifteen per cent up to \$4 and thereafter twenty per cent. Many patrons tip more, but these rates are fair. The hat check girl and the cigarette girl are pleased with fifteen cents though they prefer quarters.

New Yorkers tip taxi drivers, apparently for the privilege of riding in their vehicles since they seldom open the door or bestow any service. A ten cent tip is plenty up to a fare of sixty cents. After that, according to a writer we know who tried taxi-driving for a lark, the driver expects fifteen. In our case, he may keep on expecting. Ten cents is our tip for fares up to a dollar.

When leaving a hotel or theatre, avoid all taxis not marked "fifteen cents the first quarter mile—five cents each additional *quarter* mile." Others are gyps and have most of the hotel concessions, so the doorman will always call them. Of course if it rains you'll be glad to get them, and lucky, too. Incidentally, put in galoshes, rubbers and an umbrella, when you pack for New York.

Theatre tickets, even for hits, may often be obtained, surprisingly enough, at the box offices. The reason is that everybody supposes they can't be. Failing there, try the legitimate agencies which charge seventy-five cents more than the box office rate. Best known of these are McBride's, Tyson's and Bascom's. Postal Telegraph also sells tickets for fifty cents above the box office price. Some of the best seats in New York theatres are in the first three rows of the balcony, often called mezzanine.

New Yorkers wear evening clothes to revues or musical comedies that are hits, also to society comedies and almost anything at the Empire, which is a "dress" theatre. If your seats are in the first six rows in any theatre you'll feel quite comfortable and more festive if you have dressed.

Women not accustomed to New York usually bring clothes that are far too elaborate. Dark silk dresses or tailored suits are worn in all seasons on the street, at luncheon and for matinees. In the evening, unless one dresses, a simple silk, preferably dark, is worn in restaurant or theatre. For a week's stay, two dresses are adequate and four are ample.

This won't help us any with the New York Chamber of Commerce, but if it were us, we'd never come to New York in torrid July, August or the early part of September.

Also, we'd avoid June and even May, after the fifteenth. Our favorite New York season is October and early November or late March and April. Winter is nice, too, because of all that is going on.

One may now fly almost anywhere from and to New York on fixed schedules that shift only when weather conditions are exceptionally bad.

Companies with New York headquarters are: Canadian Colonial Airways to Montreal, via Albany; Colonial Air Transport to Boston; Continental Airways to Chicago, via Dayton and Columbus, with all air connections to and from Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Harrisburg and Washington; Dixie Flying Service to Greensboro, N. C., via Danville, Va., Lynchburg, Va., Charlottesville, Va., and Washington; Eastern Air Transport to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond; the Ludington Line to Philadelphia and Washington; National Air Transport to Chicago, via Toledo and Cleveland; Transcontinental and Western Air to San Francisco or Los Angeles, two complete services daily—

one in thirty-six hours, all air, and the other in forty-eight hours, combination air and rail.

The Airlines Consolidated Ticket Office at the Hotel Roosevelt is the official representative of all the air transportation companies listed above. You may make reservations and get tickets at this office, also detailed information regarding schedules, fares, baggage, and stop-overs.

There are all sorts of aids to sight-seeing, shopping and pleasure-seeking in Manhattan. Unusual tours arranged by Estella H. Karn, show visitors, especially women travelling alone, a New York that they never would see otherwise. A private motor is used for these tours and rates are unexpectedly reasonable. Reservations should be made in advance by writing Miss Karn at 60 Cooper Square, New York City.

All the big stores have shoppers who will take the bewildered customer by the hand and lead her from girdles to antiques and back again. There also are many free independent shopping services, which collect ten per cent from shops as their reward for service. Vogue's Shoppers' Guide lists as shoppers who will take on the buyer: Edith V. Stovel, 366 Fifth Avenue; Mrs. Sarah Booth Darling, 155 West 78th Street; Georgette Dunbar Evans, 28 East 70th Street; Mrs. C. B. Williams, 366 Fifth Avenue; Audrey T. McAllister, 551 Fifth Avenue; Mme. Belle Francks, 8 East 46th Street, and Mrs. E. S. Barrie, 150 East 93rd Street.

Not since Greece's golden age have there been so many temples to Venus as flourish now in New York.

The prettiest is Elizabeth Arden's at 691 Fifth Avenue with a black and cream front and an interior done by Mrs. John Alden Carpenter of Chicago, wife of the composer. No one who reads advertisements in the luxury magazines can be in the dark about Arden's first aids to Ponce de Leon—electrically wired masks, electric baths, rolling machines and so on.

Helena Rubinstein, who goes in for modern art on the side, has a charming little house done in the modern French tradition at 8 East 57th Street and gives demonstrations in make-up as well as facial-treatment-miracles achieved via masks.

Dorothy Gray, 683 Fifth Avenue, offers among other beauty aids a famous "after summer" treatment. Marie Earle at 660 Fifth Avenue has complex make-up materials and massages which take into consideration that a modern Paris would give the apple not merely to a pretty-faced Venus but to that one whose arms, neck and shoulders did not shame the rest of her.

Rose Laird, 785 Fifth Avenue, specializes in the kind of simple invigorating facial treatments that you would expect of a woman with such a Scotch name. A series of six costs \$15 and leaves the skin feeling as fresh as if you had spent a year in the mountains instead of an hour in the Laird salon.

Other expert aids to beauty include the Alexandra de Markoff salon at 1 East 53rd Street which enhances treatments with creams lifted from the pages of Russian history; the Salon Bertie, 695 Fifth Avenue, which believes in steam instead of electricity; Adèle Morel at 24 East 61st Street, famous for non-surgical rejuvenation; powder and rouge are blended to one's requirements at

the Salon Cosmétique of Wanamaker's run by Madame Tourneur who specializes in all sorts of remarkable make-ups likely to provoke wide comments among friends—and enemies.

It is curious that New York women, faithful to almost nothing else, remain true to their pet hairdressers for years and years.

There really are seven Ogilvie Sisters and their salon at 604 Fifth Avenue can be depended upon for reliable hair treatments as well as such a fine type of shampoo and wave that one looks like a movie star from the brow up afterwards. The Ogilvies also give excellent after-a-strenuous-summer treatments for hair wrecked by dusty motor roads or too much salt water.

Emile, Your Hairdresser, has a fine modern shop at 142 W. 57th Street, near Carnegie Hall with operators representing practically every civilized country from Sweden to the Argentine. This place does excellent hair-cuts and the long bobs and weaves for long bobs are particularly skillful.

Antoine of Saks Fifth Avenue, and Charles of the Ritz with branches at the Ritz Tower, Ambassador, Madison, Plaza and Barclay, are two of the swankiest names in the New York hair-dressing world. Robert of Fifth Avenue is favored by a large number of movie celebrities whose autographed photographs hang in his parlors.

Paul at 596 Fifth Avenue has his own method of permanent waving; so has Theodore of 11 East 48th Street. Gertrude Young, a charming little person in charge of her own shop at the Hotel Carlyle, used to be with Charles of the Ritz, and has done Peggy Hopkins Joyce,

Ina Claire, Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels. Her finger waves are wide and her permanents reasonable.

Peggy Sage at 50 East 57th Street has a famed emporium dealing in manicures exclusively.

Stars of the Metropolitan go to the beauty shop of Hotel Ansonia for their facials, finger waves, permanents, and manicures and to put themselves into the skilled hands of Anna Brooks, manager of the shop.

Radio fans may see as well as hear favorite stars of the air—by appointment. That is, if one wishes to see a special hour broadcast, one writes to the stations—WEAF and WJZ, Fifth Avenue and 55th Street, and Columbia, 485 Madison Avenue—asking for a pass and stating the hour desired. It is best to give second and third choices, too, so that if the first is out of the question, a substitute may be arranged. Letters should be sent at least ten days in advance. In fact, the guest list for one particularly popular hour is always filled five or six weeks ahead.

At WOR, the Bamberger Broadcasting Service at 1440 Broadway, visitors are limited to the Market Halsey Street Playhouse hour at 10:30 on Sunday nights. The information bureau here will arrange for admittance when requested far enough in advance.

The N. B. C.'s broadcasting station atop the Amsterdam Theatre was formerly used to house a night club. Here the audience sit in rows as at the theatre and watch through a glass curtain the gentleman announcer in Bond Street evening clothes, the middle-aged lady with the falsetto voice doing the part of a little girl, and

the property man hovering about with strange devices to create thunder at the proper moment.

Visitors are not permitted to board liners arriving from foreign ports since upon arrival the boats are in charge of the Federal authorities for inspection. However, boats may be visited on the day of sailing, or a day or so before. Generally passes are required, and these may be obtained upon application to the offices of the steamship companies.

And now our 2,000 words and one hour are up. This is deadline. Have a good time in New York and excuse it, please, if a few skyscrapers have been razed and a few others raised when you get here. Our skyline changes every ten minutes and so do our shops and our night clubs and our sights!

INDEX

- Adults, education for, 275-84
 American Museum of Natural History, 68-9
 American Woman's Association, 212
 Antique shops, 181, 291-2
 Antiques Exhibition, the International, 21
 Apartment agents, 235
 Apartment hotels, 198 ff.
 Apartment houses, 223 ff., 230 ff.
 Apartments, club, for girls, 215 ff.
 Apartments, furnished, 233-4
 Aquarium, the, 44-5
 Architectural and House and Garden Show, 22
 Art Center, the, 283
 Art galleries, dealers', 279-83
 Art, lectures on, 283
 Art schools, 256-8
 Art Students' League, the, 256-7
 Asbury Park, 30
 Athletic sports, 17-20
 Automobile Show, the, 21

 Bagby, Albert Morris, musicales of, 24
 Bank of Manhattan, 46, 62, 64
 Baseball, professional, 20
 Bear Mountain, auto trip to, 25-6
 Beauty shops, 296-9
 Bedloe's Island, 49
 Bicycle races at Madison Square Garden, 20
 Boat trip around Manhattan Island, 49
 Botanical Gardens, Bronx Park, 49-50
 Bowery, the, 47-8
 Boxing at Madison Square Garden, 19

 Broadway Temple, 224
 Bronx Park, 49-50
 Brooklyn Bridge, 50
 Business Show, the, 22

 Cabarets, *see* Night Clubs
 Carnegie Hall, concerts at, 22-23; cost of use of, 256
 Castle Garden, 45
 Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 52
 Catholic Room Registry, 222
 Central Park, 50
 Central Park Casino, 4, 9-10
 Chanin Tower, 64
 Chaperones, 36
 Charity and civic work for girls, 33-4
 Chelsea section, the, 57
 Chemical Show, the, 22
 Chinatown, 47
 Chrysler Building, the, 44, 62, 64
 Churches, 50-2
 City Hall, the, 55
 Club apartments for girls, 215 ff.
 Club hotels for girls, 211 ff., 215 ff.
 Club houses, girls', 208 ff.
 Coleman, Emil, 5
 College of the City of New York, 243, 249-50
 Columbia University, 243-6
 Concerts, 22-4
 Coney Island, 25
 Connecticut, week-end resorts in, 29; suburban home locations, 238-9
 Cooper Union, 55, 277-8
 Corsetières, 166-7

 Damrosch, Frank, 251
 Dancing, *see* Night Clubs

- Debutantes, 34-7
 Decorators, interior, 181
 Department stores, 145 ff.; *see also*
 Stores
 Dickerman, Don, 14, 15, 16
 Dog Show, the, at Madison Square
 Garden, 20-1
 Downey, Morton, 6
 Dramatic art school, 258
 Dressmakers and designers, 111 ff.,
 125 ff.
 Duchin, Eddie, 10

 Education, higher, 243-50; musical,
 251-6; art, 256-8, for adults,
 275-84
 Electrical Show, the, 22
 Ellington, Duke, 16
 Ellis Island, 48-9
 Empire State Building, 64
 Employment, opportunities open to
 girls and agencies for obtaining
 positions, 258 ff.; for college
 graduates, 263 ff.
 Evening clothes at theaters, 294

 500 Fifth Avenue Building, 64
 Flatiron Building, 290
 Flower Show, the, 21-2
 Flying services to and from New
 York, 295-6
 Footwear, 172-3
 Foreign Policy Association, the, 283
 Fort Washington, 58
 Fraunces' Tavern, 54
 French Institute and the Museum
 of French Art, 278-9
 Furnished apartments, 233-4
 Furnished houses, suburban, 240
 Furnished rooms, 214
 Furniture movers, 235
 Furriers, 138-40

 Gallant, Barney, 13, 14
 Gallery of Living Art, 287
 Ghetto, the, 48
 Gifts, unusual shops for, 180
 Girls, charity and civic work for,
 33-4; club houses, club hotels and
 club apartments for, 208 ff., 215 ff.;
 general agencies on housing diffi-
 culties of, 222-3; employment
 openings for, and agencies for
 obtaining positions, 258 ff.; wage
 standard for, 262-3; openings for
 college graduates, 263 ff.; radio
 broadcasting, 267-9; the opera,
 269-70; social life, dress, living
 accommodations and how to get
 on in New York, 270-4
 Governor's Island, 49
 Gracie Mansion, 59
 Gramercy Park, 57, 227
 Grand Central Palace, shows at,
 21-2
 Granlund, Nils T., 12, 13
 Grant's Tomb, 71
 Greenwich Village, 13 ff., 56, 57;
 as the Latin Quarter of America,
 249
 Guinan, Texas, 7, 10-12

 Hairdressers, 298-9
 Hispanic Museum, 69-70
 Hockey, professional, 18-19
 Home-making Center, Grand Cen-
 tral Palace, 291
 Homes, suburban, 235-40; fur-
 nished houses, 240; agents for,
 240
 Hopatcong, Lake, 30
 Hotel Exposition, the National,
 22
 Hotels, 185 ff.
 Algonquin, 187-8
 Ambassador, 197-8
 Ansonia, 189
 Astor, 189, 190-1
 Barclay, 202
 Berkshire, 203
 Biltmore, 204
 Brevoort, 187
 Buckingham, 189
 Carlyle, 201
 Chatham, 198
 Commodore, 189-90
 Delmonico's, 201-2
 Dixie, 191
 Edison, 191
 Elysée, 189
 Governor Clinton, 191
 Great Northern, 189
 Holley Chambers, 207
 Irving, 208

Hotels—Continued

- Judson, 207
- Lafayette, 186-7
- La Salle, 206
- Leonori, 206
- Lincoln, 191
- McAlpin, 189, 191
- Madison, 203
- Manger, 191
- Martha Washington, 207
- Mayfair House, 202-3
- New Weston, 205-6
- New Yorker, 189-90
- Paramount, 191
- Park Central, 191
- Park Lane, 203
- Pennsylvania, 189
- Piccadilly, 191
- Pierre's, 192-3
- Plaza, 194-5
- Ritz Carlton, 196-7
- Ritz Towers, 200-1
- Roosevelt, 204-5
- St. Hubert, 189
- St. Moritz, 188
- St. Regis, 195-6
- Savoy Plaza, 193-4
- Shelton, 206
- Sherry-Netherlands, 199-200
- Vanderbilt, 205
- Victoria, 191
- Waldorf-Astoria, 292
- Warwick, 188-9
- Westbury, 206
- Woodward, 207
- Hotels, apartment, 198 ff.
- Hotels, club, for girls, 211 ff., 215 ff.
- Interior decorators, 181
- Jewelers, 174 ff.
- Jewish Girls and Women, Room Registry for, 222-3
- Jumel House, the, 58
- Junior League, the New York, 33
- Leases, customary duration of, in New York, 232
- Leather goods dealers, 178-80
- Lincoln Bank Building, 64
- Lingerie shops, 161 ff.

- Little Church Around the Corner, 287
- Little Old New York, 52 ff.
- Lombardo, Guy, 9
- Long Beach, 27
- Long Branch, 30
- Long Island, week-end resorts on, 27-9; suburban home locations, 236-8
- Lopez, Vincent, 8, 9
- Luxury shops, 178, 179
- Macy's school of retailing for college graduates, 264-5
- Madison Square, 290
- Madison Square Garden, athletic sports and shows at, 17-21
- Mahopac, Lake, 30
- Maiden Lane, 55
- Mecca Temple, concerts at, 22; lectures at, 284
- Metropolitan Museum of Art, 65-7
- Metropolitan Opera season, 22-3
- Metropolitan Tower, 290
- Millinery, 116-17, 123, 127, 136, 137, 138, 139, 142, 167 ff.
- Morgan, Anne, 212, 226
- Morgan, J. P. & Co., 46
- Morgan Library, 287
- Motion picture houses, 288
- Motor Boat Show, the, 21
- Movers, furniture, 235
- Murray Hill, 57
- Murray Hill Hotel, 57
- Museum of the American Indian, 69
- Museum of the City of New York, 59
- Museum of French Art, 278
- Museum of Modern Art, 68
- Museum of Natural History, 68-9
- Museums, 65 ff.
- Music schools, 251-6
- Musical events, 22-4
- National Music League, 254, 255
- National Oratorio Society, 269
- New Jersey, week-end resorts in, 30; suburban home locations, 239-40

- New School for Social Research, 275-7
 New York, schedules for visitors to, 287-93; best seasons for visiting, 295; flying services to and from, 295-6
 New York harbor, boat trip around Manhattan Island, 49
 New York, Little Old, 52 ff.
 New York Society, present-day, 31 ff.
 New York University, 243, 246-9
New Yorker, the, as guide to New York City, 292-3
 Night Clubs, 3-17, 289, 292
 Barney's, Greenwich Village, 13-14
 the Blue Horse, Greenwich Village, 15-16
 Casino, Central Park, 4, 9-10
 Claremont Inn, 10
 Club Argonaut, 10-12
 Club Delmonico, 4, 6-7
 Club Lido, 13
 Club Richman, 4, 7
 Connie's Inn, 17
 Cotton Club, 16-17
 the County Fair, Greenwich Village, 16
 Don Dickerman's, Greenwich Village, 14-15
 El Chico, Greenwich Village, 14
 El Patio, 4, 5-6
 Embassy Club, 5
 the Four Trees, Greenwich Village, 14
 Greenwich Village, 13 ff.
 Greenwich Village Inn, 14
 Hollywood, 12-13
 Hotel Pierre, 4, 8
 Hotel St. Regis, grill and roof garden, 4, 8-9
 Lenox Club, 17
 Marine Roof, Hotel Bossert, 10
 Montmartre, 4
 Mori's, Greenwich Village, 14
 Neptune Grill at Pierre's, 4, 8
 Paramount Grill, 4, 9
 the Pirate's Den, Greenwich Village, 14-15
 Roosevelt Grill, 4, 9
 Salon Royal, 13
 Seaglades, Hotel St. Regis, 4, 8-9, 195
 the Silver Slipper, 4, 13
 Villa Vallée, 4, 7-8

 Ocean liners, visits to, 300
 Old John Street Church, 290
 Opera, the, 22-3; opportunities for girls in, 269-70
 Oscawana, Lake, 26

 Palace Theatre, 288
 Pent houses, 231, 232
 Players' Club, the, 57
 Poe Cottage, 58-9
 Polo Grounds, the, baseball, football, and boxing at, 20
 Power and Mechanical Engineering Show, the National, 22
 Psychology Clinic, 50

 Radio broadcasting as an employment for girls, 267-9
 Radio stations, visits to, 299-300
 Ramon and Rosita, dancers, 5
 Rand School, the, 275, 277
 Reisman's band, 10
 Resorts, week-end, 25-31
 Restaurants, 75 ff., 289, 290-1, 292
 Algonquin, Hotel, 101
 Alice Foote MacDougall, 105
 Alice McCollister, 105
 Armenian, 94
 Athena, 96
 Beef Steak Charlie, 98, 99
 Bill Duffy's Tavern, 100
 Bill Lahiff's Tavern, 100
 Blue Ribbon, 95
 Bosporus, 94
 Brevoort House, 89-90
 Broad's Chop House, 98, 99
 Buchler, Adolph, 106
 Café Caprice, 103-4
 Calumet, 105
 Ceylon India Inn, 94
 Chaffard's, 90
 Child's, 105
 Chili Villa, 95
 Chinese, 96-7
 Chinese Delmonico, 96-7
 Colony, 77-9

Restaurants—Continued

- Constantinople, 94
- Crillon, 97, 98
- Cyrano's, 82-3
- Delmonico's, 83-5
- department stores, 105
- Drake's, 106
- Elysée, 98
- foreign, 89-97
- French, 89-90
- German, 95
- Greek, 96
- Griffin, 105
- Hawaiian Tea House, 96
- Henry's, 92
- Henry Street Settlement, 105
- Italian, 92-4, 100
- Japanese, 95-6
- Kretchma, 90-1
- for ladies', 102-7
- Lafayette, Hotel, 89-90
- L'Aiglon, 81-2
- La Nouvelle Orleans, 102-3
- La Rue, 79-80
- Leonie's Italian, 100
- the Lobster, 100
- Longchamps, 90
- Luchow's, 95
- McAlpin, Hotel, 105
- Madison, Hotel, 85
- Marguery, 85
- Mary Elizabeth's, 104
- for men, 97-102
- Mexican, 95
- Mirliton, 83
- Miyako, 95-6
- Moneta's, 92
- Moore, Dinty, 98
- Mori's, 94
- the Oyster Bay, 100
- Parisien, 98, 99
- Park & Tilford's, 104
- Phoenix, 91-2
- Pierre, Hotel, 86-7
- Plaza, Hotel, 87-9
- Poppas, 106
- Port Arthur, 96-7
- Red Devil Inn, 93-4
- Reuben's, 101-2
- Ritz, Hotel, 85-6
- Robert's, 85
- Roosevelt, Hotel, 101
- Rumpelmayer's, 104, 107, 292
- Russian, 90-1
- Russian Art Restaurant, 91
- St. Regis, Hotel, 86
- Sardi's, 102
- Savarin restaurants, 102
- Schrafft's, 105
- Sheik, 97
- Sherry's, 104
- the Ship Grill, 105
- Swedish, 91-2
- Swedish Inn, 92
- Syrian, 97
- for tea and dancing, 106-7, 289, 292
- Tornos, 95
- Vanity Fair Tea Rooms, 104-5
- Voisin, 80-1, 98
- Wivel, 92
- Ye Olde English Tea Room, 103
- Richman, Harry, 7
- Roerich Museum, 70
- Ronkonkoma, Lake, 27-8
- Roof gardens: St. Regis, 8-9;
- Marine Roof, Hotel Bossert, 10;
- Ritz, 86
- Rooms, furnished, 214
- Roosevelt House, 58
- St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, 51, 55-6
- St. Patrick's Cathedral, 52
- St. Paul's Chapel, 54
- St. Paul's Church, 287
- Schedules for visitors to New York, 287-93
- Seasons for visiting New York, the best, 295
- Sembrich, Mme., 253, 254
- Shoe dealers, 172-3
- Shopping, 111 ff.; *see* Stores
- Shopping agents, 296
- Shopping, aids to, 296
- Sight-seeing in New York, 41 ff.; aids to, 296
- Skyscrapers, 43-44, 59 ff.
- Social Research, the New School for, 275-7
- Society, present-day New York, 31 ff.
- Society business women, 34
- Spanish Theatre, 288

- Sports, athletic, 17-20
 Stadium, the Yankee, baseball, foot-
 ball, and boxing at, 20; the
 Stadium concerts, 22, 24
 Staten Island ferry trip, 49
 Statue of Liberty, the, 49, 290
 Statues in New York, 70-2
 Steamships, visits to, 300
 Steinway Hall, 256
 Stock Exchange, the, 45-6
 Stores:
 Abercrombie & Fitch, 143-4
 Altman & Co., B., 148-50
 antique shops, 181
 Arnold Constable's, 160-1
 Arol, Inc., 178
 Bendel, Henri, 116-17
 Bergdorf & Goodman's, 114-16
 Best & Co., 152-4
 Binner, Rosa, 166
 Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham,
 175-6
 Bloomingdale's, 161
 Bonwit Teller, 137-8
 Bruck-Weiss's, 136
 Cammeyer's, 172-3
 Carnegie, Hattie, 117-18
 Cartier's, 174-5
 Chez Ninon, 123-4
 Christine, 170-1
 Clyne, Frances, 125
 Colony Shop, 163-4
 corsetières, 166-7
 De Pinna's, 140-1
 Dobbs & Co., 142
 dressmakers and designers,
 111 ff., 125 ff.
 Elizabeth, Madame, 128-9
 footwear, 172-3
 Frances, Madame, 125-6
 furriers, 138-40
 Ganne, Yvonne, 171
 Garson, Daisy, 163
 Gervais', 124
 gifts, unusual shops for, 180
 Gimbel's, 159-60
 Green, May and Hattie, 164-5
 Heller, Forlé, 167-8
 Hickson's, 122-3, 172
 Hilda's, 169-70
 Hollander's, 136-7
 interior decorators, 181
 Jäckel's, 139-40
 Jay-Thorpe's, 133-5
 Jenkins, Frank, 130
 Jewelers, 174 ff.
 Klein, S., 144-5
 Knox's, 143
 Kummel, Harriet L., 172
 Kurzman's, 138-9
 leather goods dealers, 178-80
 lingerie shops, 161 ff.
 Lord & Taylor's, 146-8
 luxury shops, 178, 179
 McCreery's, 159
 MacDougall's of Inverness, 141-2
 MacVeady's, 127-8
 Macy's, 156-9
 Maloof, Emma, 162-3
 Mauboussin's, 176-7
 Milgrim, Sally, 121-2
 Miller, I., 172
 milliners, 116-17, 123, 127, 136,
 137, 138, 139, 142, 167 ff.
 Mosse, Inc., 179
 Nancy's, 126
 Nicole de Paris, 168-9
 Ovington's, 179
 Peck & Peck, 142-3
 Revillon Frères, 140
 Russek's, 139-40
 Sacks', 130-3, 172
 Sanville, Vera, 165, 171
 shoe dealers, 172-3
 Simons, Franklin, 150-1
 Stein & Blaine, 120-1
 Stern's, 151-2
 the Tailored Woman, 142
 Tappé's, 126-7
 Thurn's, 118-20
 Tiffany's, 177
 Verben's, 129-30
 Walls, Mary, 129
 Wanamaker's, 154-6
 Studio Guild, the, 210, 261-2
 Suburban homes, 235-40; fur-
 nished houses, 240; agents for,
 240
 Sutton Place, 226

 Taxis, 294
 Theatre Guild, the, 288
 Theatre tickets, 294

- Tips for waiters, etc., amount of, 293-4
Town Hall, concerts at, 22; lectures at, 283
Travelers Aid Society, 223
Trinity Church, 54
Vallée, Rudy, 7, 8
Van Cortlandt House, 58
Vanderbilt, Mrs. William K., 212, 226
Vesey Street, 55
Visitors to New York, schedules for, 287-93
Wage standard for girls, 262-3
Wall Street, 53
Washington, Fort, 58
Washington Square, 56
Wayburn, Ned, 265-6
Week-end resorts, 25-31
Welfare Council, the, 262
Westchester County, week-end resorts in, 29-30; suburban home locations in, 238
Women visitors to New York, dress for, 295
Woolworth Building, the, 43-4, 64
Wrestling matches, at Madison Square Garden, 18
Yiddish Art Theatre, 288
Young Women's Christian Association, 222
Zoo, Bronx Park, 49

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